

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY  
DEVOTED TO  
SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

L. O. Draper

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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## The Origin of Lent and Easter.

BY DR. R. B. WESTBROOK.

The ecclesiastical word, "Lent," is derived from roots which mean "Spring"; so that the fast of Lent is observed in connection with the vernal equinox. As has heretofore been shown in answer to the question as to the origin of Christmas, all the fasts and feasts of ritualistic churches have an intimate connection with the almanac, and the astrological religions of the ancients.

To fast, in the strict sense, is to totally abstain from food for a given time; but it has come to include partial abstinence, or abstinence from certain kinds of food. It is not a little amusing to notice that several of the choicest delicacies of the season are allowed by priestly dispensation, during the Lenten fast, some of which are not supposed to induce spiritual exaltation.

To abstain from food in times of affliction, is a dictate of nature, as we all know. Some suppose that the habit of fasting grew out of the ancient habit of offering food on the graves of departed friends, and fasting was practiced, that more abundant contributions might thus be made from the savings. Others have supposed that the depletion of the body would increase the spiritual perceptions, and hence devotees of all religions have practiced extreme fasting, while many others fast as a penance, afflicting the body for the sins of the soul.

The habit of fasting prevailed among the Hindus, Egyptians, and other nations, long before Old Testament times. The ancient Jews had their fasts, but this, like everything else, they learned from other people. Though numerous charges have been made against the Jews, they have never been made against the origin of this ancient sect, or borrowed, or plagiarized nearly everything they possessed. The forty days' fast of Lent, is said to have reference to the alleged fast of Jesus for this length of time. Whether the Christian Fathers, who regarded this story as fabulous, were right or wrong, the idea was not original. Moses and Elijah fasted forty days. Even the heathen king of Nineveh did the same.

The sacrifices to the Persian deity, Mithras, lasted forty days. Buddha fasted forty days, and so did other ancient saviors. The Orinoco Indians fast forty days before marriage, and among certain tribes in the West Indies, when a child is born, the mother goes presently to work, but the father takes to his hammock, feigns sickness, and fasts forty days.

By consulting a concordance of the Bible, it will be found that forty (like seven and twelve) has been regarded as a sacred number, and that it was not peculiar to the Jews, profane history clearly attests. Fasting is not enjoined in the New Testament, and primitive Christians did not practice it to any extent.

These are times when fasting would be of great physical benefit, and intelligent physicians always practice the "diet" cure, without regard to the schools to which they belong.

Some persons think that the modern Lent of our semi-Romish churches is a good thing, as it partially interrupts the frivolities and dissipations of fashionable society; but this is doubtful in view of the fact that Lent is preceded and followed by corresponding excesses. The better way is found in the precepts and examples of consistent friends, who practice temperance and moderation in all things at all times.

The true fast consists in doing right for

right's sake, and in humble and persevering efforts to do good unto all men; an opportunity offers. While many observe the Lenten fast in commemoration of the Jewish passover, and the fasting and temptation of the Prophet of Nazareth, the spiritual lessons suggested should be profoundly studied and reverently put into every-day life.

Easter is the close of Lent, and is a survival of the ancient Teutonic mythology. Ostara was the name of their goddess of spring, and her festival was celebrated in what corresponds to the fourth month of the Christian calendar. In the early Christian centuries, priests adopted this spring holiday and made it a holy-day, and observed it in commemoration of the resurrection of Jesus. They had more embarrassment in fixing the particular day, than in fixing the date of the birth of Jesus. Christmas always comes on the 25th of the Twelfth month, but Easter is a movable feast. It depends upon certain lunar aspects, and the real moon does not always correspond with the moon of the ecclesiastical calendar; President Barnard of Columbia College has written a learned astronomical paper on this profound subject, illustrated by diagrams showing the rules for ascertaining the "Golden Number" and the "Dominical Letter," and their relation to the moons of Easter, which is enough to bring on a fit of ecclesiastical lunacy! The conclusion is that Easter Sunday occurs earlier or later, according to the phases of the moon. Easter as a Christian festival commemorates the resurrection of Jesus.

Whether the resurrection consists in the restoration of the material body, or the evolution of a spiritual body out of the physical form, cannot now be discussed. Some certainly held the latter view, and it is worthy of note that in the original word in the New Testament Scriptures, "Anastasis," translated resurrection, never means resuscitation, or a return to life, but rather, an ascension, or a "rising up higher." According to this, the resurrection is not a return to life from death, but rather a continuation of life.

Many good people who do not believe in the resurrection of dead bodies, firmly believe in the ascension of living souls, commonly called in Apostolic language, the "spiritual body." That the Christian faith in the resurrection should be celebrated in spring time, is highly appropriate. A grand resurrection is going on in the natural world, and the human resurrection, whatever it is, may be perfectly natural. The second birth may be no more miraculous than the first birth. What is called death, might with propriety be called transition.

It is significant, too, that the egg is made so prominent in the feast of Easter, for where can be found a better illustration of a resurrection? Nearly all, if not all animal life, is developed from an egg. If we are wise and have spiritual discernment, many important lessons may be learned from the customs of ancient pagans, as they have been adopted and modified by Christians.

It is meet that men should be glad and joyful when all nature warms into new life and pours forth a cheerful psalm to the Great Source of life.

But let us not lose sight of the thing signified in the outward symbol. Let us frankly admit that the feast of Easter is a Christian celebration, of pagan origin, but that it is none the less an expression of natural religion. Priests and patrons of ritualistic churches greatly pervert many things, which, if taken in their original simplicity, might contribute largely to the spiritual life.

Nothing has been more abused than the feast of Easter. The *Fetes* that are held in Romish and Greek churches are anything but Christian. Sometimes Easter has been celebrated by flogging and hanging Jews. At one time it was common in England for boys to shout in the streets:

"Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
All the Jews must go to prison."

To mark their hatred of the Jews, the English used to make a point of eating pork on Easter day, though they unwittingly paid time a compliment by imitating at the same time, tansy pudding, in imitation of the bitter herbs of the ancient passover.

Within the present century, the ludicrous custom prevailed of men parading the streets on Easter Sunday, claiming the privilege of lifting every woman three times from the ground, receiving in remuneration, a kiss or a silver six-pence—of course the women claimed the same from the men the next day.

We are in no danger of adopting the ludicrous customs of ancient Europe, but it is not so easy to escape the follies and infatuations of modern ecclesiasticism. These are more dangerous than the rustic amusements of medieval times, and it will be a dark day when young people are drawn away by the ecclesiastical paraphernalia of modern ritualism.

Let our Lent be a life of temperance, of charity, of self-denial, and helpfulness to mankind. Let our Easter signify a rising up into that higher life on earth, which we hope will culminate in a higher life in heaven.

The *Inter-Ocean* says that at the Methodist ministers' meeting in this city on the 24th, they discussed "The Relation of the Child to Christ," and that there was much variety of opinion as to whether the child, which died at an age of accountability, was saved without repentance and belief in Christ. It was a foolish question, a profitless discussion. All children, by nature's eternal law, must progress—be continually saved, eternally "grow in grace."

## The Rev. Mr. Larry on Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I perceive in the Providence *Journal* of March 3rd, 1884, that a certain Mr. Larry (of whom I never before heard) prompted, it would appear, by the exposure of one Hannah V. Ross, a professed materializing medium, has attacked Modern Spiritualism, in terms so lacking judgment and discrimination as to deserve criticism and rebuke. I will first premise that such jumbles of balderdash as this, coming out from time to time, are peculiarly vexatious to intelligent Spiritualists, from the fact that the frauds which really encumber spiritual manifestations, just as the notes of standard banks are most counterfeited, give to such as Mr. Larry ample grounds on which to charge deception and unsoundness. A further trouble is also manifest: that, owing to the mercenary character of a portion of the spiritualistic press, which prints Spiritualism for gain, and protects its frauds and bolsters up for pay, what ought to have been long ago the defunct frauds and follies of orthodoxy, and owing to the soft-heads in the spiritual ranks, who write for such mercenary press in help of the cheats who simulate genuine manifestations, we say, owing to these causes of spiritual growth and knowledge is so befogged that the work of the real truth-lover has grown irksome and almost painful.

For example, this Hannah V. Ross had, previous to her exposure, been pronounced a fraud by Spiritualists of sense and discernment, and had she not been lauded by these soft-heads in the columns of a mercenary Spiritualist sheet, who would not have had the opportunity of furnishing this reverend fraud-bagger in churchology, with poison for the arrows that he has aimed with indiscriminate venom against all Spiritualism—both true and false.

Let us now take the scalpel of fact and logic, and dissect, as briefly as possible, some of the false and sophistical utterances of the Rev. Mr. Larry: "There are two kinds of materialization. First, that which God works through Christ." By which it appears he is one of that priestly kind named by the poet:

"Who have more faith in one who died,  
Than in the ever-living God."

The tendency of modern orthodoxy is to exalt "Christ" and ignore God and his laws in all things. We will ask right here a few questions: What had Christ to do with those three angels (men) that represented the Lord, who were materialized, and appeared unto Abraham upon the plains of Mamre, and the materialized spirits that ate veal and cakes, and pleased Sarah so that she laughed, and then told a little white lie about it, like some of the Sarahs will in these days? How about it, Mr. Larry, and how about the long conversation between Abraham (kind-old man) and the Lord about the destruction of Sodom? It would seem that "the Lord" had something to say in those days.

Then, again, Mr. Larry, what of the two angels (My Lords, as Lot addressed them), who were materialized and did eat bread and were called men? It seems to have been "the Lord" who commissioned them to destroy Sodom, and we may safely presume he or his laws enabled them thus to materialize. There is nothing said about its being "through Christ." They do not seem to have thought of him then; at least no mention of him was made.

Again, Mr. Larry, we would like to know if Samuel was materialized "through Christ" when he arose out of the ground in the presence of the "woman of Endor" (not witch—that was put in by the translators), and prophesied correctly the death of Saul and Jonathan? This woman of Endor was like those "mediums" here in Providence and elsewhere; as you say, and you appear to be in a kind of a tangle, since your statement compels you either to call the woman a humbug, and the great prophet's prediction a "sell," or otherwise relegate the powerful Samuel (so often employed by God when above ground) into your new-fangled condition called the "subnatural." The second and only other kind of materialization, you ascribe to the power of the evil one; in either case putting the august servant of God into very low company.

Then here again comes the materialized hand that wrote, "Mene, mene, tekel upharzin," upon the wall of the banquet hall of Nebuchadnezzar in Babylon. Had Christ anything to do with that? or was it, too, from the "subnatural" and devilish? Pray, do not get tired of our questions; there are so many things we want to know, it is hard to tell which to ask first. There was an angel who appeared unto the Virgin Mary to foretell the birth of Christ in the flesh; did he appear "through" the power of him whose birth he came to foretell, or was he, too, of your only other order of spiritual appearance, "the devilish"? One more question of this sort from more modern times, out of the many that could be recited: When the deceased wife of the excellent Oberlin, for fifty years the wise and benevolent pastor of his flock in the mountain valleys of Alsace, came to him repeatedly for years, as he himself testified, administering counsel and comfort, was she of your newly taught "devilish" order, or did she come, as permitted under the divine laws of her own nature, to bless and comfort his faithfulness? Many such questions might we ask, that ought to make the cheek of a flippant and impertinent priest tingle with shame for thus foolishly narrowing down the divine laws of life to the measure of his own bigoted and shallow conceptions.

The Rev. Mr. Larry touches a very slippery ground again when he contrasts "the motives of Christ and of the modern medium." "Christ," he says, "offered himself and his gospel free," while for a séance you must pay a dollar. Why not contrast Christ with your self, and the many high-salaried ministers? Methinks you would suffer by the comparison much more than mediums whose time and strength are constantly taken in affording others the means of spiritual communion. All such must live, and their maintenance must necessarily come from the persons who seek the benefit of their abnormal gifts. Even your boasted evangelist Moody received his support in some way, directly or indirectly, from those whom he gullied and scared by his forceful magnetism.

Some few things were said by our Reverend gentleman, that are worthy of note and observance; but over one other point we marvel: how he, while talking flippantly of the "credulity" of Spiritualists, can boldly exhibit his own far more credulous belief in that exploded myth of a personal devil, "the evil one," and, of course, in all the concomitant follies and dogmas built upon that absurd conception, long since banished from truly cultured minds.

Mr. Larry says modern Spiritualism is a counterfeit of Christianity, or a distorted offspring thereof. Nay, it is a legitimate outgrowth of human advancement. The race is about to ascertain and interpret for itself, without the aid of priest or prelate, the laws and philosophy of its own being and its own possessions, and will in due time sweep from the boards all the tricks of sacerdotalism—devil and all—by which they have advanced themselves into power and place before the people. If he wish to find the distorted offspring of Christianity, let him look backward to the monasteries, the nunneries, the inquisitions and the other corruptions and oppressions of the dark ages, and look forward to the Mormons of this age, and to the many convicted criminals transformed into heavenly saints by the "blood of Christ," mixed in due measure with the ante-scaffold mummery of priests, such as Mr. Larry himself, for aught we know, may be. J. G. J.

## The Home Circle.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Being one of eighteen who formed a home circle at the residence of Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter, 433 West Lake St., Thursday evening last, it being one of three thus far given for the investigation of spiritual phenomena, I will, with your permission, occupy a limited space in the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, to speak of them in a general way. I do it more particularly as these "séances," or rather home circles, as Katie the control has named them, are to be held regularly in the future on the above evening; this may be an interesting item of information to many of your readers who are also friends of Mrs. Porter, and who have only heard of, but not yet tested, her various gifts and powers as a medium.

If the few circles that have been given are to be taken as an index of those to follow, they will undoubtedly prove a success in being a source of enlightenment to many investigating minds, but which are still in the darkness of the senses; for Katie, the genial, sprightly and vivacious control, seldom fails in her mission of love to the denizens of earth, in convincing them at last of the realities of the unseen, and the beauties of that land that is to be the dwelling place and home of the soul. Katie is not averse to being questioned, and as she addresses each member of the circle through the medium, personally, she expects them to ask all the questions they may desire, and the answers to them sometimes are very interesting. The laws of, and life in, the spheres, she generally illustrates by incidents in earth-life, with which we are familiar, and she does it in so clear and simple a manner that the average mind cannot fail to leave the circle somewhat enlightened.

Of all gatherings looking to the advancement of the philosophy of Spiritualism through imparting knowledge to those truthfully seeking the light, the preference must be given, for many reasons, to home circles; they are more enjoyable because more social in their character than larger assemblages, consequently more harmony prevails, and better results are obtained. Where the number of the circles is limited to fifteen or twenty, a goodly portion generally receive proof of such a nature as to frequently light up the countenance with a glad smile, while the significant familiar nod that assents to the truthfulness of the description that is being given by the medium, is proof to some extent, to the doubting Thomases that listen, of the possibilities of an unseen world, and the probability of its being inhabited by their spirit friends; and however distant the desire and however great the seeming indifference, the mind secretly craves for more. In this way these circles furnish food for thought; the brain becomes agitated; stirred up in a measure in the line of possibilities, it looks in upon itself, and asks the question: "May not these things be?" The intuitive sense is appealed to, and however deep down in the wonderful intricacies of the brain it may have laid dormant, it responds to the subtle magic of that simple question, and repeats: "Aye, such things, though unseen, may be true." Hence from that hour the great possibilities of the hitherto hidden spiritual man may unfold and expand from a small and almost imperceptible flickering light in the folds of darkness, to the grand proportions of a self-centred luminous light, whose rays

may tip the everlasting mountains of time, and shine; even, with added lustre, into the depths of eternity itself. Thus do small, unpretentious gatherings exercise an influence upon the future, that is fraught with some responsibilities upon every member of a circle, to the extent that each one uses his influence for good, the promotion of order, good feeling and harmony, and thus welcomes them, and works in unison with the controls. Though we see them not, they still are human, still sensitive, and do not like us to treat them with indifference, or as conveniences merely, but as brothers and sisters once in the flesh, who come to us from their distant homes on a mission of enlightenment, of good will, of kindness and love, and we must remember further, that they are not alone when among us, but a numerous band of spirits are with them, who are excellent listeners, and come for the purpose of progress, and expect to learn something from us that, in some degree, will uplift them; therefore the spirit of inquiry is expected to be abroad at these circles; the controls invite it, not only for the good effect it produces among spirits, but it enlivens the circle, is entertaining, and also a source of information.

In conclusion, there might be added something personal to the medium, but this would be superfluous, as Mrs. Porter's powers are recognized near and far; but as it is her intention to devote all her time in the future to the still further development of her gifts, and is arranging to appear on the public platform, it might be stated that while her powers are more varied and exceed in number those of her father, the late E. V. Wilson, she makes no claim to possessing his power of oratory, and yet it would be difficult to conjecture to what degree she may even imitate him in this. Her controls wield a vast power over her, and if they can create conditions whereby the element of fire is handled by her with impunity and without injurious effect, and then a few minutes afterwards if they can control her organs in another direction, and have her produce the most harmonious and delightful strains from a piano, an instrument she is incapable of playing in her normal state, then it would be hazardous to conjecture any limit to her power as a medium. C. F. S.

Chicago, Ill.

## A Little Girl Psychologized by Church Influence.

READING, March 23.—There is no change to-night in the condition of Miss Sallie Himelreich, a little girl, aged 13, of 928 North Sixth street, who on Friday evening last was thrown into a trance at a revival meeting of the newly organized sect known as the Mennonite Brethren in Christ, and who has since remained in a condition of religious exaltation, during which she describes the beauties of heaven. She is in a comatose state, but when spoken to, answers very intelligently in a whisper. The most singular feature is that the young girl had heretofore possessed but very little knowledge of the Bible, and now converses with any one on any chapter in that book. A number of questions were asked the girl to-night by a number of the members of the Mennonite Brethren, and to the great surprise of all present she answered them in a most intelligent manner. She would invariably hesitate a few moments before replying and when asked why, she would say, "Because I must first ask Jesus."

She is still lying on the couch on the floor, with her arms outstretched, and seems to be in her greatest moments of joy when speaking of Jesus. Then her face lights up with smiles and ripples of laughter issue from her lips. She has not yet been able to give a connected story of her glimpses into the unknown land, and will not speak unless spoken to. She has not eaten anything since she fell into the trance, and expresses no desire for any food. F. B. Reinhold, a prominent member of the Mennonite Brethren in Christ, thinks that the girl's condition is a direct visitation from God and that she will eventually regain her normal condition and be able to tell her friends of the many beautiful things she saw in her trance. He said it is not a case of suspended animation, because her body is warm, and she can both speak and move her limbs. Many persons called to see her to-day and all regard it as a wonderful case. Her breathing is heavy but natural, and her pulse regular.

In answer to the reporter's question, she said that she was in heaven, and that all who would be good would follow her. She stated that she had no desire to return, and again told him of the things she saw—the golden streets of a beautiful city; angels all dressed in white, with trumpets in their hands and crowns on their foreheads, and Jesus the central figure of all. The first person she said she recognized in heaven was Mary the Mother of Jesus. She is thoroughly impressed with the belief that in order to become a true child of God, one must throw off all worldly pride. A gentleman who has just been received into the church, called to see her. He wore a moustache, and she told him he would have to discard that if he wanted to go to heaven. He immediately left and fifteen minutes later returned to the house clean shaven.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Mr. R. A. Dugan retires from the editorship of the *Oceola Sentinel*, of Oceola, Ia., having sold out his share in the paper to Pierce & Lucas. Ill health has caused his retirement from editorial labor, which will be much regretted by the *Sentinel's* subscribers.



## ORTHODOXY.

Extract from an Address Delivered by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll at Central Music Hall, Chicago, March 19th, 1884.

Before an enthusiastic audience of 3,000 people, at Central Music Hall, March 19th, Col. Ingersoll delivered his celebrated lecture on "Orthodoxy." We extract therefrom the following:

My objection to the Christian religion is that it destroys human love, and tells you and me that the love of our dear ones is not necessary in this world to make a heaven in the next. No matter about your wife, your children, your brother, your sister—no matter about all the affections of the human heart—when you get there you will be along with the angels. I don't know whether I would like the angels. I don't know whether the angels would like me. I would rather stand by the folks who have loved me and whom I know, and I can conceive of no heaven without the love of this earth. [Applause.] That is the trouble with this Christian religion; leave your father, leave your mother, leave your wife, leave your children, leave everything and follow Jesus Christ. I will not. [Applause.] I will stay with the folks. [Laughter.] I will not sacrifice on the altar of a selfish fear all the grandest and noblest promptings of my heart. You do away with human love, and what are we without it? What would we be in another world, and what would we be here without it? Can any one conceive of music without human love? Human love builds every home—human love is the author of all the beauty in this world. Love paints every picture, and chisels every statue; love, I tell you, builds every freestone. What could heaven be without love? And yet that is what we are promised—a heaven with your wife lost, your mother lost, some of your children gone. And you expect to be made happy by falling in with some angel. [Laughter.] Such a religion is demoralizing.

They tell me the next terrible thing I do is to take away the hope of immortality! I do not, I would not, I could not. Immortality was first dreamed of by human love, and yet the church is going to take human love out of immortality. We love it, therefore we wish to love. A loved one dies and we wish to meet again, and from the affection of the human heart grew the great oak of the hope of immortality. [Applause.] And around that oak has climbed the poisonous vine superstition. Theologians, preachers, soothsayers, parsons, priests, popes, bishops, have taken all that hope, and they have had the impudence to stand by the grave and prophesy a future of pain. They have erected their toll-gates on the highway to the other world and have collected money from the poor people on the way, and they have collected it from their fear. The church did not give us the idea of immortality, the Bible did not give us the idea of immortality; let me tell you now the Old Testament tells you how you lost immortality; it does not say another word about another world from the first mistake in Genesis to the last curse in Malachi. [Laughter and applause.] There is not in the Old Testament one burial service.

No man in the Old Testament stands by the bed and says, "I will meet them again"—not one word. From the top of Sinai came no hope of another world. And when we get to the New Testament, what do we find there? "Have thy heart counted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection of the dead." As though some would be counted unworthy to obtain the resurrection of the dead. And in another place: "Seek for honor, glory, immortality." If you have got it, why seek for it? And in another place, "God, who alone hath immortality," and yet they tell us that we get our idea of immortality from the Bible. I deny it. If Christ was in fact God, why didn't he plainly say there was another life? Why didn't he tell us something about it? Why didn't he turn the tear-stained hope of immortality into the glad knowledge of another life?

Why did he go dumbly to his death and leave the world in darkness and in doubt? Why? Because he was a man and didn't know. [Applause.] I would not destroy the smallest star of human hope, but I deny that we got our idea of immortality from the Bible. It existed long before Moses existed. We find it symbolized through all Egypt, through all India. Wherever man has lived his religion has made another world in which to meet the lost. [Applause.] It is not born of the Bible. The idea of immortality, like the great sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, beating with its countless waves against the rocks and sands of fate and time. It was not born of the Bible. It was born of the human heart and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death. [Applause.] We do not know. We do not prophesy a life of pain. We leave the dead with Nature, the mother of us all, under a seven-hued bow of hope. Under the seven-hued arch let the dead sleep. "Ah, you take away the consolation of religion." What consolation has religion for the widow of the unbeliever, the widow of a good, brave, kind man who lies dead? What can the orthodox ministers say to relieve the bursting heart of that woman? What can the orthodox ministers say to relieve the aching hearts of the little orphans as they kneel by the grave of that father, if that father didn't happen to be an orthodox Christian? What consolation have they? I find that when a Christian loses a friend the tears spring from his eyes as quickly as from the eyes of others. Their tears are as bitter as ours. Why? The echo of the promises spoken eighteen hundred years ago is so low, and the sound of the clouds upon the coffin so loud, the promises are so far away, and the dead are so near. That is the reason. And they find no consolation there. I say honestly we do not know; we cannot say. We cannot say whether death is a wall or a door; the beginning or end of a day; the spreading of pinions to soar or the folding forever of wings; whether it is the rising or the setting of a sun, or an endless life that brings rapture and love to every one—we do not know; we cannot say.

## AN OLD FABLE.

There is an old fable of Orpheus and Eurydice. Eurydice had been captured and taken to the infernal regions, and Orpheus went after her, taking with him his harp and playing as he went; and when he came to the infernal regions he began to play, and Sisyphus sat down upon the stone that he had been heaving up the sides of the mountain for so many years, and which continually rolled back upon him; Ixion paused upon his wheel of fire; Tantalus ceased in his vain efforts for water; the daughters of the Danaids left off trying to fill their sleeves with water; Pluto smiled, and for the first time in the history of hell the cheeks of the Furies were wet with tears; monsters relented and they said, "Eurydice may go with you, but you must not look back." So he again threaded the caverns, playing as he went, and as he again reached

the light he failed to hear the footsteps of Eurydice, and he looked back and in a moment she was gone. This old fable gives to us the idea of the perpetual effort to rescue truth from the clutches of monsters. Some time Orpheus will not look back. Some day Eurydice will reach the blessed light, and at some time there will fade from the memory of men the superstition of religion. [Great applause.]

## REPLIES TO COL. INGERSOLL.

The ministers of Chicago, on the Sunday following the delivery of Col. Ingersoll's lecture, fairly boiled over in their criticism of the same. We make a few brief extracts. Rev. Arthur Little, of the New England Congregational Church, said:

"Ingersoll had indulged in three hours of blasphemy in this city last week before an audience of 3,000 people. Mr. Ingersoll did not realize what he owed to the church, else he would never attack her. To the church he owed the privilege of indulging in this blasphemy, as the church had procured for him the license and tolerance which permitted the utterance of such words and sentiments."

Rev. Thomas Green, Presbyterian, said: "Mr. Ingersoll has much to say of the beauty and art of ancient Greece and Rome. He has much to tell of how the church has destroyed the beautiful and broken down the artistic. In the face of such a distortion of history and fact I say in the name of the best authorities of ancient art, that, save in the physical, the licentious, the sensual, not half a dozen carvings of ancient art are worth the keeping, while for the art of eighteen centuries, all the art the earth treasures in music, poetry and picture, the glory of the Nazarene has been its chiefest light."

Rev. S. J. McPherson, Presbyterian, said: "According to Dr. Dorchester's tables, in the last hundred years Christianity had gained 210,000,000 adherents, and in the last eighty-four years it had gained more adherents than in the previous eighteen centuries. Contrast the growth of church edifices with the buildings reared by infidels. The Paine Memorial Building had been sold under the hammer for lack of funds to maintain it. During the last ten years about 28,000 churches had been erected in the United States. Nearly 100,000 orthodox ministers were preaching the Gospel in 1880."

Dr. Kittredge, Presbyterian, said: "A large portion of the lecture had been frequently delivered before by Ingersoll and others of his stamp, under different titles. The whole lecture was nothing more than a gigantic illustration of palpable ignorance, or a willful distortion of facts. Mr. Ingersoll declared that orthodox or religion was dying out—was a hopelessly sick man."

The Rev. Wm. Cuthbertson, Congregationalist, said:

"I was shocked Thursday morning in looking over the papers to learn that over 3,000 people had listened the previous evening, amid thunders of applause, to the invectives of an insufferable charlatan against Christianity—a man whose sole talent was a shallow smartness. Had there been a slight touch of literary culture and purity among the great mass of people who had assembled to hear the highest and grandest subject of humanity ridiculed, they would have been shocked and disgusted instead of entertained at the shallow, impudent and impudent ribaldry of Ingersoll."

## HOW DONALDSON DIED.

Strange Revelations of a Clairvoyant at Reading, Pa. The Alleged Spirit of the Balloonist, Never Heard From Since His Chicago Ascension, Describes His Last Hours in Mid-Air.

(Special Correspondence of the Philadelphia Press.)

Last night a private circle of some of the leading Spiritualists of this city assembled at the residence of a gentleman, whose sixteen-year-old daughter has "recently demonstrated remarkable powers as a spiritual medium." Said one of the party: "The father is averse to any public display of his daughter's strange gift, and, while he does not object to a few friends hearing the girl's talk, he is emphatically opposed to it getting into the newspaper. That is why nothing is to be said of our visit, or, at best, no names are to be used." The party soon reached the downtown residence of the young medium's parents, in a quiet section of the city. The young girl is frail, pale, dark-haired and unassuming. In the presence of strangers she is very much reserved, and her desire to shrink from clairvoyancy is not altogether unexplained.

"I don't like clairvoyancy among strangers or in the presence of those who do not believe me," said she, "but, with our family and a few friends near, I take great delight in it because I enjoy it. There is so much that is new; not only novel, but surprising, strange, and, to me, altogether unexplainable. The fact is I don't want any one to explain it to me. I am satisfied now with what I know."

## THE FIRST STRANGE VISITOR.

"I first had a strange visitor about two months ago. I was looking out of my bedroom window watching the snowflakes falling. I tried how far up in the air I could first see a flake, and then watch it descend to the earth, and it was in that pastime that my eyes remained fixed among the flakes in the air, and I became dizzy at first; then I remembered afterward, a sort of a swoon came over me and I appeared to be lost among the clouds. I had such strange, ethereal feelings, such unusual emotions, saw such strange sights and had such odd communications. I was completely charmed as well as quite unnerved."

"When I recovered I found myself sitting upright in a straight-backed chair with my hands resting together on my lap. It was not sleep, because it was morning and I had just had eleven hours of the most refreshing slumber. I must have been in that strange state at least a half hour, because mamma came up stairs shortly afterward and chided me for not having done more work. Well, to make a long story short, I had no difficulty next morning in getting into what I now hear called the clairvoyant state and I thought I saw children and young ladies whom I knew well when they were living. They whispered in my ear and told me all sorts of strange things. They looked so very beautiful."

## FACES SEEN IN A HALO.

"All I could see was their faces in a halo of sunlight. Their forms were shadowy, like a white spectre. I only looked into their dreamy eyes, their pink, sweet lips, and their voices were as low and gentle as a breeze of June. I told my parents of the wonderful things I had seen and the strange talks I had heard, and finally they got me to repeat aloud some of the talks to them. I did so and it pleased them greatly. I was then told that I had been in a clairvoyant state, whatever that is. I have since learned that clairvoyants generally have Indian girls in the Spirit-land who tell them all the news. I wouldn't like to

have the spirit of an Indian girl tell me, but I won't grieve over it if one comes. I am much better content to have sweet faces come to me direct and talk to me. It is more satisfactory, I should think."

"Well, I have met with quite a number of faces of dead ones who were very dear to me in life, and I have also seen many faces which were very fair and beautiful, and yet strange and unknown to me. They simply looked deep into my eyes, were disappointed and then floated by me as the snowflakes, and had nothing to say. Those faces seemed so sad, pensive and thoughtful, and they reminded me of bees disappointed upon alighting in a honeyless flower. I was sad, too, because I thought it too bad that they were looking for a friend and apparently could not find one. I have seen the spirits of boys and of men."

## THE SAME MAN EVERY DAY.

"The fact is, for the past ten days I have seen the face of the same man every day. I was in the Spirit-land. I call it Spirit-land, it is so much prettier, I think, than the clairvoyant state; the latter is so vulgar and common, and, I am told, there is so much humbug in it."

By this time eleven people had assembled in the parlor and formed a circle about the girl. The gas was turned down just a trifle, and in a very short time the parents nodded and pointed to their daughter, whose face had turned slightly upward. Her eyes closed and her hands rested together on her lap. She sat upon a hassock, and it was at least three minutes of silence before she spoke again. The measured tick of the clock, the low hum of the gas, the crackling coals in the grate, the hurrying, creaking footsteps on the pavement in the icy air of night alone broke the stillness.

"I see the same man's face coming toward me again," said the young medium. "He has black, wavy hair, well rounded head, large, short neck, dark complexion and black moustache. As he comes nearer to me I see that one of his eyes is dark and the other light. On one of his cheeks I see a black mark. It is a mole or birth-mark of some kind."

## A SPIRIT'S FRUITLESS SEARCH.

"He looks at me as if seeking some one he cannot find. This is the eleventh time I have seen his face. He seems to want me to speak to him, and appears to be in trouble because I did not speak to him before. I now speak to him and his eyes light up and sparkle with delight. He smiles and says:

"I am glad you spoke to me. You are the first to greet me from the world below since I left it. Why did you not speak to me before? Do you not know me? No, you do not. You were too young when I lived in your city. But no doubt you heard of me. My name is Donaldson. I was called Professor Donaldson. [Here the circle of friends were astounded and became doubly interested.] Don't you remember my name? I went up in balloons in Reading and gave entertainments, with presents to all the little children and the grown folks too. Tell your father and those people near you who I am; they will remember me. Also tell them that I want to clear up the mystery of my strange death."

"Some say that I am not dead and will come back to my old home and friends once more. That is not so. I am now out of the earth and flesh and am in the Spirit-world."

## DONALDSON'S LAST ASCENSION.

"Everybody who remembers me will remember that I was never heard from after I went up in the balloon at Chicago. That was my last ascension. Our balloon was caught in a terrible wind storm in the upper current. I never experienced such a storm on land. It blew our balloon-basket to pieces. My friends or friends were blown out of the basket-car, leaving me up in the rigging sitting on the hoop of the balloon. I saw everything below me blown into shreds. Then the gas-chamber of the balloon made a fearful plunge and careened to one side and threw me and the hoop upward, and for a few minutes I was sailing through the air on top of the balloon. That was the strangest ride ever indulged in by mortal man. The few minutes seemed like an age. I had the presence of mind to grasp hold of the netting, so that it would not slip down and release the gas-chamber. Then the gas began to escape from the mouth of the balloon, and it would have suffocated me had not the storm hurried us through the air at a terrific pace. I was, far above the clouds, but how far I could not tell, because all our instruments had been blown into the lake. I tried all I could to have the balloon right itself. I got away down on the side of the balloon and pulled at the hoop and rigging, but it would not come."

## STRUGGLES FOR LIFE DESCRIBED.

"Then I went back and tied myself to the end of a strong rope around the body and fastened it to the iron-hoop so that if I should be blown off I would not drop to the earth. Then I crawled out on the side of the balloon again, further than before. Just as I had finished this the balloon gave another awful lunge and I was thrown off into space, but was held by the rope. The balloon then righted, and I was dangling in mid-air, nearly out of breath because of the sudden jar, and the rope, tightening about my body, severely cut me. How long I hung that way I could not tell, because I was nearly dead with fear, terror, exhaustion and cold. The air was extremely light and I could scarcely breathe. I then crawled up the rope, hand over hand, and when nearly dead and just as I had reached the iron hoop again, suddenly the muslin gas chamber split with a loud noise, from top to bottom. God help me, I thought, because it was the most perilous position of my life. Then one-half the balloon was blown into the ether, and quicker than I can tell you, the two halves, now wedged together, bulged up and out in the hurricane and formed a parachute, or a sort of an umbrella, leaving me swinging below."

## THE STORM-BEATEN PARACHUTE.

"I realized for a moment that God had answered my prayer. Then the truth flashed upon me that I was going down so fast that it nearly took my breath. I was too heavy for the parachute. Then I saw that the canvas had split again and suddenly another frightful sweep of the storm drove the parachute into waters, and I was hurled headlong down through the clouds. I closed my eyes, prayed and died going down, thinking of loved ones at home. My poor body fell into a wild, lonely and bleak swamp, ten miles North of the Northern shore of Lake Superior, where it was slowly severed, separated and scattered by the ebb and flow of the waters, until now it has returned to its original earth. My spirit entered the Spirit-land at once, where it has been lodged ever since."

"I am slowly working my way upward to higher circles and to a higher life. I have been happy ever since my coming here, and have not changed my opinion that some day some one will discover a method by which the air can be navigated. I am obliged to you for your kindness and will be pleased to talk to you again when we can meet, here or elsewhere. I have other thoughts, too, of dear

ones for whom I am waiting in peace and in happiness. Good-bye."

"Now," continued the medium, "the face vanishes with smiles. He must have been a good man on earth. I see that he never drank or swore, but led an exemplary life. He was brave, warm-hearted and generous."

In a few moments the young medium was out of her clairvoyant state, and soon afterward the company departed, considerably impressed with the story.

## For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Another Hood Contending with Anthood for Superiority over Manhood.

Mr. Whitworth, with true gallinaceous modesty, has come to the rescue of Mr. Dawbarn, from what he considers my egotistical criticism of his lecture on the superiority of Anthood to Manhood. Mr. Whitworth, in the beginning of his article, assents as a general proposition, that he delights in "excellence;" and from the perusal of his article, one is led to inquire, what is the nature and quality of that "excellence" in which he so delights? Is it that only which pertains to the social, intellectual or moral characteristics of the ant family? or the gallinaceous species of animals? and if so, to what particular manifestation of such "excellence" does the gentleman refer, which so excites his admiration? Take any of the phenomena referred to by Mr. Dawbarn, and let him say if, in such phenomena, he finds that social, intellectual or moral "excellence," which most delights his soul. Permit me to inquire of Mr. Whitworth, if his experience in himself, or if his observations of those with whom he is most intimate, has never made known to him social, intellectual and moral faculties and, hence, capacities, superior to those manifested by any of the ant species? Has he never discovered in himself aspirations calling for something more than physical food, drink, clothing and physical comfort and ease? Have his relations to humanity been such, that he has never discovered, in himself or others, a nature which leads one to seek social culture, through the application of the moral virtues as a rule of social conduct? Has Mr. Whitworth never discovered in himself a condition of spirit earnestly protesting against making the supreme use of life to consist in feeding and clothing the body, gratifying the appetites, passions and selfish desires, and making war upon every thing which he supposed to be an obstacle to such success? Is he altogether a stranger to the desire to bless and make happy, through blessings, every member of the human family? Would it add to his enjoyment and to his permanent happiness, could he exercise the means, to cause all men and all women to become truthful, pure, just, faithful and good in every relation in life? and can he honestly say from his heart, that had he the means to accomplish such a result, he would fail to do so? Does it seem desirable to him, that every one should be loving, kind and good to all? that all war, contention and strife should cease? that all slavery, oppression and injustice should be done away? and that peace on earth and good will to man should become universal? Will Mr. Whitworth carefully examine himself as to his best feelings, wishes and desires? as to the best social, intellectual and moral condition he can conceive as possible to one complete in the unfoldment of the several natures constituting him human, and then say whether, on such examination, he can find that in himself, or in the perfected human, which prefers truth to falsehood, purity to impurity, justice to injustice, virtue to vice, good to evil, love to hate, morality to immorality? If he can find in himself any such feeling of preference, he has found that in man which is superior to any thing hitherto manifested in any animal or insect. If he has found a nature capable of seeking social, intellectual and moral culture, he has found a nature superior to that in any individual below the human.

Mr. Whitworth, in his attempts to illustrate the truthfulness of his positions, is certainly unfortunate in the subjects he has chosen for such purpose. He can scarcely be supposed to be serious, when he selects the hen with her chickens, to illustrate maternal love in the human mother; or when he pits the gentlemanly rooster with the really gentlemanly human, in his intercourse with humanity. Does he really intend to advise the human mother to go to the hen, and learn of her those maternal duties, which maternal love so delights to perform? Does he also intend to advise the gentlemanly human to go to his rooster to learn the rules of gentlemanly and charitable deportment in their intercourse with mankind? and would he have us understand that, in his estimation, the conduct of his gallinaceous male and female, as cited by him, is evidence of social, intellectual and moral faculties of as high an order, as any he has ever experienced in himself, or has been able to appreciate in others? Yet his argument, if it means any thing, must be construed to mean this. He certainly ought not to cite such examples, unless he supposed them appropriate to sustain his arguments; that is, unless he supposed these qualities in the hen and rooster were equal, at least, to anything he had experienced in himself or had observed in others.

Mr. Whitworth may have been unfortunate in his allusion to the hen. He may not have had the care of a kind and loving mother. He may not have experienced any thing of such careful devotion and tenderness as dwells in the maternal heart, and spontaneously expresses itself in act. Had he experienced any thing of this kind, it would seem impossible that he could so degrade his mother as to liken her maternal heart to the hen scratching for her brood. Mr. Whitworth commits a double error in this comparison. For the purpose of his argument, he overestimates the maternal affection of the hen, and he underestimates the maternal love of the human. The maternal affection of the hen rises but little above the unconscious instinct of the chick, which understands the significance of the mother's cluck as well the first time it is heard, as after hearing it a thousand times. This instinct appearing in the brute, admits of no culture, no improvement, no advance, and marks little mental activity or powers. The more instinct, the less mentality. The love which the mother hen has for her chickens, has a specific end and use, beyond which it has no existence; and that end is, to secure the supply of their needs for food and protection, while they are in her presence, until they are, by nature, able to care for themselves. But out of her presence of sight and hearing, or when able to care for themselves, she has no love or care for them. They can sicken and die in her presence, and she gives no heed to them. They may fall out by the way and cry for aid, yet she moves on with her healthy ones, paying no heed to their call. What would be thought of a human mother, who could trudge on with a part of her children, leaving the sickly and lame to perish without attention and without care? Of one, who could sit at ease with the well children and within hearing of the cries of distress

from her dying ones, and yet give no heed to their sufferings, and feel no loss in their death? Yet this love, in its manifestation, Mr. Whitworth likens to maternal love in the human mother, and he cites it to prove that maternal love in the human is not superior to that manifest in the hen in her care for her chickens.

Mr. Whitworth likewise presents, what he deems to be the gallant conduct of the rooster, as evidence of his superior politeness and generosity, when compared with the conduct of men in their intercourse with society. He represents that the rooster, even, when very hungry, will pick up some "toothsome" morsel, and instead of eating it himself, will call about him the brood, and in a most polite and gentlemanly manner deny himself, to feed it to them; and he looks upon this manifestation of roosterly charity and politeness, as equal to any thing to be found in the character of the human. Possibly Mr. W. has roosters of a different species from those with whom the world is acquainted; roosters that do not distinguish between the male and female members of their society. If he has such, it might be well for him to introduce them to the public, for the benefit of their moral and social influence upon human society; especially upon those, who, like the rooster, confine their polite and affable attentions to the female portion of their acquaintance, who receive them with favor. The rooster, with which the world is mostly acquainted, is one which confines his polite affable attentions to the hen, which is to him, a member of his harem. But let another rooster come into the flock, and intrude himself in the presence of the gentlemanly cock, and he will soon be supplied with a toothsome morsel of a very different kind. Politeness and affability will disappear, and the most wicked and brutal disposition will take its place. And this is the best disposition, the highest manifestation of moral and social character ever exhibited by the rooster, which Mr. W. has presented as possessing traits of character equal to, if not superior to, the gentlemanly human. Now Mr. Whitworth will think me uncharitable and ungentlemanly if I take him at his word, and apply his argument to himself. If he thinks he is right in assuming that the conduct of the mother hen and that of the gentlemanly rooster, present examples worthy of imitation; and if their character is to be determined by that which their general conduct reveals; and if such character is equal to any yet manifest in the conduct of the human, through any effort yet made manifest, he certainly cannot complain of misrepresentation, when I say, that, according to his argument, his highest and best aspiration possible is, that he may become, in character and practice, to the female human, what the rooster is to the hen. If his charitable and gentlemanly conduct is based upon the same nature as is that of his model rooster, and if that of his model rooster is so commendable as he describes, why should he be expected to be any different in his manifestation, when he arrives at that degree of roosterly completeness? Having arrived at that state, in his society, all females might meet with a certain species of kind and tender treatment; but woe to any male who should chance within his jurisdiction. Now if Mr. W. has not found in himself or in those with whom he has associated, a higher and purer social, intellectual and moral nature, than that manifest in his favorite hen and rooster, it would be like casting pearls before swine to attempt arguing any social or moral question upon any basis that would come within his comprehension. GEORGE CHAPMAN.

## Popular Superstitions.

Rev. Minot J. Savage lectured before the Ladies' Physiological Institute in Wesleyan Hall, Boston, lately, on "Popular Superstitions." The lecturer referred to the almost universal belief existing, in all classes of society, in some sort of superstitions. The victims are more than half ashamed of them, because they do not more than half believe in them, yet so strange is the fascination that when they are alone they are mastered by these same superstitions. The speaker then referred to some of the popular superstitions of the present day, such, for instance, as wearing red yarn around the neck to prevent nose bleed, carrying a horse chestnut in the pocket to prevent rheumatism, the fear of ladies to walk under a ladder, the sticking of a jack knife in the head of the bed to prevent cramps and the reluctance of some people to enter and depart from a house by different doors. The superstition that Friday is an unlucky day on which to begin anything was met by the speaker by the assertion that Friday had proved to be a lucky day in the history of the world. It was on Friday that Columbus sailed in search of a new world, and it was on Friday that he discovered America. It was on that day that the city of Augustine was founded, and also the day the compact was signed which finally led to the Constitution of this country. It was on Friday that the battle of Saratoga was fought; that Arnold's treason was discovered; that Yorktown surrendered; that the motion was made whereby the American colonies were declared free; and it was the day on which Washington was born. The superstition that it was unlucky to dream bad dreams three nights in succession was one in which the lecturer believed; for it showed that the victim had been eating late at night, and had otherwise neglected to take proper care of himself. The superstition regarding the number thirteen was ridiculed, as was also that regarding getting the first sight at the new moon over the right shoulder. The idea or superstition that a child's hair or finger nails should be cut during the increase of the moon was made light of, the speaker querying what possible interest the moon—situated hundreds of thousands of miles from the earth—could have in such small matters. The upsetting of a salt cellar, a dog barking out of a window, wearing garments wrong side out and adorning walls with horseshoes, were referred to, and the significance given to them by superstitious people, and the superstition regarding sneezing, prevalent in olden times dwelt upon, the act of sneezing being believed to be the repulse of an attempt of an evil spirit to enter the soul. Star worship, carried on extensively at the present, was alluded to and regarding superstitions in general, the speaker argued that the victims cannot give a rational account of any they possess, and they cannot be defended. People are governed much more by their feelings than by their logic and their reason. Feeling is a tremendous test, and reason is often powerless, and yet no one is safe where reason does not hold him in check and guide him. The speaker argued that these superstitious feelings are inherited; they are like weeds that grow up in the best cultivated gardens. Boston Herald.

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

## A VALUABLE REMEDY FOR GRAVEL.

Dr. T. H. NEWLAND, Jr., St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used it in the diseases of the urinary organs, such as gravel, and particularly spermatorrhea, with very good results, and think it a very valuable remedy in those diseases."







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## Why?

Some one has said, "If you don't know anything about a matter, make a speech on it; if you want to learn a thing thoroughly, write a book about it." Some of our critics, preachers and so-called investigators, must be following that plan, for the boldness with which they proclaim ignorance as settled truth, is sometimes astounding. During the last score of years what weary work it has been to answer over and over again the same objections, incessantly repeated by those who only know enough to ask "why," in triumphant answer to all the facts Spiritualism is based on.

Yet any answer that can be made must be incomplete. The two problems of Nature, never yet solved, are Why and How. Guesses harmonizing with a less or more limited selection of facts may be made, and seem sufficient answer for the time, but until one knows all things, it is not possible to tell what factor may have been omitted, that, if admitted, would have entirely changed the result.

A minister in New York City, Rev. W. M. Darwood, has announced a series of sermons on Spiritualism, and preached one of them, on "Our Intercourse with the Dead; or, Modern Spiritualism." He gives a remarkable specimen of the orthodox way of proving anything by the Bible. We quote from the *Herald's* report of this sermon:

"In the course of his remarks the preacher said that the Witch of Endor was in all probability a mind reader, and this accounted for her deceiving Saul into the belief that he conversed with Samuel. God killed Saul the next day because he went to see the Witch. The speaker described how in 1871 he saw a mind reader who stood at one end of a hall and yet could tell the figures which the speaker and a friend made. The same thing, he said, had occurred last year, when Henry Ward Beecher and other eminent men were invited to one of these mind readings. He referred also to a despatch in the New York *Herald* concerning the performance of a medium in Vienna.

"If Spiritualism was true, why was it that the lights at these seances were turned down so low that friends could not distinguish each other ten feet apart. Why all these manifestations of trumpet blowing, rappings on the table, and so forth?

"There was a longing, said this preacher, in the human heart after knowledge of the invisible world, and the loss of loved ones would be unendurable if it were not for support from God. Spiritualists took advantage of man's weakness. He knew a distinguished judge who appeared at a seance in Michigan and was re-married to his departed wife. All this sort of thing was the result of an overwrought imagination. There was not a single instance where the spirit of a wicked man revisited this earth. In conclusion the speaker denounced all communication with spirits, diviners and necromancers."

"In all probability," indeed! As the witch was not scared at Saul till Samuel arose, she told nothing of what had been in Saul's mind, and the utterances of Samuel were all prophetic. "Killed because he went to see the witch," was he? Samuel gave a different reason:

"Because thou obeyedst not the voice of the Lord.... therefore hath the Lord done this thing unto thee this day. Moreover the Lord will also deliver Israel with thee into the hands of the Philistines: and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me: the Lord also shall deliver the host of Israel into the hands of the Philistines."

Which is right—the Bible or the preacher? But "mind reading" is claimed to be a sufficient answer to Spiritualist mental phenomena, while a very limited study, slight observation, would have shown that "mind reading" and clairvoyance are distinctly different. The professional mind reader deals with the present thought; a thought that is five minutes old is too shriveled for him to grasp; while for the clairvoyant, long years roll away, the secret thought of the long-ago, the hidden, buried grief, is brought forth. The clairvoyant, usually, almost invariably, cannot read present thoughts; the mind reader can deal with no other. It is our turn to ask, "Why?" but the kind of investigator our preacher is, is not answering questions, only asking them.

"Why are the lights turned down?" Because the spirits ask it, saying that the strong vibrations of the light disturb their tenuous organization, hinder manifestation. The trumpet blowing, etc., are as hard to find a reason for as to account for the sermon under notice, but no more so; the answer for both is the same—that in the state of development spirit and preacher have reached. It is the only way they have of securing attention. Why, reverend objector, is it that certain gases will not combine in the dark, but will in the light? Why, when families live in dark places, are so many deformed children born? Why will tadpoles never develop into frogs, if they be kept from the light? Whatever the answer to these questions, the facts prove that light is a power. A few years ago, but before the advent of Spiritualism, one man published a book, declaring light to be the source of motion of all the planets; that imponderable as light was, its swiftness of motion made it a power, a power of repulsion. "Why should the caged bird incessantly leap about its cage? Every one can furnish answer to this, but the bird knows none. Why, why—pshaw, mystery is all around us, neither man nor angel can tell the final Why of anything.

Spiritualism comes to aid man by his blindness, revealing to him the largeness of his possibilities, the eternity he has to develop in, it calls on him to claim his birthright, to cultivate his natural duality, to fear nothing but wrong. It proclaims that man is strong enough to be himself, to bear his own sin, to be his own Savior, that confession of weakness is arrant folly, when he is so mighty.

## The World Moves.

It is frequently said that the changes in religious opinion so often alluded to everywhere, are exaggerated. When a prominent preacher denies, belittles, or explains away the creed of his church, or, more fatal still, questions the authority of the book on which his creed is based, a host of defenders rush forward armed with carefully grouped statistics to show that orthodoxy was never so prosperous as now. But some preachers mourn over the "desolation of Zion," and occasionally some bold and indiscreet man of large view and clear perception, admits all that has been claimed. The following is from a report of a sermon of Rev. Dr. Pullman, preached lately in New York:

"God's truth was progressive. Most of the heresy in the world was in the churches themselves and in the belief that God had spoken the final word. He asked his hearers to imagine themselves standing on a high mountain and to take a wide view of the religious horizon. They would find a curious fact that the past sixteen years in the religious world had been the most significant years of the century. There had been a greater change in men's minds and opinions than in any other sixteen years of the century. Skepticism and orthodoxy had both been broken down. Skepticism was to be found only among passive and not among active minds. Men of this period realize that skepticism is to be used as a battle-axe to strike down error and then to be flung away.

"The great master of skepticism had very recently said that they were not going to find anything in science to take the place of the God of religion, but that all science can do is to lead men back to God by different ways. This generation did not believe that man could be saved by incantation. What it did believe was that religion was a motive power; that it did not condone offenses, and that piety was not a substitute for morality. Before the century was out it would be fully understood that man must work out his own salvation and that truth and reason demand that he shall right himself."

Yes, the world moves—not to the destruction of religion, but of false formulations; if it doubts the revelations of the past, it has glad welcome for the revelations of to-day; is less iconoclastic, more reverent. Men are teaching themselves to be religious, even while rejecting the authority of those who would perfunctorily teach them.

A religious contemporary in Chicago boldly argues in defense of giving fatal doses of chloroform to those attacked with hydrophobia. But why draw the line at hydrophobia?

Independent. The suggestion of the Independent is timely. If it were rendered lawful and declared to be praiseworthy to kill painlessly those whose teachings were perilous to society, and those whose business was a public nuisance, what a holocaust of distillers, liquor dealers, renters of houses for evil purposes, preachers and teachers, would take place. And, as one must not speak evil of the dead, society would be purified, and even the memory of the evil they had wrought would depart. But it won't do. It would cost too much for funeral rites, even if the chloroformed ones were all cremated; and, besides, what would editors have to write about if there were no evil to be attacked? We should not know what good was, if there were no evil. Chloroform may have been discovered that it may hasten the "good time coming," but it has not come yet, and our advice is, don't poison yourself or any one else by chloroform.

## Evidences the Spirits Give.

On the evening of March 27th, a small circle assembled in the library of the editor-in-chief of the JOURNAL, to meet a medium, Mrs. Belle Fletcher Hamilton, formerly of Cincinnati, and now located at 197 West Madison street, Chicago. The members of the circle were chiefly near relatives of Mrs. May Bross Davies, whose transition to higher life was announced last week. The medium knew where she was to hold the circle, but had no knowledge of those she was to meet, and was not introduced to the three persons for whose sake the seance was held, until it was over. The medium easily becoming entranced, gave clear descriptions of Mrs. Davies, who, the control declared, was present, and would speak to her parents and husband. Soon Mrs. Davies came, personating with vivid distinctness the incidents of her last hours on earth—the pain in the throat, difficulty of breathing, the wiping of mucus from the lips, the call for water, the presence of her baby, and her own refusal to kiss it, for fear of communicating the disease—all these were represented before the intensely-fixed gaze of those who knew the truth of every detail of the moving picture. Taking the hand of her father, in the old, peculiar, well-remembered way, she also grasped and grouped together the hands of the three relatives, and wept, but whispered she was happy; would watch over her parents and child, and would come again often. Other controls there were, and some remarkable tests given; but the interest of the evening all centered around the presence among her own family of the dearly loved May. All who knew her were perfectly sure that the loved one was with them, and hearty thanks were given to the medium who had procured them that great joy.

The next morning a JOURNAL representative was sent to Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter, 433 West Lake street, to try the experiment of having an article psychometrized for a correspondent. The following conversation ensued.

Medium.—I knew you were coming—she brought you. The lady who entered the room with you, May. Then another name, Bross. She was at a circle with you last night, and came right along with you here.

Reporter.—Why does she come with me? I never knew her; never even heard her name till a few days ago.

Med.—She wants, through this medium, to give some more loving greetings to those left behind. Father, mother, friend. Who's Davies? I hear that name.

Rep.—I don't know the name.

Med.—Then there's Virgin—I don't think I have that name right.

Rep.—Is it Virginia?

Med.—Yes, that's the baby's name. She says she loves them all more than ever; is so rejoiced she can come and greet them; can watch over them; will help you too.

What else was said at this sitting need not here be specified; the purpose of this writing is, to show how spirits come and prove their identity; making the mourning friends rejoice that their dear departed ones are not dead, not asleep, not unconscious, not indifferent, but alive, with intenser consciousness, and that the love which glorified their lives here glows with purer, more enduring light, on and on, forever.

## A Peculiar People.

Rev. Dr. M. Machol, in a sermon, delivered recently at the Eagle Street Synagogue, Cleveland, O., claimed that the ten tribes were lost because they conformed to the nation among whom they were taken. Therefore, to maintain their individuality, which was their pride and glory, as a people, the Jews must rigorously observe their ancient laws and customs. He closed by exhorting his hearers to cling to their Jewish peculiarities as the only means of perpetuating their race.

Such a doctrine is strange, indeed, in the midst of a Republic formed of all nationalities and races, and whose perpetuity depends on the thorough blending and assimilation of these discordant elements. In the old world the Jew has a right to preserve a distinct type, but when he becomes a citizen of this country, he accepts a broader view of life and destiny. He is not under the laws of Moses, but of the United States; not a slave to Jehovah, but a free man. A "Peculiar People" is the most unnatural of any class on our soil. This is the reason for our objection against the Chinese. It is the death of the Red Indian; he is peculiar, and will not blend with our civilization.

Rabbi Machol will probably learn that the "pride and glory" of the Jewish nationality may be catered to at too great a cost, and that it would be wiser, and in stricter conformity with the progressive element which is really the dominant power among the Jews, to break from his narrow, selfish bigotry, and preach broader and more consistent doctrines.

O-p-o-c. ".... We understand that other papers in Chicago are liable for libels, and will be indicted at no distant day." What do you mean, dear "harmonious"? Speak it right out and don't be afraid! You and all the rest of the sick must have your medicine, and the "papers in Chicago" propose to furnish it, regardless of expense. But no amount of the extract of pluck, whether applied by allopath, homeopath, or magnetic healer, will ever produce a trace of moral courage in some of our patients.

J. W. Free writes to us from Boston, Mass., that he lately attended a materializing seance given there by Mrs. Fay, and found the manifestations very satisfactory.

## The Russel Law.

The Ohio Legislature, among the first acts of the present session, amended the Russell Law, which has furnished occasion for a great deal of talking and writing, *pro et con*, by striking out the words, "spiritual mediums." The fact has been jubilantly heralded as a great victory for Spiritualism, and correspondents of an Eastern spiritualistic sheet have gone so far as to say that, as the Republicans lost the election last year because of their voting for this law, they did well to amend it. The law had little to do with the election results, and its framers had in view a most despicable class of frauds, fortune tellers, etc., and they had no intention of making a thrust at Spiritualism. Now that the law is repealed, it stands Spiritualists in hand to discriminate between the true and the false. There is no safeguard to prevent the whole swarm of pimps, fortune tellers, "magnetic" diviners and courtesans, from advertising and posing before the world as clairvoyants and spirit mediums. Spiritualists had not made any protest, or in any way made discrimination, and the evil in the cities had become so great, some one was compelled to act. This law, in a blundering way, sought a remedy. Its repeal again opens wide the door for an abuse which will be, as it has been, a crying shame to Spiritualism.

"Madam"—the renowned clairvoyant from Paris, born with a veil, is in the city dailies, as if in the front of the spiritual movement, and they who understand city ways, know how to interpret such advertisements.

Until Spiritualism becomes an organic movement, and its mediums recognized, it must suffer this among the many other abuses it has been, and is now, compelled to bear.

The New York *Herald* extracts the following opinions from a recent sermon by H. W. Beecher on "The Sermon on the Mount."

"The literal following of the Sermon on the Mount would destroy order, morality, law and human nature itself."

"If you literally accept the Sermon on the Mount you have got to give to every man who asks and lend to every man who wants to borrow. I would like to see Wall street act on this precept for about an hour."

"Ultimately, the ideal man will come to a state in which animal forces won't be necessary, I believe; but in the administration of human life, and in the economies of society, is this the meaning of the Sermon on the Mount, that goodness must lie down while badness walks over it?"

"The people who believe in a literal interpretation of the Bible have no right to have one single cent ahead. They have no right to accumulate little properties that can be used to meet the exigencies of coming days. Yet universal poverty would be the result, and universal poverty is animalism."

"The law of development is the law of industry and of property-accumulation. There is morality in this; there is government in it; there is happiness in it, and everything else that builds up."

"Take the flowers of the field. It is true that they don't weave or spin, and yet God clothes them with beauty. Very good. A flower has to develop. There isn't a flower in all the wilderness, nor in all the gardens, that does not work for a living."

"I suppose that more than one-half of the suffering of humanity is suffering on account of things that never happen."

"There are men who are good as organizers, but who cannot handle the organization."

"A million dollars, in human nature, is nothing but yeast set to raise five millions."

"The man who misinterprets Christianity by going easily and morosely through life ought to apologize to every person whom he meets."

Good common sense this; good thoughts, well expressed, but very heretical to the average orthodox believer.

A prominent author in the East says: "Reform work is hard and most discouraging. It does not pay pecuniarily; it brings the most sincere souled-worker into disrepute; it arrays him by misrepresentation. He is constantly misunderstood and misinterpreted, and under the cloud of misunderstanding and misinterpretation, he has to stand silent and to suffer whether he be strong or not. But when the fever or hallucination—call it what you will—of reform takes hold of one, there is no gainsaying the call, and one grows almost recklessly fond of the self-imposed martyrdom. One grows at least in his own self-respect, if all else fail. We should not wonder at the bitter misanthropy which takes possession of many of these workers as they advance in years; but if we look back on the careers of these men, we can see in retrospect at least, the genuine, glorious work done by the means of many, who died heart-sick of the world for which they worked, and by which they are forgotten. On the whole, I think it pays, and whether it does or not, those who are in the harness, will be happiest to keep in it, no matter at what apparent cost." This is the spontaneous out-breathing of one of the most devoted workers in the ranks of liberalism, and will strike a responsive chord in many a patient, laboring soul, striving to accomplish some tangible result in the great task of human advancement, and overwhelmed by discouragements and sick at heart.

"What shall we do to be saved?" In a late lecture delivered in New York City, Mrs. Nellie Brigham answered that question in a highly interesting and instructive manner. She responded thereto by referring to the grand truths of Spiritualism, and in so doing she removed the terrors of hell, explained how the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath, claimed that the church is a human institution, and asserted that though Spiritualism had not been presented to the world as it ought to have been, yet one grain of the truths it presents will outweigh an ocean of hypotheses.

## GENERAL NOTES.

On the fifth page the publisher offers a premium list that ought to inspire thousands of readers to active work.

A. B. French, who gave us a call last week, has engagements to lecture at Farmington and Geneva, Ohio, and Freeville, N. Y.

Mrs. E. M. Dole, a well-known medium of this city, has gone to Cincinnati, Ohio, and can be addressed at No. 330 Race street, until further notice.

Those wishing to know Mr. Gerald Massey's terms for lectures and engagements in the West, can address him as follows: Cleveland, Ohio, April 7th to 18th, and Grand Rapids, Mich., April 20th to 30th.

We are glad to hear from Dr. Geo. B. Nichols, that he and his family are well. They have bought a house in Barre, Vt., and will settle there at once. Mrs. Nichols's mediumship is as good as when residing in Chicago.

Mrs. Belle Fletcher Hamilton, one of Cincinnati's celebrated mediums, is in Chicago for a short time, and will be pleased to see her friends and all honest investigators, at her parlors, 197 West Madison street, rooms two and three. Circles and private sittings daily.

Mr. J. R. Hall, an old Spiritualist, formerly a resident of this city, and who has been investigating the phenomena in Boston, writes to us that he found the seances given by the Berry sisters, under the admirable management of Mr. Albro, the most satisfactory of any he has witnessed, and so far as he is able to judge, genuine materializations of spirit faces and forms occur through their mediumship.

The *Christian Register* thinks the late flood of the Ohio "was of greater magnitude than the Noachian one, though the loss of life was fortunately not so great." This is admitting a great deal, and probably that exemplary journal will in a year or two take a few thousand millions off its conjectured loss of life at the deluge. The Bible says the whole earth was under water, while the *Register* says not so large a region as the Ohio valley was submerged. Which shall we accept as authority? Which is inspired?

The *Christian Register* thinks that the fashion of the daily papers on Monday morning, publishing the Sunday sermons, indicates a growing demand for such reading; or, in other words, that the influence of the pulpit is on the increase. It does not say, however, that which is patent to every observer, that the sermons reported most fully and carefully are not those of the "orthodox" ministers, but of those considered heterodox, such as Swin, Beecher, Thomas, Adler, Salter; men who have something new and fresh to say, and do not resurrect the bones of Moses and blow the dust from the lids of the Bible into the eyes of their congregation.

Zanesfield and Pickersettown, two little Ohio villages, are passing through the whirl of a remarkable religious revival. It is a common thing for the converts to have trances or spells of complete insensibility. They see visions of heaven and hell. Men who are grossly illiterate and viciously ignorant harangue the audiences far into the night, claiming that they are under divine influence. Women fall into a sort of cataleptic fit, remaining apparently unconscious for hours. While in this condition they are stiff and rigid and evince no pain on being roughly handled. This queer disturbance has been going on for several weeks.

It is said that *The Northwestern Christian Advocate*, on a recent occasion forgot to imitate the gentle and tender spirit of the Nazarene, and in perfect harmony with the mischievous nature of his satanic majesty, manifested a spirit of petulance, for which, had he been a child, would have induced his good mother to bring into sudden requisition her slipper. Dr. Adam Miller's advertisement had been sent to that paper (the same one that appeared in the JOURNAL of March 22nd), and after being duly accepted and put in type, it fell under the observation of the editor, who at once refused to publish it, and ordered the type distributed at once. Dr. Miller being an expert in stenography, had on one occasion made a verbatim report of a portion of Dr. Curry's remarks at a minister's meeting in this city, which did not reflect a sufficient amount of orthodoxy, and which was made public, much to the indignation of the editor of the *Advocate*. That accounts for his boyish action in refusing the advertisement of the venerable doctor.

We regret the great loss to our friends in Fredonia, N. Y., of the son of Philip Phillips, the song-evangelist. He accompanied his father to Europe and assisted in his sacred concerts, giving promise of greater success in song than his illustrious sire; but even then the approach of the fell destroyer, consumption, was apparent, and in the very beginning of his career, so full of promise, he came home to die with his uncle, Dr. A. P. Phillips, who resides at the magnificent common home of the two brothers. When the beautiful daughter of the latter departed, he was sustained in his great loss by Spiritualism, and the constant communion with her. Philip Phillips is too absorbed in his religion to give thought to Spiritualism, and will find in this hour of need little consolation from his blind faith. We know his intensely sensitive nature must deeply suffer, and he has our profound sympathy and prayer that his spirit soon may come and break the darkness of sorrow by making him assured that he is with him still.

Dr. J. F. Babcock, of Bangor, Maine, has he thanks of the JOURNAL for a fine cabinet photo of himself.











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# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## "SPIRIT-TEACHINGS."

An able, and usually well-informed liberal writer, who is not a Spiritualist, but who speaks as an outside observer, after giving some reasons and pointing out the circumstances which lead him to think that Spiritualism is likely to fill a large place in the thoughts and beliefs of men in the near future, goes on to say: "Spiritualism, however, is met even now by a philosophical difficulty of the gravest character, and one which is likely to remain fatal to it in the majority of thoughtful minds; that is, the absolutely trivial character of the professed communications from another sphere."

Such and similar objections are quite often raised by those who have only a superficial acquaintance with the subject. Granted, that a good deal of crudity and some egregious twaddle, sometimes with great names attached, has inconsiderately been published to the world as supernatural wisdom, nevertheless writers like the above make a great mistake when they say that spirit communications are uniformly of a trivial character. Experienced Spiritualists know that these communications are of every grade, from the most trivial to the most elevated. The diversity is as great as that which we find in the intercourse with the people of earth. Owing to the false and pernicious teaching of the "ministers of the gospel"—a gospel which sets up the feeble light, the rudimentary knowledge of past ages as a perfect revelation for all time—it takes the world a long while to adopt rational and enlightened views about life and death and the life hereafter. Thus, it is still a largely prevailing idea that the "righteous, who die in the Lord," are swiftly transformed into beings of angelic wisdom and purity. Spiritualism teaches much more reasonable views, according to which the death of the body and release from its infirmities, does not change our mental and spiritual condition. In the light of spirit-teachings the dissolution of, and release from, the garments of flesh, neither deprives us of the virtues, nor relieves us of the vices which we have cultivated during our earthly career. Both our good and bad qualities go with us—the configuration of character, the personal identity, remain the same. Therefore, whenever spirits are communicating with us, their utterances—at least in their early stages—will be of all kinds, good, bad and indifferent, for as such they leave this world.

Simple messages of affection from deceased relatives and friends, often accompanied by startling tests of identity, are of daily occurrence, and often working conviction and bringing comfort to minds that have wandered in darkness. The most of such evidence, however, is evidence to the immediate recipients only. It is the little points of personal peculiarity, so convincing to those who find them, so hard to put on paper, so impossible to analyze and dissect in public, which overcome doubt and make proof positive. Owing to the state of public opinion, such evidence is treasured up and rarely exhibited to the gaze of the world.

Spirit-messages on topics of general interest, and of a quality calculated to engage the thoughtful attention of progressive minds, are not so common, but by no means lacking. My special object in this writing

is to call attention to a new and remarkable collection of such communications, published in England just a year ago, under the title of "Spirit-Teachings." In the opening pages of this interesting and instructive book, I find a statement which seems to furnish a reasonable and plausible explanation of the comparative scarcity of communications directly inspired by exalted intelligences. In reply to the question, "Who are the spirits who return to earth, and of what class?" this answer is given:

"Principally those who are nearest to the earth, in the three lower spheres or states of being. They converse most readily with you. Of the higher spirits, those who are able to return find it very difficult to find a medium through whom they can communicate. Many would gladly converse, but are unwilling to risk the waste of time in a prolonged search for a suitable medium."

In the light of these "teachings," the world from which disembodied spirits return, is somewhat like our own. The denseness of it is of varying degrees of progression, and those who are least progressive, least developed, least spiritual, and most material and earthly, hover around the confines and rush in when the gates are set ajar. From this, any one can see the necessity of approaching the subject of spirit-intercourse with care. Promiscuous public circles, where a spirit of levity or idle curiosity prevails, where the medium is overworked and his nerves shattered, make him open to the assaults of all the malicious, tricky spirits that his vocation brings him (or her) in contact with. As the necessary sequel, come temptation, obsession, fraud, buffoonery and all that we so lament as associated with phenomenal Spiritualism.

In my humble judgment, this book of "Spirit-Teachings," edited by a medium of large experience and scholarly culture, "M. A. (Oxon)," is calculated to be a great help to a better understanding of the true mission of Spiritualism. While it throws much light upon many points of interest, no abstract speculation is indulged in. The teaching is aimed for practical application in private and public life. There is an air of sincerity and earnestness about these messages, as coming from those who are themselves impressed with the deep significance of the work they have in hand. Grand interests absorb them, and they revisit us to warn, instruct or guide us; to discharge some portion of that great work which has been assigned them. There is order in the world of spirit, and many are engaged in that great missionary work which has for its object the progressive enlightenment of humanity; the revelation of higher views of truth as man grows able to bear them; the development among mankind of those nobler and purer conceptions of the Supreme that they have learned in the progressive life that is theirs. Nothing has more impressed me than the breadth of charity and love, the purity and zeal for truth, which these spirits show. To listen to and ponder their teachings, is to be raised above the petty cares of earth, and to see with keener insight "the one thing needed," as the traveler who ascends the mountain side looks down on the mists and fogs that wrap the valley below him. On page twenty I read:

"Friend, when others seek from you as to the usefulness of our message, tell them that it is a gospel which will reveal a God of tenderness, pity and love, instead of a fabled creation of harshness, cruelty and passion. Tell them that it will lead them to know of intelligences whose whole life is one of love and pity and helpful aid to man, combined with adoration of the Supreme. Tell them that it will lead man to see his own folly, to unlearn his fancied theories, to learn how to cultivate his intelligence that it may progress, to use his opportunities that they may profit him, to serve his fellow-men, so that when they and he meet in the hereafter they may not reproach him that he has been, so far as he could, a clog and an injury to them. Tell them that such is our glorious mission; and if they sneer, as the ignorant will, and boast of their fancied knowledge, turn to the progressive souls who will receive the teaching of wisdom; speak to them the message of divine truth that shall regenerate and elevate the world, and for the blind ones pray that when their eyes are opened they shall see."

These communications were received by the process known as automatic writing. "As a specimen of calligraphy," the author says, "some of the pages are exceedingly beautiful. The answers to my questions were paragraphed and arranged as if for the press; and the name of God was always written in capitals, and slowly, and, as it seemed, reverentially. Continuing through a period of seven years, from 1873 to 1880, there is no flippant message, no attempt at jest, no vulgarity or incongruity, no false or misleading statement, so far as I know or could discover; nothing incompatible with the avowed object, again and again repeated, of instruction, enlightenment and guidance by spirits fitted for the task. I took extraordinary pains to prevent any admixture of my own thoughts. I cultivated the power of occupying my mind with other things during the time the writing was going on, and was able to read an abstruse book, and follow out a line of close reasoning, while the message was written with unbroken regularity. Messages so written extended over many pages, and in their course there is no correction, no fault in composition, and often a sustained vigor and beauty of style. I never could command the writing. It came unsought usually,

and when I did seek it, as often as not I was unable to obtain it."

Now I am anxious to lay before the reader a few more extracts in the hope of impressing the spiritual-minded with a faint appreciation and foretaste of the rare merits and lofty spirituality of this grand book. To the question, what mode of life was most favorable for spirit influence, the following reply is given:

"The busy world is ever averse from the things of spirit life. Men become absorbed in the material, that which they can see and grasp, and hoard up, and they forget that there is a future and spirit life. They become so earthly that they are impervious to our influence; so material that we cannot come near them; so full of earthly interests that there is no room for that which shall endure when they have passed on. More than this, the constant pre-occupation leaves no time for contemplation, and the spirit is wasted for lack of sustenance. The spiritual state is weak; the body is worn and weary with weight of work and anxious care, and the spirit is well-nigh inaccessible. The whole air, moreover, is heavy with conflicting passions, with heart-burnings, jealousies and contentions and all that is inimical to us. Round the busy city with its myriad haunts of vice, its detestable allurements, its votaries of folly and sin, hover the legions of the opposing spirits who watch for opportunity to lure the wavering to their ruin. They urge on many to their grief hereafter, and cause us many sorrows and much anxious care. The life of contemplation is that which most suits communion with us. It is not, indeed, to supersede the life of action, but may be in some sort combined with it. It is most readily practiced where distracting cares come not in, and where excessive toil weakens not the bodily powers. But the desire must be inherent in the soul; and where that is, neither distracting cares nor worldly allurements avail to prevent the recognition of a Spirit-world, and of communion with it. The heart must be prepared. But it is easier for us to make our presence felt when the surroundings are pure and peaceful."

There is an emphatic and vigorous protest against capital punishment—legislative murder—and the custom of massing criminals together is severely denounced. The vicious, the ignorant, the lowly—the dwellers in our lanes and alleys, for whom we make a decent life impossible—those whom wealth and power degrade and have reduced to the level of mere physical machines—they, too, are objects of the good spirits' solicitude.

"Nothing is more dangerous than for souls to be rudely severed from their bodily habitation, and to be launched into spirit-life with angry passions stirred and revengeful feelings dominant. It is bad that any should be dismissed from earth-life suddenly, and before the bond is naturally severed. It is for this reason that all destruction of bodily life is foolish and rude—indeed as betokening a barbarous ignorance of the conditions of life and progress in the hereafter; foolish as releasing an undeveloped angry spirit from its trammels, and endowing it with enlarged capacity for mischief. You find a low and debased intelligence offending against morality or against constituted law. Straightway you take the readiest means of aggravating its capacity for mischief. Instead of separating such an one from evil influence, removing him from associations with sin, and isolating him where the more refined intelligences may gradually operate and counteract the baleful power of evil, you place him in the midst of evil associations, in company with offenders like himself, where the very atmosphere is heavy with evil, where the hordes of the undeveloped and unprogressed spirits congregate, and where the whole tendency is evil. Short-sighted folly! Into your dens of criminals we cannot enter. What wonder that you have gathered from such practice the conviction that a tendency to open crime is seldom cured. You yourselves are the plainest accomplices of the spirits who gloat over the fall of the offender. How many an erring soul has come forth from your jails hardened and attended by evil guides you know not, and can never know. In the end you add to the list of your foolish deeds this last and worst of all, that you cut him off, debased, degraded, sensual and ignorant; you remove from him the great bar on his passions, and send him into spirit-life to follow up without hindrance the devilish suggestions of his inflamed passions.

"Blind! Blind! Ignorant, no less than blind, for you spend vast trouble to aid your foes. You have yet to learn the earliest principles of that divine tenderness and pity which labors ever through us to rescue the debased spirit, to raise it from the depths of sin and passion, and to elevate it to purity and progress in goodness."

It will be interesting to hear what kind of view a far-progressed and enlightened spirit has to present in reference to Jesus of Nazareth:

"It is not necessary that we should enter into curious comparisons between God's great teachers. Rather would we give to all the meed of praise that is their due, and hold up the example of self-denial, self-sacrifice, and love to the imitation of a generation which sadly needs such a pattern. Had men devoted their energies to the imitation of the simplicity and sincerity, the loving toil and earnest purpose, the purity of thought and life which distinguished the Christ, they had wrought less of his nature and had wasted fewer words upon useless metaphysical speculations. Those of your theologians who dwell in the days of darkness, and who have left to

you an accursed heritage in their idle and foolish speculations, would have turned their minds into a more useful channel, and have been a blessing instead of a curse to mankind. Men would not have derogated from the honor due to the great God alone, but would have accepted, as Jesus intended, the simple gospel that he preached. But instead of this they have elaborated an anthropomorphic theology which has led them to wander further and further from the simplicity of his teaching; which has turned his name and creed into a battle-ground of sects, and has resulted in a parody on his teachings—a sight on which his pure spirit looks with sorrow and pity."

On page 101, the author says:

"On reading over consecutively the communications which I have received, I was more than ever struck by their beauty, both of form and matter. When I considered that they were written with vast rapidity, without conscious thought on my part, that they were free from blot or blemish of grammatical construction, and that there was no interlineation or correction throughout their whole course, I could not but wonder. As regards the subject matter, I was in difficulty. There was much in them with which I sympathized; but at the same time I could not get rid of the idea that the faith of Christendom was practically upset by their issue. The reader must remember that I was trained in strict accordance with Protestant church principles. The points impugned seemed to me to be of the very essence of the Christian religion, and I shrank from accepting such momentous issues on the *ipse dixit* of an intelligence of whom I knew so little."

The messages written in reply to the author's religious scruples, doubts and fears, are the very best in the whole book, but I have no room left for samples. To follow up this pleading of spirit with an earnest, candid mind struggling through the mists and prejudices of orthodox teaching, makes reading of absorbing interest.

To show that these "Spirit-Teachings" are designed not only to uproot and destroy old errors, but also to aid, foster and cherish true and pure religion, I append an extract from a message on the benefit of prayer:

"You know not in your cold earth atmosphere how the magnetic rapport between your spirit and the guides who wait to bear its petition upwards, is fostered by frequent prayer. It is as though the bond were tightened by frequent use; as though the intimacy ripened by mutual association. You would pray more did you know how rich a spiritual blessing prayer brings. Your learned sages have discussed much of the value of prayer, and have wandered in a maze of opinion, befogged and ignorant of the real issue. They do not know—how should they?—of the angel messengers who hover round, ready to help the spirit that cries to its God. They know not of the existence of such, for they cannot test their presence by human science in its present state; and so, with crude effort, they would reduce the result of prayer to line and measure. They try to gauge its results, and to estimate its effect by the compilation of statistics. They grasp the shell, the spirit eludes their ken. Such results are not to be measured, for they are imperceptible by man's senses. They are spiritual, varying in various cases; different as are the agencies at work. . . . This, the magnetic sympathy which we can shed around those with whom we are in close communion, is one of the blessed effects which can be wrought by the cry of a human soul reaching upward to its God. And under no other conditions can the full blessedness of spirit intercourse be realized. It is to the soul that lives in frequent communion with us that we are best able to come nigh. This, friend, is invaluable; another part of that unchangeable law which governs all our intercourse with your world. . . . Nor, is it always the answer which man in his ignorance expects, that is the truest response to his petition. Many times to grant his request would be to do him grievous harm; but it has availed to place his spirit in communion with an intelligence which is waiting an opportunity to approach, and which can minister to him strength and consolation in his necessity. . . . The life of prayer, as we advise it, is not the life of devotion, falsely so called, which consists in neglecting duty and in spending the precious hours of the probation life in morbid self-anatomy; in developing unhealthy self-scrutiny; in idle, dreamy contemplation, or in forced and unreal supplication. Prayer, to be real, must be the hearty, spontaneous and impulsive, to friends who hover near. The fancy of a prayer to the ear of an ever-present God, who is willing to alter unalterable laws in response to a capricious request, has done much to discredit the idea of prayer altogether."

I sincerely hope this book will have a large sale. It is a standard catechism, just the book to hand to your unconverted friends, to show them what Spiritualism really is; show them that, rightly understood, it is the grandest revelation of truth that ever came to erring man.

GEORGE LIEBERKNECHT.

## American Eclecticism.

(Extract from an article by J. R. Buchanan, M. D., in the Eclectic Medical Advocate.)

Medical science in the old schools has no philosophy, and its physiology is *cephalocentric*. The constitution of man is not understood because its controlling organ is in most respects a *terra incognita*. The brain, the master organ, is a centre of control for physical as well as spiritual life. It is through

the brain and nervous system only that we can understand man and get hold of the philosophy of disease and health.

But the most important functions of the brain are psychic. It is the home of the eternal man, the soul and the source of all varieties of character. Yet the medical profession has become so intensely materialistic, so utterly hostile to psychic conceptions, that it either becomes paralyzed in the presence of psychic phenomena, or keeps carefully away from the scene in which they appear. It neither attempts to account for the varieties of natural character, nor to solve the mystery that certain mental characteristics go with certain diseases, and certain mental conditions produce characteristic effects on the body.

So far as the science of the brain is concerned, which is a science of combined psycho-physiological action, the medical colleges know as little to-day as they did fifty years ago; for the discoveries which they have made have been neutralized in value by their positive errors, and their profound ignorance of every psychic function.

The experiments of Ferrier upon the brains of animals illustrate the *beau ideal* of materialistic physiology applied to rigorous investigation. But what can Ferrier, Schiff, Jackson, Bastian and others contribute to a just understanding of the brain, when they ignore its chief functions as the seat of conscious, intelligent, emotional life, which gives the character of the being, and confine themselves to its immediate action on motor and sensitive nerves? What can we expect but a medley and chaos of disjointed theories. It is not strange that in these blindfold investigations conclusions have been reached which contradict experience, common sense and the well-settled truths of physiology. The front lobe of the brain has been pronounced the seat of certain muscular powers, when we know that it is entirely void of muscular functions, and its total ablation has no effect on the muscular capacities.

There is an impassable gulf between the materialistic or merely mechanical physiology, which denies the existence of a soul, and a true anthropology, which comprehends man's entire being; and it is only in such an anthropology that the philosophy of medical science can be found. But medical colleges have no anthropology, and so thoroughly is the collegiate intellect benumbed by mechanical modes of thought and the power of professional authority, that it is apparently unconscious of its ignorance, and does not reflect that its biology must be completed by a thorough knowledge of the brain before it can approximate a philosophy.

The experiments of materialists in cutting and galvanizing the brains of animals while unconscious of the majority of the cerebral functions are about as wise as the efforts of a band of savages to understand the nature of a closed piano (crashed ashore from a wreck) by using it as a table and by pounding its outside wooden structure, unconscious of its being an instrument for music produced by its interior wires which they do not see.

As well might we study steam-engines without any knowledge of steam, caloric and thermo-dynamics, as study the human constitution without understanding the vitalizing power which controls it and holds it together—its departure being followed by putrefaction—and without understanding the controlling power of the brain which overrules all physiological processes.

It is remarkable how barren have been the results of at least a hundred thousand vivisections. The chief discovery of cerebral functions (if discovery it can be called when it illustrates what was known before) was that of Dr. Ferrier, who demonstrated the location of the sense of feeling at the base of the middle lobe of the brain, by destroying it on one side in a monkey, and thereby paralyzing sensibility on the opposite side of the body.

This location of the sense of feeling was ascertained by myself through the Gallian method of comparative craniology in 1837-38, and positively demonstrated by experiments on the living in 1841, and thenceforth taught in my lectures and published in my charts of the brain and system of anthropology. My experiments on the sense of feeling in 1841 led to the discovery and publication of the "Science of Psychometry," which has been illustrated not only in my original essays in the "Journal of Man," but in the able and interesting publications of the late Prof. Wm. Denton.

That there is a science of the brain which explains the joint action of soul and body, which solves the mysteries and marvels of insanity, hysteria, trance, animal magnetism, and the wonders or miracles of religious history, and which being derived from exact and careful experiments illustrates the vital basis of physiology, and is as practical as any portion of biology, has been illustrated by myself for over forty years, and demonstrated before committees of investigation. This science was maintained at Cincinnati as the philosophy of the American movement in medical progress.

When physiology shall have been completed by the full development of cerebral science, we may say that its nobler half has been added. The magnitude of that nobler half, and its surpassing interest are entirely unsuspected by the physiologists whose range of thought has been contracted to the mechanical and chemical phenomena of living bodies, and they have no suspicion of the large addition to our healing resources which it gives us.



### AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

#### Prayer—How and By Whom It Is Answered.

While I was yet very young my family were all taken from me, excepting my father and one sister; but my father had become a wanderer, and my sister lived apart from me in another home, and I was left entirely alone. As I saw my household angels taken from me one after another and laid away in the ground out of my sight, it seemed as though the greater part of myself had gone with them. Many are the times that I have spent an hour or so at their graves, talking with them, but getting no response that I was aware of, and yet I was comforted, and went home with a lighter heart.

I have said that my father was a wanderer. Mother's death and other misfortunes had so wrought upon his mind, that he went away, we knew not whither. After he had been absent from us four years, he was reported dead, and we never expected to see him again. I often doubted the report, and yet he did not come. Two years more passed away, and we heard that he was living, but for other long years no tidings ever reached us of him.

At length a great agony of longing took possession of me. I felt as though I must see my father once more—that he must come to me. I knew not the place of his sojourn; there was no possible way of sending him a message; but I believed in my soul that somewhere in the world he still lived.

I had been reading the history of Jesus in the New Testament, but it all seemed very strange to me. I had never received until about that time any religious instruction—did not know of any God, but I began to pray to the unseen, my guardian angels—to that "cloud of witnesses" somewhere spoken of.

Not realizing the existence of what I had never seen, my prayers were neither to God nor to Jesus, but my loved ones gone were ever present in my mind when I prayed, and I felt that they were surely the God who should hear my prayer if any could.

I was so ardent in the thought that my prayer must be answered and realized, that I set the day when it should "come to pass." Three months from the time I began to pray for my father's return, was when my prayer must be answered, or I would have no faith in anything; I would never make another attempt at prayer if this effort should prove a failure. Thus it was that I resolved in my youthful ignorance.

My time for prayer was at the close of each day. It was not always in words, but it was ever in earnestness of soul, and with the ever abiding thought, that the prayer of an honest heart would be answered.

As the weeks rolled away my earnestness increased. I scarcely wished to leave the house at all, and was ever watching and waiting for some one to come. I kept my own secret; how I did so I do not know. Only once was I surprised at my devotion, and then the door was quickly closed again, and nothing said to me about it afterwards.

Finally the day dawned that I had fixed upon for my father's coming. When I should once more see his dear face. Throughout the entire day I had looked for him until my eyes were weary with watching, but he came not. Night came on, and with it came, oh! such grief, such bitter distress, such scalding tears! At the hour of ten, I was pacing the floor in speechless agony. Nothing could comfort me, and the counsel of friends was unheeded.

The morning came, and I was seated at my window where I could look a long way down the street. I was disappointed, heart-broken, and could do nothing but think and look away into the distance. Presently I saw a man approaching, and although many years had passed away since last I saw my father, I decided that it was he. Nearer and nearer he came. I was alone in the house, but went to the door just as he arrived at the same, and without waiting for him to knock, opened it, and—behold my father! He inquired if any one by the name of Helen Y. resided there, and I answered:

"Yes, I am she; I know you, father!" He did not recognize me, as was quite natural, and it was with difficulty I could make him realize that I was the daughter he was looking for. But when this was effected, I asked him why he had not come long before to see us, and he said that he had heard of us some years ago, but that he had made up his mind never to return to the place of his great grief again, and wanted to stay away always.

"But about three months ago," he said, "while I was on the Southern Pacific coast, your mother came to me in dreams, and said: 'Go and see our children once more.' She came in my sleeping and my waking hours, day after day and night after night, and each time urged me to come to see you. At times I resolved to come, and again I abandoned the idea, until at last I found no peace until I turned my face to the east and commenced my journey. I stopped in Denver on my way, but something urged me on. Again I stopped in Nebraska, stayed a while, but was still pressed to continue the journey, and last night," he continued, "I arrived at about sun down; hunted for you until nearly ten o'clock without avail, and then went to a hotel. This morning I started out early, and have found you at last."

He went to see his other daughter, brought her to me, and we visited together for a few weeks, and again separated. This was in Iowa. Father went to Wyoming territory and died soon after.

Since then I have become convinced that prayer can be, and often is, answered through the mediumship of souls, both in and out of the body; and since then I have talked with my father, face to face; have seen his hand writing to me and others, cheering and comforting messages, which seemed truly a "communion of saints."

H. Y. S.  
Denver, March 30, 1884.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Good and Evil.

BY M. L. SHERMAN.

All the intellectual faculties existing in nature must pay their assessment of the tax made against them, according to their development, for running all the positive machinery existing in the physical universe. Nature's positive tax could all be paid without so much suffering, if we were wise enough to comprehend at all times good from evil. Because of our ignorance of the natural law of our being, we suffer more at certain times than is absolutely necessary. We would pay a large debt by taking time, without one-half of the trouble that is experienced in forcing ourselves through in such a hurry. If all mankind were advanced far enough in wisdom to do justice to themselves and to all others, this world would be a paradise; but so long as ignorance rules in the lower spheres of spirit life, and with the inhabitants of earth, we cannot expect peace to reign with the elements or with mankind. When we progress far enough to become a law unto ourselves,

so that we will "do unto others, as we would have others do to us," and dwell in a locality where the atmospheric elements are not destructive to our interest, then and not until then can we expect happiness instead of so much misery. To say as many do, who pretend to be Spiritualists, and are no further advanced than Universalism, that there is no more death nor misery in the next life; that we shall meet all of our friends there, to part no more forever, is to my mind the very quintessence of ignorance.

Is there any suffering in spirit-life for acts committed in this? In the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of January, the 19th, there are two articles from the pens of Myron Colony and Hudson Tuttle. Mr. Colony heads his article with a positive assertion, "No punishment!" Mr. Tuttle commences his by asking the question: "Is there a future punishment?" Both of these opposing articles are written by men qualified to express their views in a scholarly manner; but I must beg to dissent from the deductions arrived at by both of these gentlemen. Mr. Colony's article supports the doctrine of positive Universalism, while Mr. Tuttle's holds to the doctrine of universal restoration! Neither of these, in my opinion, supports the true doctrine of Spiritualism, as known by the clairvoyant or taught by the highest intelligence of spirit-life. It has been shown to me in my trance state, and also taught by my guides, that there was no contingency in punishment coming into this world. They represent that pain is a positive soul-element in nature; that the positive machinery of our nature could not be kept in active operation without friction, which causes the wear and tear of our physical organisms, and as our physical bodies cannot suffer pain for the lack of intelligence, it must be experienced by the ever-sensitive soul. Take the life or soul away from the body, and all sensation or knowledge has gone with it, as far as we can comprehend. This question might be asked: What benefit is it for the soul to manifest through an earthly body? Answer: To gain experience, which is the knowledge of good and evil.

How can it be possible that there is no more misery in the next life when all enter the next sphere exactly as they leave this, with all their idiosyncrasies and all the confounded ignorance that nineteen-twentieths of the human family possess? In the lower spheres of spirit-life there are many localities, and each person goes to the locality that he is best fitted for, and remains there until he progresses, and is prepared for the next condition in advance. In passing from one sphere to another, there is a change similar to that which is called death, and there are seven of these spheres before reaching the eighth, which is a state of happiness, where no real misery can enter. Each one of these spheres has seven cycles or degrees of development (like the progressive classes in a school, teaching the various branches of education), and when we get through we will graduate and receive a diploma that will entitle us to an honorable possession in the eighth sphere.

I contend that the soul is the finest and purest of all substances, and is a microcosm or little world, containing within itself in miniature, the life-seed of all there is in the infinite whole; one soul-seed has the possibilities of any other soul-seed that exists in the great primitive sea of soul-atoms, and when the soul-atom begins to develop, it aggregates to itself unprogressed atoms for a casket to manifest through; each atom has its tree in the midst of its own garden, which bears the fruit of good and evil, and by the developing process of nature must both be partaken of, in order to gain experience.

In order to know good there must be evil. Every positive must have its negative; life could not exist without its negative, death, change or rest. Attraction could not be without repulsion. The positive changes to the negative, and the negative to the positive; an interchange is constantly taking place with all of the elements existing in nature. The most advanced being in knowledge now in existence has been the greatest transgressor. There is nothing in nature, if properly used, but what is good. If a person says there is something that is not good, what is he going to do about it? It must eternally exist, for you cannot get anything outside of nature. All the preaching has never made one hair white or black, and never will. Nature is the same to-day that she was in the eternity of the past, and always will be. All that any being can gain, is experience.

Adrian, Mich.

#### The Remarkable Experience of a Connecticut Butcher.

HARTFORD, March 29.—A butcher of this city named Buckley is possessed of a queer hallucination. Several years ago he told his immediate friends that a tall man, dressed in black, followed him everywhere; on the street, at the theatre, to church; in fact, every movement of the butcher was accompanied by a similar one on the part of the ghost.

Finally, when life was almost a torture to him, he decided to start for California, hoping that he would thus elude the phantom. The trip West was made without incident of any kind, and as mile by mile was passed over and as the days waned into nights he began to breathe freer, and when San Francisco was reached he believed that he was rid of his ghost. He went to the mines, and for weeks felt happy, gained in flesh, and decided to start in business. One day, while walking on the highway, he chanced to glance over his shoulder, and was horrified to discover the dreaded thing. It was clothed in the same suit of black, its face wore a demonic smile, and its whole appearance seemed to say, "You cannot elude me." The butcher started on a run, and now and then turned around only to discover the shadow lapping his footsteps. At the entrance to the town, he again glanced behind him, and found himself alone. The visits after that occurred only at intervals, but were sufficient in number to assure him that he was not free. His stay in California lasted several years. He went from town to town, from mine to mine, always accompanied by the man in black.

He married a worthy young woman with the belief that by taking a partner to his joys he might also have some one to share his sorrows. The result was in no way satisfactory. Again the thought came to him that it would be well to start for the East. Arriving in Hartford he took up his residence near his relatives, and in a few weeks opened a butcher shop. Two months had barely elapsed when he was again visited by the phantom and thereafter it never left his side. A year after his return his wife died and several months later he remarried. He has moved from house to house with the hope of gaining rest but all to no purpose. In conversation to-day he said:

"It follows me everywhere. At night I wake up to find him standing over me, slowly moving his index finger up and down, and his lips moving as though he were talking. Some nights the sewing machine will run for hours

uncessantly, operated by the ghost. At breakfast, dinner, and supper he stands directly behind me, and whenever I go he is by my side. Life is a fearful burden, and I don't know what to do about it. He is now standing alongside of me, on my left side I mean. What is his appearance? He is about six feet tall, very slender, of a yellow appearance. He is dressed in black throughout. I can't place him among any of my friends or relatives who have died, and don't know of a soul I have ever injured."

The most curious phase of the whole tale is that recently the butcher's wife, mother and brother say they have seen the phantom, but only when the victim was present.—New York Sun.

#### An Interesting Seance with Mrs. Maud E. Lord.

MY DEAR GENERAL EDWARDS: Please accept my hearty thanks for your kind invitation to Maud E. Lord's circle at your house on the evening of the 13th of March.

That incident of the music box, weighing not less than twelve pounds, being wound up and whizzed round the circle over our heads and in close proximity to our faces, with the velocity of a young cyclone, while the medium was quietly telling some incredulous one, who of his spirit friends she saw, was quite interesting, and, to one lacking confidence in the good disposition and ability of the intelligence to direct the force, decidedly startling.

After all, exhibitions of the movement of matter without physical contact, must attract attention from logical and thinking minds, when once fully established; so the wisdom of such manifestations is apparent. But it was on the following evening at the house of Capt. Cabell, on Capital Hill, that I witnessed the most satisfactory evidence of clairvoyance on the part of the medium, and power on the part of the, to me, "invisibles," to talk and act like other folks, it has, as yet, been my good fortune to meet in the course of several years, constant and patient observation.

It has not been so very long since I, in my obscure, though earnest seeking, was disposed to mildly censure the publishers of spiritual journals for the lack of well authenticated and carefully prepared facts in their columns. However, as I didn't then feel like assuming the responsibility of general editorial management of such newspapers, it went no further than to bring me into hearty concord with every mind seeking solid facts as a basis for opinion. I therefore write this to you with full permission to use it at your discretion.

On the afternoon of the evening above referred to, our excellent friend, A. S. Bryan, signified his desire to attend the seance at Cabell's. He had made no previous arrangement, and, as he has since told me, informed no one, save myself, of his intention. I met him in Cabell's parlors, a total stranger to the medium and the company. The circle was full, and to give him an opportunity to sit with Mrs. Lord, one never before enjoyed by him, I yielded up my seat with quite well concealed regret; subsequently, however, it was arranged that I might sit in a chair outside the circle; this was, of all things what I most desired because of the better opportunity to coolly observe.

Mr. Bryan was favored with the ring of the medium and by her told to wish it on the finger of another. He made his little mental wish—the ring disappeared from his finger—but very soon a voice whispered very softly in his ear: "We cannot; he is outside of the circle." Bryan then told Mrs. Lord the ring had gone from him. Mrs. L. asked, from the opposite side of the circle where she was engaged at the moment, if it had been carried to the finger of the person wished. Quickly, and before any one had opportunity to answer her query, a voice near Bryan said: "He wished it on Mr. Vale's finger outside the circle, but we had not the force to carry it there."

Here we have Bryan's statement of the subject matter of his wish and his assurance that he heard a voice tell him privately it could not be complied with, followed immediately by a voice loud enough for all to hear, restating what had just been within the knowledge of Bryan and the invisible intelligence alone. Clearly, the agency of the medium and all others present is eliminated, saving only Mr. Bryan and the intelligence first privately whispering to him and subsequently speaking to the circle. Immediately after the ring incident the following occurred: Mrs. Lord, from this same position in the circle where she was still engaged "seeing" for some skeptical individual, told Mr. Bryan she saw a little child in front of him, playing with his watch chain. Bryan said aloud, "Who is it?" At once in answer to his query his knee was smartly patted and a voice whispered, "Brother," "Brother!" Bryan now speaking to the voice very softly and under his breath, asked for a name. "George," whispered the voice. "Oh! no," whispered Bryan, "I had no brother George." During this side conversation in whispers so low it was not overheard by those near, Mrs. Lord was describing what she saw to others; but soon she again addressed Mr. Bryan, saying: "It is your brother who is standing near you. He died in infancy. He has a remarkable finely developed head." Then instantly came again the patting on Bryan's knee and the voice whispering, "Brother!" "Brother!" Again Bryan whispered, asking for his name, and was answered as before, only still more earnestly, "George," "George!" this time repeating the name. Mrs. Lord then said: "Mr. Bryan, your brother died before you were born." Then, and not till then, did Bryan recall that his mother had told him of his little brother George, who died at the age of nine months, and that he had a remarkably large head and was a child of splendid physical development. Mrs. Lord then said: "I see other spirits about you, Mr. Bryan; three whose bodies have been exhumed and re-interred together; but not in the same lot." While describing from whence to where removed, she was interrupted while speaking of his father as one of this number, by a loud whisper: "The box broke open!" The following morning Mr. Bryan explained to me that he was informed by the sexton of the breaking of the "box" containing his father's remains, but had wholly forgotten it for the time being.

Here, therefore, in two cases, there was that disclosed which was in conflict with the difficult-to-believe theory of "mind reading," so-called. Bryan had forgotten that he had a brother who died in infancy; forgotten his name, and did not have in his mind the incident of the box breaking—all seen and described to him by a total stranger, on the occasion of their first meeting.

Many other equally interesting incidents occurred, deeply so to those for whom they were intended; notably one in which seventeen children of one mother were "seen" by Mrs. Lord as the number in spirit life, at the same time saying: "They say three more are living." Astonishment at the great number was naturally freely expressed, one saying: "What! seventeen children dead?"

"Yes," said a voice in a loud whisper, "and counting two little slips there are nineteen, making twenty-two children in all by one mother."

This was promptly acknowledged by both father and mother, total strangers to Mrs. Lord, as was admitted. Few first "guesses" would strike so high a number. I thought it right good; but Mr. Bryan's experience is of far more interest, as to me the facts are authenticated absolutely, or as nearly so as can be done by human testimony. Similar incidents, though not so striking so far as I know, continued for two hours; and among twenty quite intelligent people. I think it all makes a fairly strong case, and deservedly ranks as about the best attainable evidence of an after existence. But I suppose there are tens of thousands of strangers to Mrs. Lord in this country who can recount similar experiences confirmatory of her wonderful and most admirable gift. Heartily yours, J. M. VALE.

Washington, D. C.

#### Anniversary Exercises of the First Society of Spiritualists, New York.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: This society celebrated the 36th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism on Sunday afternoon, March 30th. The speaker's platform was tastefully decorated, under the supervision of Mrs. Henry J. Newton, with flowers, palms and potted plants. At half-past two o'clock Mr. Henry J. Newton, the President of the society, opened the exercises, with appropriate remarks. He said that there were more believers in modern Spiritualism to-day than any time during the past 36 years. He referred to Spiritualism as it existed in the time of Moses, and briefly traced it to the present time. Mrs. G. S. De Weir, who sings regularly for the society, sang an anthem written especially for the occasion.

Mr. Henry Kiddle delivered the principal address. It was well written and well delivered. He claimed that Spiritualism antedated all human history. There never was a time when it could be said that spirits for the first time came to the earth and manifested themselves to the eyes, ears, thoughts and intelligence of those who were still living in the flesh. He made a great distinction between Spiritualism as included in all these years, and modern Spiritualism. Modern Spiritualism had not for its object the bringing of absolutely new truths to the world, but the living of a true life, and the revealing of the great truth that those whom we call dead are not dead, but still live and are around us and we can communicate with them. It will go on because truth is in it and God is behind it. He believed a spiritual temple would be erected, which all mankind could appropriate, finding expression therein of all that is true, beautiful and good, and in the words of Theodore Parker, it would be "Beautiful as light, sublime as heaven, and true as God."

Mrs. Belle Cole, New York's favorite, sang, "As gold is tried by fire, so must the heart be tried by pain." She sang with her usual marked excellence, and at the close the audience could not refrain from expressing strong approbation. Mrs. Cole very kindly responded, saying that she had been requested to sing, "Off in the Still Night." She sang this touching ballad with wonderful expression, bringing tears to the eyes of many of the auditors.

Mr. Marshall P. Wilder followed with a recitation. His selection was especially appropriate for the occasion, and he was thoroughly appreciated. Mr. Charles Lakey then addressed the meeting. He spoke of the first raps at Hydesville and passed rapidly over the history of Spiritualism from that to the present time. Mr. H. R. Humphreys sang and Mr. C. P. McCarthy followed in a brief address. Prof. J. A. Keenan, elocutionist, gave two selections.

It was now after 5 o'clock, and in a few well chosen words by Mrs. Brigham, who has been the regular speaker for the society for a number of years, the exercises were brought to a close.

New York, March 30, 1884.

HERBERTS.

#### Anniversary Exercises in Washington, D. C.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Since the advent of Mrs. Maud E. Lord, some four weeks ago, there has been quite a revival of Spiritualism in this city. Every Sunday since her arrival, there has been a conference meeting at 10:30 A. M., and at 2:30 P. M., she has addressed large audiences. At each meeting she describes spirits to persons in attendance, which are generally recognized.

Mrs. L. holds a seance every evening, I believe, and as a general rule many more visitors attend than can be admitted in the circle, the same being limited to twenty. So far as I have heard, her seances give good satisfaction.

On Sunday, the 23rd ult., a meeting was held pursuant to public notice, at Grand Army Hall, and although the weather was inclement, the hall was filled to its utmost capacity, which is about 500. The principal address was by Mrs. Dr. Spence of New York, who happened to be in the city on other business. It was a very able and eloquent address, and was most enthusiastically applauded. Perhaps some of her anti-Christian sentiments were too radical to please every one in a promiscuous audience, but all admitted the great ability of the address. Mrs. Lord also made a short address and described many spirits.

Yesterday, March 30th, was celebrated as the anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. There was a conference meeting in the morning, at which the veteran, John B. Wolf, presided, opening the exercises by a short but telling speech. Several others, mostly strangers, whose names I did not hear, gave very interesting sketches of their personal experiences.

At 2:30 P. M., a large audience assembled at Masonic Hall, and was addressed by Mr. Atwood of Troy, N. Y., who gave a history of the advent of Modern Spiritualism thirty-six years ago, he being one of the earliest converts, and having been an eye and ear witness to many interesting phenomena in its early stages of development. The meeting was also addressed briefly by Dr. Mayo, Mrs. Dr. Spence, Mrs. Lord and others, after which Mrs. Lord described many spirits.

In the evening another large audience assembled. Mrs. Dr. Spence made the principal address, though several others spoke briefly; among them one lady spoke in trance, and two others under control, our worthy fellow-citizen, Mrs. Levy, being one of the latter, and the other two being strangers to me, whose names I did not catch. Mrs. Lord made the closing address, and concluded the exercises by describing spirits. The celebration was a decided success.

J. J. COOMBS.

Iowa Catholics, under the lead of Bishop Hennessy, of Dubuque, are vigorously opposing the bill introduced in the State Legislature for the taxation of church property.

#### Materialization and Transfiguration.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The article from the pen of Nelson Cross published in a late issue of the Banner, entitled, "Mistakes of Investigators," has been read by me with a certain degree of interest; but it at once occurred to me that its title, as given over its subject matter, was a misnomer, and to ask wherein the "mistakes" really exist. Surely not with the investigators where representations are seriously, consistently and continuously made to them that a particular series of manifestations are materializations, when upon a careful, persistent and energetic investigation, the fact is revealed that, contrary to all previous professions, they are not materializations, but "transfigurations," or anything else but just what they were stated to be among the various manifestations of spirit power. False representations of this character are manifestly as much fraudulent as if those making them were not endowed with any gift whatever of mediumship, and they merely court and deserve exposure as impostors, equally the same.

Are all materializations simply transfigurations? I inquire because these terms, although so widely differing, have seemed lately to be very frequently used in a synonymous sense. If so, openly avow the fact and sail under honest colors; then those investigators who are engaged upon an examination of positively asserted "materializations," can find nothing whatever to criticize. Then the supply of promiscuous paraphernalia, so commonly incident to exposures, becomes articles for legitimate use, and the medium's person essentially necessary as an instrument for the illustration. Then we shall hear no more of evil spirit power in this connection, or the equally incredible "rushing of the medium into the form of the spirit," and exposures instantly transform themselves into simply a recollection of what was false in the past; but just so long as the phenomena connected with materialization are held forth to investigators as materialization, when, perchance, it is only transfiguration, just so long must those responsible for such representations expect to be investigated upon the basis of materialization and nothing else. When their true status is, through such investigation, finally rendered clear and apparent, I maintain that they alone are responsible for the "mistake," and that it cannot reasonably or properly be attributed to the "investigator."

In connection with all the contradictions and inconsistencies embodied in the written and published articles, of even so eminent a gentleman as Mr. Cross himself, the honest and intelligent investigator of the present day finds himself in a quandary as to precisely what form of mediumship is accorded unreservedly to any particular individual, and he runs the risk of incurring the charge of having made a mistake. After having expended his labor and successfully brought the investigation of one avowed form to a conclusion, he immediately encounters the assertion (provided the result is unfavorable) from some authority like Mr. Cross or Mr. T. R. Hazard, that he has been working upon a wrong theory and a mistaken feature of it, although he may originally have been guided by the published statements of the gentlemen themselves. For instance, in an article from the pen of Mr. Cross, published recently in the *Light for Thinkers*, upon the subject of "Materialization," he mentions by name a partial list of such mediums as he can endorse as genuine and perfectly successful exponents of that particular form of spirit manifestation known as materialization, and among them he names Mrs. M. E. Williams, of New York, whereas in the *Banner* article, which has suggested this one, he says that in reality she is merely a "Transfigurationist" or to use his own language: "To effect this object (transfiguration) she must be brought forth (from the cabinet) in her unconscious state, and made to do duty as a visible entity. Frequently, too, she is so disguised as to have only a partial resemblance to herself, but it is, nevertheless, the medium in a physical, though not at all in a spiritual sense. It is your spirit friend, and it is the medium's organism, without sensibility and devoid of consciousness; it is a spirit personation—in a word, it is transfiguration."

Consistency is said to be a jewel, but I fear that Mr. Cross lays himself open to the suspicion that there is still an empty niche in his casket. Another article in the latest issue of the above named paper, written by a lady, treats exhaustively of Mrs. Williams, and proclaims that her seances are given for materialization, and cites many illustrations of the personal return of the writer's so-called dead relatives and friend, with whom she had extended conversations, and she asserts most positively that she could have made no error in saying that these assumed materializations could not have occurred through the use of the medium's body for the illustrations. Mr. Cross asserts in his *Banner* article that Mrs. W.'s mediumship is only illustrative of "transfiguration," and in the *Light for Thinkers* essay, it is used for "materialization." It is unnecessary to say that the inconsistency is glaring, for in the former case it is acknowledged by every one, that it is the medium's proper person which is made use of as an instrument, and the paraphernalia necessary is provided by the medium, which is all very reasonable and proper. In the case of materialization the exact reverse is true. Here are two theories attaching to a single medium, by those most conversant with all the facts. Both cannot be true! If so asserted, then, in my opinion, imposture is plainly apparent. Wherein lies the mistake? Between these two parties, one of whom contradicts himself, or with the patient investigator who investigates Mrs. Williams' avowed "Materializations" into the opposite condition of "transfiguration?" I close almost as I began. Why not sail under honest colors? Let materialization be investigated as materialization, and abide the result cheerfully, whatever it may be, and whenever an impostor and fraud is unmistakably exposed, call it imposture and fraud, and condemn it as such. Let transfiguration and all other forms of spirit manifestations meet with the same kind of investigation, based upon their merits and a desire for truth. They are subjects worthy of the keenest scrutiny; investigate honestly, impartially, and with a view of securing the absolute truth, whatever it may be, but do not proclaim the "Mistakes of Investigators" until there appears to be some more appropriate basis than is at present revealed.

J. FREDERICK BARCOCK, D. D. S.

Joseph Cook don't like the New Creed. That settles it. The Congregational Minister's Union almost unanimously endorsed it as soon as Mr. Cook's denunciation was known.

#### Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

ADVANTAGEOUS IN DYSPEPSIA. Dr. G. V. DORSEY, Piqua, Ohio, says: "I have used it in dyspepsia with very marked benefit. If there is deficiency of acid in the stomach, nothing affords more relief, while the action on the nervous system is decidedly beneficial."



## Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.  
(Metuchen, New Jersey.)

## DECLENSION AND REVIVAL.

Die to thy root, sweet flower!  
Live to thy root, sweet flower!  
Live to thy root, sweet flower!  
Live to thy root, sweet flower!

Spring from thy root, sweet flower!  
When so God wills, spring from thy root;  
Send through the earth's warm breast a quickened shoot;  
Spread to the sunshine, spread to the shower,  
And lift into the sunny air thy dower  
Of bloom and odor; life is on the plain,  
And in the woods a sound of birds and rains  
And in the woods a sound of birds and rains  
Is past; sweet scenes revive, thick buds unfold;  
Be thou, too, willing in the day of Power;  
Spring from thy root, sweet flower!

—D. G.

Once more light-footed spring has come  
and nature rejoices. The yearly recurring  
miracle goes on. Amid cloud and sunshine,  
through breeze and cyclone, the great pulse  
of nature beats slow and steady. Winter  
comes and goes, seasons change, seed-time  
and harvest, birth and death, sadness and joy,  
succeed each other, and still the underlying  
laws carry on their wonderful work. The  
rhythm of the solar system goes on unceasingly,  
and there is never cause for doubt or  
dismay. The bud becomes the flower, fruitage  
follows their decay, and apparently death  
succeeds. During the long, cold winter, the  
earth is silent beneath an icy pall, and they  
who had no experience might well believe  
there could be no future.

But the positive forces have once more gained  
the ascendancy, and the birds and the  
flowers, the animal creation and mankind,  
all feel the revivifying influence and are glad.  
Things natural are typical of things spiritual.  
As the sun affects the earth, so does  
the spiritual sun affect man. The light  
and heat of the one quickens and expands  
every vegetable germ; the light and love of  
the other illuminates the interior understand-  
ing and vivifies the affections. The balmy  
influences of the great spiritual sun make  
summer-time whenever the poles of the  
soul are graciously inclined thereunto.  
This analogy follows through all seasons,  
even to the time when the soul, having reached  
the remotest point of its orbit, is inevitably  
drawn nearer to its parent sun.

Spring time is coming, no matter how  
much it may be delayed. Through ignorance  
and imbecility, through wrong and crime,  
through war and bloodshed, through heart-  
burnings and heart-breakings, the soul is  
progressing along its orbit nearer and still  
nearer its source. We may, if we choose, de-  
lay and hinder, and prolong the wintry season,  
and retard the unfolding of the interior  
powers, but we cannot finally prevent the out-  
working of nature's primal force, which is only,  
in effect, God's attraction. Through billowy  
pulsations of Love, He works upon our wills,  
till we are finally drawn toward the centre  
of all spirits, the sun of all suns, the life of  
all lives. What we must take care to do, is  
to help, not to hinder—to avoid eccentric  
movements in our several orbits. We can  
make disturbances with other planetary  
souls, and wage temporary war with what-  
ever is truly permanent and good. These  
things men may well call evil. They are,  
from their very nature, evanescent, though  
for the time being demoralizing and degrad-  
ing. Oh, we can hasten forward the gra-  
cious opening of a lovely summer time.  
It rests with us. We have wills and can use  
them for the better or for the worse.

## HOME WORK.

The following sketch is by Rev. T. K. Beecher:  
"I declare that the woman who is able  
to systematize and carry on smoothly the  
work of an ordinary family, illustrates higher  
sagacity than is called for by seven-eighths  
of the tasks done by man. Men take one  
trade, and work at it; mothers, and house-  
keepers, a man has his work hours, and his  
definite tasks; a woman has work at all hours,  
and incessant confusion of tasks. Let any  
man do a woman's work for a single day....  
"Meanwhile, Papa must not be hindered  
about his work," because his work brings in  
the money. Yes, man's work brings in the  
money. But man's work does not so tax the  
head and heart and hand, as woman's work  
does."

## HELPING WOMEN TO HELP THEMSELVES.

In the "Recollections of Peter Cooper," by  
Susan N. Carter, Principal of the Woman's  
Schools of Art, are touching descriptions of  
the pure, simple, unselfish love of doing good  
which dominated the purposes of the philan-  
thropist. Among other things she says:

"The subject of unhappy marriages seemed  
to be a very prominent one in Mr. Cooper's  
mind. That women were often imposed upon,  
were ill-used and broken down, he had a lively  
conviction; and all his chivalry and sense  
of fatherly protection were enlisted to save  
them, so far as he could, from these ordinary  
misfortunes. While the world is now occupied  
with the question of what woman can be  
taught, their 'higher education,' and many  
kindred subjects, Mr. Cooper's acute  
genius discovered as by intuition, many years  
ago, the relation of women to the middle  
class to society, to industries and to the family.  
He saw that many of them could not  
marry, and he realized what must be the  
forlorn condition of a number of elderly  
daughters of a poor man. He had noted the  
dangerous likelihood of giddy, ignorant  
young girls marrying anybody for a home,  
even if the men they married were ignorant  
or dissipated, and he had the tenderest pity  
for poor widows and deserted wives.... The  
desire of his heart was to help women to be  
happy, independent and virtuous. While a  
celebrated New York clergyman (Dr. Dix)  
was giving a course of Lenten lectures to  
women, Mr. Cooper, with his face all animated  
with feeling about them, said, 'Dr. —  
is of the wealthy class, and he has been used  
to deal with wealthy women. The world does  
not look like the same place to him that it  
does to me. If he could be in my place, and  
read the letters I get from poor and suffering  
women, he would think that it would be  
best to have them taught anything, which  
they could learn, to enable them to lessen all  
this trouble.'"

It is rare to find a man like Mr. Cooper who,  
in all his relations with women, has not a  
certain condescension in his feeling toward  
them.... One could not contemplate him in  
his daily relations to the Cooper Union and  
not be inspired by the fact that the first and  
most positive lesson of his life was a spiritual  
one. When he talked about the very brick  
and mortar of the building, through the crucible  
of his benevolence these material ob-  
jects seemed converted into something 'rich  
and strange' through the 'spiritual' use."

as Swedenborg designates them, which were  
his motives for them all. He used his influ-  
ence in his schools to raise the standard of  
character, his aim was not merely to promote  
material prosperity. "Love of pomp or dis-  
play never touched him in the slightest."

Among the young women, of whom five  
hundred annually reap the benefit of his practical  
kindness, there are thousands who are  
now supporting themselves, and in some  
cases family friends, through the means of  
instruction in Cooper Union. And as long as  
the Union stands and women have to work,  
so long will they bless the name of Peter  
Cooper.

## SAVED BY A MIRACLE.

The Perils Surrounding the Czar of Russia  
—The Mysterious Visitor Whose Business  
Brooked no Delay—A Secret which the  
Nihilists Themselves Cannot Discover.

Among the "forbidden literature" now  
circulating in Russia is the story of the most  
daring and dramatic plots ever recorded in  
the history of political assassination. The  
narrative is founded on events which are  
said to have taken place in St. Petersburg,  
shortly after General Gourko had been called  
from Odessa to act as quasi-military Governor  
of the Russian capital. One bright May  
morning, when the excitement was at its  
height, the watchful eye of a policeman posted  
at the top of the Nevsky Prospect caught  
sight of an equipage coming up the thoroughfare  
at a trot. It bore armorial devices well  
known in the Russian capital; the coachman  
was there, who persisted in being wigged  
in defiance of his master's orders, to the  
great merriment of St. Petersburg Jehus; on  
each side rode the regular escort of six mounted  
Cossacks, each holding his lance in rest  
and wearing his ball of forage slung over  
his shoulder, more as if he was campaigning  
on the Don than upon civil service in the  
streets of the capital. General Gourko and  
his escort—the guardian of the peace had  
easily recognized and hastily saluted his  
chief, the new Prefect of Police—turned into  
the Cavalry parade, at the top of the Nevsky  
Prospect, and at once made their way into  
the Alexander square, on the Neva side of  
which rose the massive and somewhat fan-  
tastic outlines of the Winter Palace. The  
equipage having drawn up at the side en-  
trance of the building, the General alighted  
and rang. On the door-keeper presenting  
himself—an officer of the Emperor's private  
guard—the Prefect briefly stated the object  
of his visit. He desired an immediate con-  
ference with the Czar. The hour was early,  
true, day having only just dawned. At the  
same time his business brooked no delay—it  
concerned the safety of the Emperor him-  
self. The janitor was at first inexorable, ex-  
postulating that his imperial master had  
been already in bed an hour. Yet at last he  
yielded. Up the broad staircase they went  
together. They trod on gorgeous carpets,  
brushed past the wealth of the Winter Palace  
in malachite and lapis lazuli, only pausing  
in their ascent when they had reached a  
jaunting giving access to one of the capacious  
salons. At this point, General Gourko was  
instructed to wait. At this point, too, the  
Czar's officer seems to have repented of his  
decision. The narrative represents him as  
closely scrutinizing the Prefect of Police in  
the growing light, and of subsequently pro-  
ceeding in the direction of the Emperor's  
sleeping apartments, in no great haste to  
arouse royalty from its first slumber. The  
man did not arouse the Czar at all. What he  
did was to descend to the guard-room and  
despatched a messenger. The man left the  
palace on the Neva side. He there took a  
droshky, and drove past the side entrance  
into the Nevsky. During his absence the  
Czar calmly slept on; General Gourko im-  
patiently paced the salon, and the military  
guardian of the imperial bedchamber went  
about giving some orders to the palace  
guards.

In a quarter of an hour the messenger re-  
turned. He had been sent to General Gourko's  
residence, in the Nevsky Prospect, and he  
brought back the information that the  
Prefect of Police was at that moment in bed.  
The early visitor was thus an impostor. He  
was something more; for from his pockets,  
after he had been seized and pinioned, they  
drew forth a six-barrelled revolver and a two-  
edged hunting knife. The Czar's life had  
been saved, yet it had hung for a few mo-  
ments in the balance. The made-up Gourko  
—the Prefect of Police, imitated down to the  
minute details of hair, complexion and wig—  
might have deceived even the Emperor  
himself. Not a whit less perfect was the art  
which had reproduced the Gourko coach and  
escort. Only the sham Prefect was secured,  
and not his confederates. Simultaneously  
with the arrest guards had rushed from the  
palace to seize the latter. But the equipage  
had gone, the Cossacks were gone, the  
coachman was gone. A policeman  
afterward told how he had seen the caval-  
cade pass over one of the Neva bridges  
and disappear in a thoroughfare of Basil  
Island. The carriage was never found, and,  
for all that could be ascertained concerning  
them or their steeds, the six Cossacks may be  
mounted and riding, lance in rest, to this  
day. As for the chief actor in the plot, the  
conspirator who only failed in his impersonation  
of General Gourko because of his in-  
ability to be in two places at one and the  
same time, his personality has never been  
disclosed. He is the one mystery which the  
Nihilists themselves have never been able to  
penetrate. His secret remains with him, and  
he keeps it to the present moment, for he is  
still a prisoner in the island fortress of Peter  
and Paul.

## Magazines for April not before Mentioned.

THE HOMILETIC MONTHLY. (Funk & Wagnall,  
New York.) This number is an advance  
on any previous issue. Very few of our  
periodicals present in a single number  
contributions from such an array of distin-  
guished writers, American, English and Ger-  
man. A variety of subjects are treated and  
treated in an able and scholarly manner by  
many of the best religious writers of the day.

CHOICE LITERATURE. (John B. Alden, New  
York.) Contents: Salvini on Shakespeare;  
The Winter's Exhibition; A Lady's Railway  
Journey in India; The Humming-Bird's Rela-  
tives; Our Growing Australian Empire; Sir  
Joshua Reynolds; Science Notes; Etc., Etc.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. (M. L. Holbrook,  
M. D., New York.) Interesting articles are  
found in this number under the following  
heads: General Articles; Answers to Questions;  
Topics of the Month; Studies in Hygiene for  
Women.

THE MEDICAL TRIBUNE. (Robert A. Gunn,  
M. D., New York.) A monthly journal devoted  
to Medicine, Surgery and the Collateral  
Sciences.

THE PANSY. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.)  
As usual this monthly magazine is filled with  
pretty stories and illustrations for the young  
readers.

## Books Received.

THE JOYS OF LIFE. By Emile Zola. Philadelphia:  
T. B. Peterson and Bros. Chicago: Jansen, Mc  
Clurg & Co. Price, paper cover, 75 cents.  
CHOICE LITERATURE. Vol. 2. September-De-  
cember, 1883. New York: John B. Alden.

Samaritan Nerveine, the great nerve con-  
queror, is invaluable in nervous prostration.

Paris is excited by the discovery of a gam-  
bling house attended exclusively by ladies.  
When the place was raided, twenty-six ladies  
were found playing baccarat.

Prof. Comstock, who has charge of the de-  
partment of Invertebrate zoology at Cornell,  
is a firm believer in the theory of evolution.  
He is supported in his ideas by Profs. Wilder  
and Gage, who deal with vertebrate forms.  
On the other hand, Profs. S. G. and H. S. Wil-  
liams, of the departments of geology and  
paleontology, who have studied fossil forms,  
are strongly opposed to evolution.

## Nine Months.

The leading farm paper in Michigan will be sent until  
January 1, 1885, for 35 cents. Plenty of 35 cents.  
stories, a fine "Home" department and an 35 cents.  
acknowledged authority in farm matters. Address,  
"AGRICULTURAL WORLD," Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE LEADING FARM PAPER IN MICHIGAN WILL BE SENT UNTIL  
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# AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

## Prayer—How and By Whom It Is Answered.

While I was yet very young my family were all taken from me, excepting my father and one sister; but my father had become a wanderer, and my sister lived apart from me in another home, and I was left entirely alone. As I saw my household angels taken from me one after another and laid away in the ground out of my sight, it seemed as though the greater part of myself had gone with them. Many are the times that I have spent an hour or so at their graves, talking with them, but getting no response that I was aware of, and yet I was comforted, and went home with a lighter heart.

I have said that my father was a wanderer. Mother's death and other misfortunes had so wrought upon his mind, that he went away, we knew not whither. After he had been absent from us four years, he was reported dead, and we never expected to see him again. I often doubted the report, and yet he did not come. Two years more passed away, and we heard that he was living, but for other long years no tidings ever reached us of him.

At length a great agony of longing took possession of me. I felt as though I must see my father once more—that he must come to me. I knew not the place of his sojourn; there was no possible way of sending him a message; but I believed in my soul that somewhere in the world he still lived.

I had been reading the history of Jesus in the New Testament, but it all seemed very strange to me. I had never received until about that time any religious instruction—did not know of any God, but I began to pray to the unseen, my guardian angels—to that "cloud of witnesses" somewhere spoken of. Not realizing the existence of what I had never seen, my prayers were neither to God nor to Jesus, but my loved ones gone were ever present in my mind when I prayed, and I felt that they were surely the God who should hear my prayer if any could.

I was so ardent in the thought that my prayer must be answered and realized, that I set the day when it should "come to pass." Three months from the time I began to pray for my father's return, was when my prayer must be answered, or I would have no faith in anything; I would never make another attempt at prayer if this effort should prove a failure. Thus it was that I resolved in my youthful ignorance.

My time for prayer was at the close of each day. It was not always in words, but it was ever in earnestness of soul, and with the ever-abiding thought, that the prayer of an honest heart would be answered.

As the weeks rolled away my earnestness increased. I scarcely wished to leave the house at all, and was ever watching and waiting for some one to come. I kept my own secret; how I did so I do not know. Only once was I surprised at my devotions, and then the door was quickly closed again, and nothing said to me about it afterwards.

Finally the day dawned that I had fixed upon for my father's coming, when I should once more see his dear face. Throughout the entire day I had looked for him until my eyes were weary with watching, but he came not. Night came on, and with it came, oh! such grief, such bitter distress, such scalding tears! At the hour of ten, I was pacing the floor in speechless agony. Nothing could comfort me, and the counsel of friends was unheeded.

The morning came, and I was seated at my window where I could look a long way down the street. I was disappointed, heart-broken, and could do nothing but think and look away into the distance. Presently I saw a man approaching, and although many years had passed away since last I saw my father, I decided that it was he. Nearer and nearer he came. I was alone in the house, but went to the door just as he arrived at the same, and without waiting for him to knock, opened it, and—behold my father! He inquired if any one by the name of Helen Y.—resided there, and I answered.

"Yes, I am here; I know you, father!" He did not recognize me, as was quite natural, and it was with difficulty I could make him realize that I was the daughter he was looking for. But when this was effected, I asked him why he had not come long, before to see us, and he said that he had heard of us some years ago, but that he had made up his mind never to return to the place of his great grief again, and wanted to stay away always.

"But about three months ago," he said, "while I was on the Southern Pacific coast, your mother came to me in dreams, and said: 'Go and see our children once more.' She came in my sleeping and my waking hours, day after day and night after night, and each time urged me to come to see you. At times I resolved to come, and again I abandoned the idea, until at last I found no peace until I turned my face to the east and commenced my journey. I stopped in Denver on my way, but something urged me on. Again I stopped in Nebraska, stayed a while, but was still pressed to continue the journey, and last night," he continued, "I arrived at about sun down; hunted for you until nearly ten o'clock without avail, and then went to a hotel. This morning I started out early, and have found you at last."

He went to see his other daughter, brought her to me, and we visited together for a few weeks, and again separated. This was in Iowa. Father went to Wyoming territory and died soon after.

Since then I have become convinced that prayer can be, and often is, answered through the mediumship of souls, both in and out of the body; and since then I have talked with my father, face to face; have seen his hand writing to me and others, cheering and comforting messages, which seemed truly a "communion of saints."

H. Y. S.  
Denver, March 20, 1884.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Good and Evil.

BY M. L. SHERMAN.

All the intellectual faculties existing in nature must pay their assessment of the tax made against them, according to their development, for running all the positive machinery existing in the physical universe. Nature's positive tax could all be paid without so much suffering, if we were wise enough to comprehend at all times good from evil. Because of our ignorance of the natural law of our being, we suffer more at certain times than is absolutely necessary. We could pay a large debt by taking time, without one-half of the trouble that is experienced in forcing ourselves through in such a hurry. If all mankind were advanced far enough in wisdom to do justice to themselves and to all others, this world would be a paradise; but so long as ignorance rules in the lower spheres of spirit life, and with the inhabitants of earth, we cannot expect peace to reign with the elements or with mankind. When we progress far enough to become a law unto ourselves,

so that we will "do unto others, as we would have others do to us," and dwell in a locality where the atmospheric elements are not destructive to our interest, then and not until then can we expect happiness instead of so much misery. To say as many do, who pretend to be Spiritualists, and are no further advanced than Universalism, that there is no more death nor misery in the next life; that we shall meet all of our friends there, to part no more forever, is to my mind the very quintessence of ignorance.

Is there any suffering in spirit-life for acts committed in this? In the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of January, the 19th, there are two articles from the pens of Myron Colony and Hudson Tuttle. Mr. Colony heads his article with a positive assertion, "No punishment!" Mr. Tuttle commences his by asking the question: "Is there a future punishment?" Both of these opposing articles are written by men qualified to express their views in a scholarly manner; but I must beg to dissent from the deductions arrived at by both of these gentlemen. Mr. Colony's article supports the doctrine of positive Universalism, while Mr. Tuttle's holds to the doctrine of universal restoration! Neither of these, in my opinion, supports the true doctrine of Spiritualism, as known by the clairvoyant or taught by the highest intelligence of spirit-life. It has been shown to me in my trance state, and also taught by my guides, that there was no contingency in punishment coming into this world. They represent that pain is a positive soul-element in nature; that the positive machinery of our nature could not be kept in active operation without friction, which causes the wear and tear of our physical organisms, and as our physical bodies cannot suffer pain for the lack of intelligence, it must be experienced by the ever-sensitive soul. Take the life or soul away from the body, and all sensation or knowledge has gone with it, as far as we can comprehend. This question might be asked: What benefit is it for the soul to manifest through an earthly body? Answer: To gain experience, which is the knowledge of good and evil.

How can it be possible that there is no more misery in the next life when all enter the next sphere exactly as they leave this, with all their idiosyncrasies and all the confounded ignorance that nineteen-twentieths of the human family possess? In the lower spheres of spirit-life there are many localities, and each person goes to the locality that he is best fitted for, and remains there until he progresses, and is prepared for the next condition in advance. In passing from one sphere to another, there is a change similar to that which is called death, and there are seven of these spheres before reaching the eighth, which is a state of happiness, where no real misery can enter. Each one of these spheres has seven cycles or degrees of development (like the progressive classes in a school, teaching the various branches of education), and when we get through we will graduate and receive a diploma that will entitle us to an honorable position in the eighth sphere.

I contend that the soul is the finest and purest of all substances, and is a microcosm or little world, containing within itself in miniature, the life-seed of all there is in the infinite whole; one soul-seed has the possibilities of any other soul-seed that exists in the great primitive sea of soul-atoms, and when the soul-atom begins to develop, it aggregates to itself unprogressed atoms for a casket to manifest through; each atom has its tree in the midst of its own garden, which bears the fruit of good and evil, and by the developing process of nature must both be partaken of, in order to gain experience.

In order to know good there must be evil. Every positive must have its negative; life could not exist without its negative, death, change or rest. Attraction could not be without repulsion. The positive changes to the negative, and the negative to the positive; an interchange is constantly taking place with all of the elements existing in nature. The most advanced being in knowledge now in existence has been the greatest transgressor. There is nothing in nature, if properly used, but what is good. If a person says there is some thing that is not good, what is he going to do about it? It must eternally exist, for you cannot get any thing outside of nature. All the preaching has never made one hair white or black, and never will. Nature is the same to-day that she was in the eternity of the past, and always will be. All that any being can gain, is experience.

Adrian, Mich.

## The Remarkable Experience of a Connecticut Butcher.

HARTFORD, March 29.—A butcher of this city named Buckley is possessed of a queer hallucination. Several years ago he told his immediate friends that a tall man, dressed in black, followed him everywhere; on the street, at the theatre, to church; in fact, every movement of the butcher was accompanied by a similar one on the part of the ghost.

Finally, when life was almost a torture to him, he decided to start for California, hoping that he would thus elude the phantom. The trip West was made without incident of any kind, and as mile by mile was passed over and as the days waned into nights he began to breathe freer, and when San Francisco was reached he believed that he was rid of his ghost. He went to the mines, and for weeks felt happy, gained in flesh, and decided to start in business. One day, while walking on the highway, he chanced to glance over his shoulder, and was horrified to discover the dreaded thing. It was clothed in the same suit of black, its face wore a demonic smile, and its whole appearance seemed to say, "You cannot elude me." The butcher started on a run, and now and then turned around only to discover the shadow lapping his footsteps. At the entrance to the town, he again glanced behind him, and found himself alone. The visits after that occurred only at intervals, but were sufficient in number to assure him that he was not free. His stay in California lasted several years. He went from town to town, from mine to mine, always accompanied by the man in black.

He married a worthy young woman with the belief that by taking a partner to his joys he might also have some one to share his sorrows. The result was in no way satisfactory. Again the thought came to him that it would be well to start for the East. Arriving in Hartford he took up his residence near his relatives, and in a few weeks opened a butcher shop. Two months had barely elapsed when he was again visited by the phantom and thereafter it never left his side. A year after his return his wife died and several months later he remarried. He has moved from house to house with the hope of gaining rest but all to no purpose. In conversation to-day he said:

"It follows me everywhere. At night I wake up to find him standing over me slowly moving his index finger up and down, and his lips moving as though he were talking. Some nights the sewing machine will run for hours

unceasingly, operated by the ghost. At breakfast, dinner, and supper he stands directly behind me, and whenever I go he is by my side. Life is a fearful burden, and I don't know what to do about it. He is now standing alongside of me, on my left side I mean. What is his appearance? He is about six feet tall, very slender, of a yellow appearance. He is dressed in black throughout. I can't place him among any of my friends or relatives who have died, and don't know of a soul I have ever injured."

The most curious phase of the whole tale is that recently the butcher's wife, mother and brother say they have seen the phantom, but only when the victim was present.—New York Sun.

## An Interesting Seance with Mrs. Maud E. Lord.

My DEAR GENERAL EDWARDS: Please accept my hearty thanks for your kind invitation to Maud E. Lord's circle at your house on the evening of the 13th of March.

That incident of the music box, weighing not less than twelve pounds, being wound up and whizzed round the circle over our heads and in close proximity to our faces, with the velocity of a young cyclone, while the medium was quietly telling some incredulous one, who of his spirit friends she saw, was quite interesting, and, to one lacking confidence in the good disposition and ability of the Intelligence to direct the force, decidedly startling.

After all, exhibitions of the movement of matter without physical contact, must attract attention from logical and thinking minds, when once fully established; so the wisdom of such manifestations is apparent. But it was on the following evening at the house of Capt. Cabell, on Capital Hill, that I witnessed the most satisfactory evidence of clairvoyance on the part of the medium, and power on the part of the, to me, "invisibles," to talk and act like other folks. It has, as yet, been my good fortune to meet in the course of several years, constant and patient observation.

It has not been so very long since I, in my obscure, though earnest seeking, was disposed to mildly censure the publishers of spiritual journals for the lack of well authenticated and carefully prepared facts in their columns. However, as I didn't then feel like assuming the responsibility of general editorial management of such newspapers, it went no further than to bring me into hearty concord with every mind seeking solid facts as a basis for opinion. I therefore write this to you with full permission to use it at your discretion.

On the afternoon of the evening above referred to, our excellent friend, A. S. Bryan, signified his desire to attend the seance at Cabell's. He had made no previous arrangement, and, as he has since told me, informed me one, save myself, of his intention. I met him in Cabell's parlors, a total stranger to the medium and the company. The circle was full, and, to give him an opportunity to sit with Mrs. Lord, one never before enjoyed by him, I yielded up my seat with quite well concealed regret; subsequently, however, it was arranged that I might sit in a chair outside the circle; this was, of all things what I most desired because of the better opportunity to coolly observe.

Mr. Bryan was favored with the ring of the medium and by her told to wish it on the finger of another. He made his little mental wish—the ring disappeared from his finger—but very soon a voice whispered very softly in his ear: "We cannot; he is outside of the circle." Bryan then told Mrs. Lord the ring had gone from him. Mrs. L. asked, from the opposite side of the circle where she was engaged at the moment, if it had been carried to the finger of the person wished. Quickly, and before anyone had opportunity to answer her query, a voice near Bryan said: "He wished it on Mr. Vale's finger outside the circle, but we had not the force to carry it there."

Here we have Bryan's statement of the subject matter of his wish and his assurance that he heard a voice tell him privately it could not be complied with, followed immediately by a voice loud enough for all to hear, stating what had just been within the knowledge of Bryan and the invisible intelligence alone. Clearly, the agency of the medium and all others present is eliminated, saving only Mr. Bryan and the Intelligence first privately whispering to him and subsequently speaking to the circle. Immediately after the ring incident the following occurred: Mrs. Lord, from this same position in the circle where she was still engaged "seeing" for some skeptical individual, told Mr. Bryan she saw a little child in front of him, playing with his watch chain. Bryan said aloud, "Who is it?" At once in answer to his query his knee was smartly patted and a voice whispered, "Brother," "Brother!" Bryan now speaking to the voice very softly and under his breath, asked for a name. "George," whispered the voice. "Oh no," whispered Bryan, "I had no brother George." During this side conversation in whispers so low it was not overheard by those near, Mrs. Lord was describing what she saw to others; but soon she again addressed Mr. Bryan, saying: "It is your brother who is standing near you. He died in infancy. He has a remarkable finely developed head." Then instantly came again the patting on Bryan's knee and the voice whispering, "Brother!" "Brother!" Again Bryan whispered, asking for his name, and was answered as before, only still more earnestly, "George," "George!" this time repeating the name. Mrs. Lord then said: "Mr. Bryan, your brother died before you were born. Then, and not till then, did Bryan recall that his mother had told him of his little brother George, who died at the age of nine months, and that he had a remarkably large head and was a child of splendid physical development. Mrs. Lord then said: "I see other spirits about you, Mr. Bryan; three whose bodies have been exhumed and re-interred near together, but not in the same lot." While describing from whence to where removed, she was interrupted while speaking of his father as one of the number, by a loud whisper: "The box broke open!" The following morning Mr. Bryan explained to me that he was informed by the sexton of the breaking of the "box" containing his father's remains, but had wholly forgotten it for the time being.

Here, therefore, in two cases, there was that disclosed which was in conflict with the difficult-to-believed theory of "mind reading," so-called. Bryan had forgotten that he had a brother who died in infancy; forgotten his name, and did not have in his mind the incident of the box breaking—all seen and described to him by a total stranger, on the occasion of their first meeting.

Many other equally interesting incidents occurred, deeply so to those for whom they were intended; notably one in which seven children of one mother were "seen" by Mrs. Lord as the number in spirit life, at the same time saying: "They say three more are living." Astonishment at the great number was naturally freely expressed, one saying: "What! seventeen children dead!" "Yes," said a voice in a loud whisper, "and counting two little elips there are nineteen,

making twenty-two children in all by one mother."

This was promptly acknowledged by both father and mother, total strangers to Mrs. Lord, as was admitted. Few first "guesses" would strike so high a number. I thought it right good; but Mr. Bryan's experience is of far more interest, as to me the facts are authenticated absolutely, or as nearly so as can be done by human testimony. Similar incidents, though not so striking so far as I know, continued for two hours, and among twenty quite intelligent people. I think it all makes a fairly strong case, and deservedly ranks as about the best attainable evidence of an after existence. But I suppose there are tens of thousands of strangers to Mrs. Lord in this country who can recount similar experiences confirmatory of her wonderful and most admirable gift. Heartily yours, J. M. VALE.  
Washington, D. C.

## Anniversary Exercises of the First Society of Spiritualists, New York.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

This society celebrated the 36th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism on Sunday afternoon, March 30th. The speaker's platform was tastefully decorated, under the supervision of Mrs. Henry J. Newton, with flowers, palms and potted plants. At half-past two o'clock Mr. Henry J. Newton, the President of the society, opened the exercises with appropriate remarks. He said that there are more believers in modern Spiritualism to-day than any time during the past 36 years. He referred to Spiritualism as it existed in the time of Moses, and briefly traced it to the present time. Mrs. G. S. De Welt, who sings regularly for the society, sang an anthem written especially for the occasion.

Mr. Henry Kiddie delivered the principal address. It was well written and well delivered. He claimed that Spiritualism antedated all human history. There never was a time when it could be said that spirits for the first time came to the earth and manifested themselves to the eyes, ears, thoughts and intelligence of those who were still living in the flesh. He made a great distinction between Spiritualism as included in all these years, and modern Spiritualism. Modern Spiritualism had not for its object the bringing of absolutely new truths to the world, but the living of a true life, and the revealing of the great truth that those whom we call dead are not dead, but still live and are around us and we can communicate with them. It will go on because truth is in it and God is behind it. He believed a spiritual temple would be erected, which all mankind could appropriate, finding expression therein of all that is true, beautiful and good, and in the words of Theodore Parker, it would be "Beautiful as light, sublime as heaven, and true as God."

Mrs. Belle Cole, New York's favorite, sang, "As gold is tried by fire, so must the heart be tried by pain." She sang with her usual marked excellence, and at the close the audience could not refrain from expressing strong approbation. Mrs. Cole very kindly responded, saying that she had been requested to sing, "Oft in the Still Night." She sang this touching ballad with wonderful expression, bringing tears to the eyes of many of the auditors.

Mr. Marshall P. Wilder followed with a recitation. His selection was especially appropriate for the occasion, and he was thoroughly appreciated. Mr. Charles Lakey then addressed the meeting. He spoke of the first raps at Hydesville and passed rapidly over the history of Spiritualism from that to the present time. Mr. H. R. Humphreys sang and Mr. C. P. McCarthy followed in a brief address. Prof. J. A. Keenan, elocutionist, gave two selections.

It was now after 5 o'clock, and in a few well chosen words by Mrs. Brigham, who has been the regular speaker for the society for a number of years, the exercises were brought to a close.  
New York, March 30, 1884.

## Anniversary Exercises in Washington, D.C.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Since the advent of Mrs. Maud E. Lord, some four weeks ago, there has been quite a revival of Spiritualism in this city. Every Sunday since her arrival, there has been a conference meeting at 10:30 A. M. and at 2:30 P. M., she has addressed large audiences. At each meeting she describes spirits to persons in attendance, which are generally recognized.

Mrs. L. holds a seance every evening, I believe, and as a general rule many more visitors attend than can be admitted in the circle, the same being limited to twenty. So far as I have heard, her seances give good satisfaction.

On Sunday, the 23rd ult., a meeting was held pursuant to public notice, at Grand Army Hall, and although the weather was inclement, the hall was filled to its utmost capacity, which is about 500. The principal address was by Mrs. Dr. Spence of New York, who happened to be in the city on other business. It was a very able and eloquent address, and was most enthusiastically applauded. Perhaps some of her anti-Christian sentiments were too radical to please every one in a promiscuous audience, but all admitted the great ability of the address. Mrs. Lord also made a short address and described many spirits.

Yesterday, March 30th, was celebrated as the anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. There was a conference meeting in the morning, at which the veteran, John B. Wolf, presided, opening the exercises by a short but telling speech. Several others, mostly strangers, whose names I did not hear, gave very interesting sketches of their personal experiences.

At 2:30 P. M. a large audience assembled at Masonic Hall, and was addressed by Mr. Atwood of Troy, N. Y., who gave a history of the advent of Modern Spiritualism thirty-six years ago, he being one of the earliest converts, and having been an eye and ear witness to many interesting phenomena in its early stages of development. The meeting was also addressed briefly by Dr. Mayo, Mrs. Dr. Spence, Mrs. Lord and others; after which Mrs. Lord described many spirits.

In the evening another large audience assembled. Mrs. Dr. Spence made the principal address, though several others spoke briefly; among them one lady spoke in trance, and two others under control, our worthy fellow-citizen, Mrs. Levy, being one of the latter, and the other two being strangers to me, whose names I did not catch. Mrs. Lord made the closing address, and concluded the exercises by describing spirits. The celebration was a decided success.  
J. J. COOMBS.

Iowa Catholics, under the lead of Bishop Hennessy, of Dubuque, are vigorously opposing the bill introduced in the State Legislature for the taxation of church property.

## Materialization and Transfiguration.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The article from the pen of Nelson Cross published in a late issue of the *Banner*, entitled, "Mistakes of Investigators," has been read by me with a certain degree of interest; but it at once occurred to me that its title, as given over its subject matter, was a misnomer, and to ask wherein the "mistakes" really exist. Surely not with the investigators where representations are seriously, consistently and continuously made to them that a particular series of manifestations are materializations, when upon a careful, persistent and energetic investigation, the fact is revealed that, contrary to all previous professions, they are not materializations, but "transfigurations," or anything else but just what they were stated to be among the various manifestations of spirit power. False representations of this character are manifestly as much fraudulent as if those making them were not endowed with any gift whatever of mediumship, and they merely court and deserve exposure as impostors, equally the same.

Are all materializations simply transfigurations? I inquire because these terms, although so widely differing, have seemed lately to be very frequently used in a synonymous sense. If so, openly avow the fact and sail under honest colors; then those investigators who are engaged upon an examination of positively asserted "materializations," can find nothing whatever to criticize. Then the supply of promiscuous paraphernalia, so commonly incident to exposures, becomes articles for legitimate use, and the medium's person essentially necessary as an instrument for the illustration. Then we shall hear no more of evil spirit power in this connection, or the equally incredible "rushing of the medium into the form of the spirit," and exposures instantly transform themselves into simply a recollection of what was false in the past; but just so long as the phenomena connected with materialization are held forth to investigators as materialization, when, perchance, it is only transfiguration, just so long must those responsible for such representations expect to be investigated upon the basis of materialization and nothing else. When their true status is, through such investigation, finally rendered clear and apparent, I maintain that they alone are responsible for the "mistake," and that it cannot reasonably or properly be attributed to the "investigator."

In connection with all the contradictions and inconsistencies embodied in the written and published articles, of even so eminent a gentleman as Mr. Cross himself, the honest and intelligent investigator of the present day finds himself in a quandary as to precisely what form of mediumship is accorded unreservedly to any particular individual, and he runs the risk of incurring the charge of having made a mistake. After having expended his labor and successfully brought the investigation of one avowed form to a conclusion, he immediately encounters the assertion (provided the result is unfavorable) from some authority like Mr. Cross or Mr. T. R. Hazard, that he has been working upon a wrong theory and a mistaken feature of it, although he may originally have been guided by the published statements of the gentlemen themselves. For instance, in an article from the pen of Mr. Cross, published recently in the *Light for Thinkers*, upon the subject of "Materialization," he mentions by name a partial list of such mediums as he can endorse as genuine and perfectly successful exponents of that particular form of spirit manifestation known as materialization, and among them he names Mrs. M. E. Williams, of New York, whereas in the *Banner* article, which has suggested this one, he says that in reality she is merely a "Transfigurationist," or to use his own language: "To effect this change (transfiguration) she must be brought forth (from the cabinet) in her unconscious state, and made to do duty as a visible entity. Frequently, too, she is so disguised as to have only a partial resemblance to herself, but it is, nevertheless, the medium in a physical, though not at all in a spiritual sense. It is your spirit friend, and it is the medium's organism, without sensibility and devoid of consciousness; it is a spirit personation—in a word, it is transfiguration."

Consistency is said to be a jewel, but I fear that Mr. Cross lays himself open to the suspicion that there is still an empty niche in his casket. Another article in the latest issue of the above named paper, written by a lady, treats exhaustively of Mrs. Williams, and proclaims that her seances are given for materialization, and cites many illustrations of the personal return of the writer's so-called dead relatives and friend, with whom she had extended conversations, and she asserts most positively that she could have made no error in saying that these assumed materializations could not have occurred through the use of the medium's body for the illustrations. Mr. Cross asserts in his *Banner* article that Mrs. Williams' mediumship is only illustrative of "transfiguration," and in the *Light for Thinkers* essay, it is used for "materialization." It is unnecessary to say that the inconsistency is glaring, for in the former case it is acknowledged by every one, that it is the medium's proper property which is made use of as an instrument, and the paraphernalia necessary is provided by the medium, which is all very reasonable and proper. In the case of materialization the exact reverse is true. Here are two theories attaching to a single medium, by those most conversant with all the facts. Both cannot be true! If so asserted, then, in my opinion, imposture is plainly apparent. Wherein lies the mistake? Between these two parties, one of whom contradicts himself, or with the patient investigator who investigates Mrs. Williams' avowed "Materializations" into the opposite condition of "transfiguration?" I close almost as I began. Why not sail under honest colors? Let materialization be investigated as materialization, and abide the result cheerfully, whatever it may be, and whenever an impostor and fraud is unmistakably exposed, call it imposture and fraud, and condemn it as such. Let transfiguration and all other forms of spirit manifestations meet with the same kind of investigation, based upon their merits and a desire for truth. They are subjects worthy of the keenest scrutiny; investigate honestly, impartially, and with a view of securing the absolute truth, whatever it may be, but do not proclaim the "Mistakes of Investigators" until there appears to be some more appropriate basis than is at present revealed.

J. FREDERICK BABCOCK, D. D. S.

Joseph Cook don't like the New Creed. That settles it. The Congregational Minister's Union almost unanimously endorsed it as soon as Mr. Cook's denunciation was known.

Hersford's Acid Phosphate, ADVANTAGEOUS IN DYSPESIA. Dr. G. V. DORSEY, Piqua, Ohio, says: "I have used it in dyspepsia with very marked benefit. If there is deficiency of acid in the stomach, nothing affords more relief, while the action on the nervous system is decidedly beneficial."



# Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.  
(Metuchen, New Jersey.)

## DECLENSION AND REVIVAL.

Die to thy root, sweet flower,  
If God so wills, die even to thy root;  
Live there awhile, an uncomplaining, mute,  
Blank life, with darkness wrapped about thy head,  
And fear not for the silence round thee spread.  
This is no grave, though thou among the dead  
Art counted, but the hiding-place of Power,  
Die to thy root, sweet flower!

Spring from thy root, sweet flower!  
When so God wills, spring even from thy root;  
Send through the earth's warm breast a quickened  
shoot;  
Spread to the sunshine, spread unto the shower,  
And lift into the sunny air thy dove,  
Of bloom and odor; life on the plains,  
And in the woods a sound of birds and rains.  
That sing together; lo! the winter's cold  
Is past! sweet scents revive, thick buds unfold;  
Be thou, too, willing in the Day of Power;  
Spring from thy root, sweet flower!

—D.G.

Once more light-footed spring has come  
and nature rejoices. The yearly recurring  
miracle goes on. Amid cloud and sunshine,  
through breeze and cyclone, the great pulse  
of nature beats slow and steady. Winter  
comes and goes, seasons change, seed-time  
and harvest, birth and death, sadness and joy,  
succeed each other, and still the underlying  
laws carry on their wonderful work. The  
rhythm of the solar system goes on unceas-  
ingly, and there is never cause for doubt or  
dismay. The bud becomes the flower, fruitage  
follows their decay, and apparently death  
succeeds. During the long, cold winter, the  
earth is silent beneath an icy pall, and they  
who had no experience might well believe  
there could be no future.

But the positive forces have once more gained  
the ascendancy, and the birds and the  
flowers, the animal creation and mankind,  
all feel the revivifying influence and are glad.  
Things natural are typical of things spiri-  
tual. As the sun affects the earth, so does  
the spiritual sun affect man. The light  
and heat of the one quickens and expands  
every vegetable germ; the light and love of  
the other illuminates the interior under-  
standing and vivifies the affections. The  
balmy influences of the great spiritual sun  
make summer-time whenever the poles of  
the soul are graciously inclined thereto.  
This analogy follows through all seasons,  
even to the time when the soul, having reached  
the remotest point of its orbit, is inevitably  
drawn nearer to its parent sun.

Spring time is coming, no matter how  
much it may be delayed. Through ignorance  
and imbecility, through wrong and crime,  
through war and bloodshed, through heart-  
burnings and heart-breakings, the soul is  
progressing along its orbit nearer and still  
nearer its source. We may, if we choose,  
delay and hinder, and prolong the wintry  
season, and retard the unfolding of the interior  
powers, but we cannot finally prevent the out-  
working of nature's primal force, which is on-  
ly, in effect, God's attraction. Through billowy  
pulsations of Love, He works upon our wills,  
till we are finally drawn toward the centre  
of all spirits, the sun of all suns, the life of  
all lives. What we must take care to do, is  
to help, not to hinder—to avoid eccentric  
movements in our several orbits. We can  
make disturbances with other planetary  
souls, and wage temporary war with what-  
ever is truly permanent and good. These  
things men may well call evil. They are,  
from their very nature, evanescent, though  
for the time being demoralizing and degrad-  
ing. Oh, we can hasten forward the gra-  
cious opening of a lovely summer time.  
It rests with us. We have wills and can use  
them for the better or for the worse.

### HOME WORK.

The following sketch is by Rev. T. K. Beecher:  
"I declare that the woman who is able  
to systematize and carry on smoothly the  
work of an ordinary family, illustrates higher  
sagacity than is called for by seven-eighths  
of the tasks done by man. Men take one  
trade, and work at it; mothers, and house-  
keepers' work requires a touch from all  
trades. A man has his work hours, and his  
definite tasks; a woman has work at all hours,  
and incessant confusion of tasks. Let any  
man do a woman's work for a single day.  
"Meanwhile, 'Papa must not be hindered  
about his work,' because his work brings in  
the money. Yes, man's work brings in the  
money. But man's work does not so tax the  
head and heart and hand, as woman's work  
does."

### HELPING WOMEN TO HELP THEMSELVES.

In the "Recollections of Peter Cooper," by  
Susan N. Carter, Principal of the Woman's  
Schools of Art, are touching descriptions of  
the pure, simple, unselfish love of doing good  
which dominated the purposes of the philan-  
thropist. Among other things she says:  
"The subject of unhappy marriages seemed  
to be a very prominent one in Mr. Cooper's  
mind. That women were often imposed upon,  
were ill-used and broken down, he had a lively  
conviction; and all his chivalry and sense  
of fatherly protection were enlisted to save  
them, so far as he could, from these ordinary  
misfortunes. While the world is now occu-  
pled with the question of what woman can  
be taught, their 'higher education,' and many  
kindred subjects, Mr. Cooper's acute  
genius discovered as by intuition, many years  
ago, the relation of women of the middle  
class to society, to industries and to the fam-  
ily. He saw that many of them could not  
marry, and he realized what must be the  
foreign condition of a number of eld-  
erly daughters of a poor man. He had noted  
the dangerous likelihood of giddy, ignorant  
young girls marrying anybody for a home,  
even if the men they married were ignorant  
or dissipated, and he had the tenderest pity  
for poor widows and deserted wives. The  
desire of his heart was to help women to be  
happy, independent and virtuous. While a  
celebrated New York clergyman (Dr. Dix)  
was giving a course of Lenten lectures to  
women, Mr. Cooper, with his face all animat-  
ed with feeling about them, said, 'Dr. Dix  
is of the wealthy class, and he has been used  
to deal with wealthy women. The world does  
not look like the same place to him that it  
does to me. If he could be in my place, and  
read the letters I get from poor and suffering  
women, he would think that it would be  
best to have them taught anything which  
they could learn, to enable them to lessen all  
this trouble.'"

It is rare to find a man like Mr. Cooper who,  
in all his relations with women, has not a  
certain condescension in his feeling toward  
them. One could not contemplate him in his  
daily relations to the Cooper Union and  
not be inspired by the fact that the first and  
most positive lesson of his life was a spiritual  
one. When he talked about the very brick  
and mortar of the building, through the cru-  
elty of his benevolence these material ob-  
jects seemed converted into something "rich  
and strange" through the "spiritual use."

as Swedenborg designates them, which were  
his motives for them all. He used his influ-  
ence in his schools to raise the standard of  
character, his aim was not merely to promote  
material prosperity. "Love of pomp or dis-  
play never touched him in the slightest."  
Among the young women, of whom five  
hundred annually reap the benefit of his prac-  
tical kindness, there are thousands who are  
now supporting themselves, and in some  
cases family friends, through the means of  
instruction in Cooper Union. And as long as  
the Union stands and women have to work,  
so long will they bless the name of Peter  
Cooper.

## SAVED BY A MIRACLE.

The Perils Surrounding the Czar of Russia  
—The Mysterious Visitor Whose Business  
Brooked no Delay—A Secret which the  
Nihilists Themselves Cannot Discover.

Among the "forbidden literature" now  
circulating in Russia is the story of the most  
daring and dramatic plots ever recorded in  
the history of political assassination. The  
narrative is founded on events which are  
said to have taken place in St. Petersburg,  
shortly after General Gourko had been called  
from Odessa to act as quasi-military Governor  
of the Russian capital. One bright May  
morning, when the excitement was at its  
height, the watchful eye of a policeman posted  
at the top of the Nevsky Prospect caught  
sight of an equipage coming up the thorough-  
fare at a trot. It bore armorial devices  
well known in the Russian capital; the coach-  
man was there, who persisted in being vigi-  
lant in defiance of his master's orders, to the  
great merriment of St. Petersburg Jehus; on  
each side rode the regular escort of six mount-  
ed Cossacks, each holding his lance in rest  
and wearing his ball of forage slung over  
his shoulder, more as if he was campaigning  
on the Don than upon civil service in the  
streets of the capital. General Gourko and  
his escort—the guardian of the peace had  
easily recognized and hastily saluted his  
chief, the new Prefect of Police—turned into  
the Cavalry square, at the top of the Nevsky  
Prospect, and at once made their way into  
the Alexander square, on the Neva side of  
which rose the massive and somewhat fan-  
tastic outlines of the Winter Palace. The  
equipage having drawn up at the side of the  
entrance of the building, the General alighted  
and rang. On the door-keeper presenting  
himself—the Prefect briefly stated the object  
of his visit. He desired an immediate confer-  
ence with the Czar. The hour was early,  
true, day having only just dawned. At the  
same time his business brooked no delay—it  
concerned the safety of the Emperor him-  
self. The janitor was at first inexorable, ex-  
postulating that his imperial master had  
been already in bed an hour. Yet at last he  
yielded. Up the broad staircase they went  
together. They trod on gorgeous carpets,  
brushed past the wealth of the Winter Palace  
in malachite and lapis lazuli, only pausing  
in their ascent when they had reached a  
landing giving access to one of the capacious  
salons. At this point, General Gourko was  
instructed to wait. The man left the palace  
the Czar's officer seemed to have repented of his  
decision. The narrative represents him as  
closely scrutinizing the Prefect of Police in  
the growing light, and of subsequently pro-  
ceeding in the direction of the Emperor's  
sleeping apartments. In no great haste to  
arouse royalty from its first slumber. The  
man did not arouse the Czar at all. What he  
did was to descend to the guard-room and  
despatched a messenger. The man left the  
palace on the Neva side. He there took a  
droshky, and drove past the side entrance  
into the Nevsky. During his absence the  
Czar calmly slept on; General Gourko, im-  
patiently paced the salon, and the military  
guardian of the Imperial bedchamber went  
about giving some orders to the palace  
guards.

In a quarter of an hour the messenger re-  
turned. He had been sent to General Gourko's  
residence, in the Nevsky Prospect, and he  
brought back the information that the  
Prefect of Police was at that moment in bed.  
The early visitor was thus an impostor. He  
was something more; for from his pockets,  
after he had been seized and pinioned, they  
drew forth a six-barreled revolver and a two-  
edged hunting knife. The Czar's life had  
been saved, yet it had hung for a few mo-  
ments in the balance. The made-up Gourko  
—the Prefect of Police, imitated down to the  
minute details of hair, complexion and wig  
—might have deceived even the Emperor  
himself. Not a whit less perfect was the art  
which had reproduced the Gourko coach and  
escort. Only the sham Prefect was secured,  
and not his confederates. Simultaneously  
with the arrest guards had rushed from  
the palace to seize the latter. But the  
equipage had gone, the Cossacks were gone,  
the coachman was gone. A policeman  
afterward told how he had seen the cavalcade  
pass over one of the Neva bridges,  
and disappear in a thoroughfare of Basil  
Island. The carriage was never found, and,  
for all that could be ascertained concerning  
them or their steeds, the six Cossacks may be  
mounted and riding, lance in rest, to this  
day. As for the chief actor in the plot, the  
conspirator who only failed in his imperson-  
ation of General Gourko because of his in-  
ability to be in two places at one and the  
same time, his personality has never been dis-  
closed. He is the one mystery which the  
Nihilists themselves have never been able to  
penetrate. His secret remains with him, and  
he keeps it to the present moment, for he is  
still a prisoner in the island fortress of Peter  
and Paul.

### Magazines for April not before Mentioned.

THE HOMILETIC MONTHLY. (Funk & Wagn-  
alls, New York.) This number is an ad-  
vance on any previous issue. Very few of  
our periodicals present in a single number  
contributions from such an array of distin-  
guished writers, American, English and Ger-  
man. A variety of subjects are treated and  
treated in an able and scholarly manner by  
many of the best religious writers of the day.

CHOICE LITERATURE. (John B. Alden, New  
York.) Contents: Salvini on Shakespeare;  
The Winter's Exhibition; A Lady's Railway  
Journey in India; The Humming-Bird's Rela-  
tives; Our Growing Australian Empire; Sir  
Joshua Reynolds; Science Notes; Etc., Etc.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. (M. L. Holbrook,  
M. D., New York.) Interesting articles are  
found in this number under the following  
heads: General Articles; Answers to Questions;  
Topics of the Month; Studies in Hygiene for  
Women.

THE MEDICAL TRIBUNE. (Robert A. Gunn,  
M. D., New York.) A monthly journal devoted  
to Medicine, Surgery and the Collateral  
Sciences.

THE PANTRY. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.)  
As usual this monthly magazine is filled with  
pretty stories and illustrations for the young  
readers.

### Books Received.

THE JOYS OF LIFE. By Emile Zola. Philadelphia:  
T. B. Peterson and Bros. Chicago: Jansen, Mc  
Clurg & Co. Price, paper cover, 75 cents.

CHOICE LITERATURE. Vol. 2. September-De-  
cember, 1883. New York: John B. Alden.

Samaritan Nerve, the great nerve con-  
queror, is invaluable in nervous prostration.

Paris is excited by the discovery of a gam-  
bling house attended exclusively by ladies.  
When the place was raided, twenty-six ladies  
were found playing baccarat.

Prof. Comstock, who has charge of the de-  
partment of invertebrate zoology at Cornell,  
is a firm believer in the theory of evolution.  
He is supported in his ideas by Profs. Wilder  
and Gage, who deal with vertebrate forms.  
On the other hand, Profs. S. G. and H. S. Wil-  
liams, of the departments of geology and  
paleontology, who have studied fossil forms,  
are strongly opposed to evolution.

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Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Reflected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, April 12, 1884.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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## Central Music Hall Preaching—What is it?

A late number of the Sunday's *Inter-Ocean* has the following:

"A member of Professor Swing's church sends the following, which is published by request and not because the *Inter-Ocean* endorses it:  
"Yesterday the attendance of the Central Church were treated to a thorough orthodox sermon. The broad and liberal members of the congregation were somewhat surprised at the sudden veering of their eloquent pastor who so fully endorsed the new Congregational creed. It seems that Professor Swing has the faculty of accommodating his sermons to the general variety of thought entertained by his hearers. We have liberalism one Sunday, Spiritualism the next, a sharp, clear-cut, well defined orthodox one the next. All of which the members of his congregation are willing to accept if they only knew the day each particular view would command his eloquence. Charity being a principal factor in his vocabulary, perhaps he may be able to weave a perfect harmony with the words overlying punishment."

We quote this as a fair statement of the views and feelings of many who attend the Central Music Hall Sunday services, and listen with interest to the words of the gifted preacher, yet are not satisfied by his apparently varying positions, or made strong by his fine eloquence.

One of the merits of Mr. Swing is an ability to state fairly the views and creeds of many classes; one of his peculiarities is a method and spirit in such statements that lead his hearers to think, for the hour, that he very nearly agrees with those whose views he may be giving; is in doubt whether they may not be nearly or quite right, and has no positive and clear convictions of his own.

Thus, in a discourse on woman, some months ago, while many wise and true words were spoken, on the whole one would conclude that he was with the opponents of woman-suffrage, favored differentiation of inalienable rights on account of sex, had no strong moral decision on the matter; and so, in a hesitant and weak way, went with the conservatives, and suited nobody, because not quite sure that he was at ease himself.

Again, in his words on Wendell Phillips, the agnostic mood swept over him and every spiritual thinker was chilled, while every materialist felt that the preacher was turning his way.

His allusion to Spiritualism, in a late discourse published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL on "Celestial Bodies," was less open to this criticism, because he made a fair statement of the "higher Spiritualism," and yet in such way that his hearers knew he was not a believer in some of its leading facts and ideas.

The *Inter-Ocean* correspondent so well suggests other like instances of "the trumpet giving forth an uncertain sound," that it is needless to bring more illustrations.

To give such catholic statements of varying opinions as this preacher does, is surely worthy of all commendation, provided, that is, that back of them all, and through them all, one can feel and see the clear and decided opinions and the uncompromising moral and spiritual standard of the speaker. Theodore Parker used to give statements equally catholic, of the good and ill in Catholicism, Puritanism, and other systems of faith, but his own strong ground was never weakened, and no one for a moment doubted or forgot his position as a spiritual teacher of natural religion and as a true and fearless reformer.

Any dim indefiniteness or shadowy uncertainty as to what the preacher himself stands for, brings doubt and weakness, because it comes from doubt and weakness. There is a grand and inspiring philosophy in the heroic counsel of Paul the Apostle: "Having done all, stand!"

We have no wish that the man who speaks to such large and excellent audiences in Central Music Hall each Sunday morning, should lose one jot or tittle of his charity or catholic spirit, but we do wish, as do many others, for more emphatic and decided affirmations of his own convictions. For instance, many would be glad to hear his views on Bible authority, trinity, atonement, future punishment, the living reforms of the day, and last but not least, on materialism and Spiritualism, theism and atheism. Affirmations on these and like great topics, sustained by argument, lighted up by spiritual radiance, glowing with deep earnestness, and intensified by exposures of the folly and character of opposite views, would give new strength and life to his hearers, and greatly renew and increase his own thought and life.

On the really deepest question in the thought of our day, whether there be a spiritual genesis of things, the sway of an infinite intelligence, an upward tendency in the position and evolving power of mind over matter, the soul's testimony of immortality confirmed by the senses; or only force and law, a start from the mud and dead return to the mud again—only in the philosophy and facts of the Spiritualism of the ages, recorded in Bibles and elsewhere, and most clearly illustrated in the "higher Spiritualism" of today, can solid ground be found for the Central Music Hall platform, and all like platforms and their spiritual teachers to stand on. "To this complexion it must come at last."

## And Yet Another.

The Old South Church in Boston, the largest and most influential of the orthodox churches of New England, has departed from the standards and chosen a preacher who is manifestly unsound in the faith, and not afraid or ashamed to proclaim his unorthodoxy before the council called to install him. The Rev. Geo. Gordon of Greenwich, Conn., a graduate of Yale, was called as pastor some time ago, but circumstances then prevented his acceptance of the call. The church waited till the obstacle was removed and then issued a call for a council to install him. Knowing his advanced views, the church caused it to be made known, in the lettermissive sent to the churches that it was satisfied, and the minister would be installed whether the council approved the act or not. A large council composed of delegates from all the Congregational churches in Boston, and a number of distinguished ministers from other places met, and Mr. Gordon read a statement of his belief. Newspaper report says:

"He defined sin as a bad spiritual state, and said that the consciousness that accompanies that state is its punishment. There was no Unitarianism in his creed, for he distinctly avowed belief in Christ as God, but when he came to discuss the question of retribution he disclosed the so-called heresy. He declared that the soul which was in sin was at enmity with God, and that as long as the state of sin continued so long would the hostile relation continue. If a soul should continue in sin after mortal death, its punishment would also continue, but he could not say that souls would thus continue. The scriptures, he was willing to admit, taught the possibility of such an unending course of sin, and consequently of unending punishment. "Whether there will be," he said, "as a matter of fact, anyone who will sin forever, whether the possibility will be converted into a reality, is a question which I have no means of deciding. The questions of possibility and of fact are, in my mind, distinct. The one I can answer, the other I cannot." Mr. Gordon admitted in the same way the possibility of a crisis in the sinner's experience, saying: "If there is such a thing as the possible possession of an assumed Christian character, the attainment of a fixed position in the divine righteousness, it is clear to me that there must be also a limit in the sinner's experience beyond which he will remain steadfast in sin. This would be my conception of the final judgment. Moral life and moral death declare themselves in their final form. To the question whether this world is the only place where human beings can leave unrighteousness for righteousness, the fellowship of the devil for the fellowship of God and his son, I can give no answer whatever. To the further question as to what influence the fact of physical death may have upon the destiny of the soul, I return no answer. It may have much, and it may have none at all."

Of course the prominent members of the council opened fire at once and proceeded to question him sharply. Drs. Webb, Withrow, Plumb and Blagden only succeeded in drawing from the self-possessed candidate for installation, statements that in his judgment the divine punishment was purely spiritual; that Christ came to reveal God's character to men and that his death was not a propitiation; that the epistle to the Hebrews was an enigma, and that the words "eternal life" had reference to quality and not duration. The council then went into secret session, and after hot debate, voted, forty-eight to sixteen, to install Mr. Gordon. Dr. Webb protesting and refusing to take part in the exercises.

Another landmark gone, another church giving up the eternal hell which had stood to them as the guarantee of an eternal heaven; another preacher trained in orthodox soundness, showing freedom of thought. Some will mourn over this, but thousands will rejoice, and the good work will go on.

## Ingersoll and the other Preachers.

The pastors of Chicago churches seem to be much stirred by Ingersoll's recent lecture. Some of them lose their temper, and one calls Ingersoll's audience a "lot of silly fools"; another says that the audience was largely composed of "infidels, Jews and beer swillers." The Rev. Dr. Barrows, on the other hand, fights philosophically and tries to prove, not so much that Ingersoll is wrong, as that it is impossible he should be right.

Yet all this fuss serves as a first-rate advertisement for Ingersoll. Teach the people a higher truth, if you can, Messrs. Preachers, and there will be no need either to abuse Ingersoll or insult his audience. Give them something they can understand as well as believe; tell your story sharply and clearly as Ingersoll does, and he would talk, not to empty benches, indeed, but to greatly reduced audiences, for men always prefer to believe rather than doubt, where it is possible.

## Decadence of the Ministry.

The time has been, and not so long ago, when the clergy were supreme in the domain of thought. They were the most cultured men of their day, the sacredness of their office surrounding them with a halo of sanctity, their judgment was held to be almost a divine judgment—they were a power in the land that none dared to gainsay. Now, all this is changed. A church listens critically to candidates, makes its selection, and—never ceases to criticize, is prompt to dismiss, if the preacher falls below their expectations. The preacher is no longer deemed *ex officio* holy; his opinion is worth less than that of another man, often, for it is apt to be unpractical. The very withdrawal from the affairs of the world which used to be the source of his power, now diminishes his influence below the average. Bishop Littlejohn, lecturing before the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church, points out the decadence of the ministry in the control of education. The following is the newspaper report of his remarks:

"The clergy once wielded a wide influence as a learned class, and were accepted as educational guides. They founded schools and seminaries, and in this country there was scarcely a college up to forty years ago that did not owe its existence to their sympathetic interest. To-day, at home and abroad, in the movement for secular education, the clergy had been retired, and any attempt on their part to manage the public schools would be met with determined opposition. The battle had been won by the secular power. There were still schools where clergymen governed, but it was as the representatives of the religious bodies to which they belonged. In England also, clerical influence was waning in this respect, and the drift of legislation was adverse to the clergy as educators."

Whence comes this dethronement of the clergy? There are several reasons. They are not active citizens, generally; would much rather speculate on the material of the cloak Paul left at Troas, than on the best means of removing a great evil from among us. They can denounce, can stir up opposition, but they do not know how to do the world's work, and so are pushed aside, or quietly ignored.

They are not the most learned men of their time now. Numbers of men who have taken up spiritual studies, surpass them, even in their own chosen fields of effort—men whose thought is of to-day, as close, as logical, but put in the words of to-day. The clergy are learned, but no longer remarkably so. Besides this, their course of training is such as to make them, as to religious expression, mode of exegesis, etc., very nearly all alike; individuality is greatly repressed. They must take a certain range of subjects, treat them in the regular way; all orthodox traditions must be respected—a text is held to be sufficient answer to any fact. Just now, in our midst, texts are at a discount, doctrines are doubtful, and preachers are valued chiefly in proportion to the effectiveness of their oratory. Their congregations will not dispute with them, but do not reverence them.

Nor are they as effective as they used to be as pastors. More than once have the statistics of the Presbyterian Church shown that hosts of the children are not baptized as required by the standards of their church. In large churches the preacher makes perfunctory calls at long intervals. One lady declared she had been a member of the church three years, and then absented herself three years, and the pastor had not called once in the six years. Not educators, not advisers, not distinguished for learning, eminently unpractical, the clergy have become mere public speakers, judged as other speakers are, with no halo of divinity about them, or even about their theses.

For, after all, the doc rings they have taught have done more than anything else to bring them down from their high position. Rigid, though false and foolish, views about the inspiration of the Scripture, have made their whole teaching apparently unreliable; human nature naturally turned away from the peralut preaching of an eternal hell, which is not in the Bible, but is a cherished dogma of the church; Jesus did not teach the doctrine of the Vicarious Atonement, which men are fast coming to the conclusion cannot be true, a conclusion universally accepted by Spiritualists; and public prayer, held to be so essential, was neither taught nor practiced by Jesus the great exemplar. All these exploded things tend to make the preacher an expensive superfluity and not a teacher of the truth; to relegate him chiefly to the position of an orator, whose office is simply to "tickle the ears of the groundlings."

Spiritualists start without veneration for their speakers—what decadence is possible for them. The signs are that Spiritualism may be all speech-making, without intelligent, combined action. Little good to the world will it be for one class of speakers rather than another to have the ear of the public, if nothing more is done. Let us see to it that all efforts shall be to make Spiritualism practical, fitted to work good to-day; then shall the work go on in ever-increasing power—not the speakers but the truth proclaimed being revered, because of the good it is visibly doing.

Liberals everywhere are invited to examine our Premium List, and see how easily valuable books may be gained. It will be found on the seventh page of this number.

## Worthless Gains.

The *Inter Ocean* of March 31st, in reporting the anniversary exercises at West Lake street, stated:

"A gentleman who came away from the meeting in company with the reporter, said: 'It is idle to deny the phenomena of Spiritualism, and when first seen by any one they are so novel and startling as to create a thirst for and striving after more knowledge—to see if by some means more information cannot be obtained in regard to the future life or existence. But continued investigation only serves to cloud and befog the mind, leaving it in the wide waves of a shoreless sea, without chart or compass. An intelligent man is prone to abandon the whole matter in disgust, and take an easy refuge in agnosticism. I defy any Spiritualist,' he said, 'to show any communication from an alleged spirit which has been of any benefit to himself or others, or added one word or line to the sum of human knowledge.' These who are content to keep along with the ridiculous 'communications,' and contradictory, vulgar and often profane language of 'spirits,' are either cranks or men of weak mental caliber. They are such men as delight in the brass crowns, tin swords, and tawdry regalia of certain secret societies."

There is mingled truth and error in this utterance. A ceaseless search after phenomena, without attempting to discover what they are meant to reveal, does diminish mental activity; does make most unspiritual Spiritualists. They learn, in the very beginning, that life is continuous, and that spirits return, and yet keep on trying still to settle that question, as if there were nothing else to be learned. All the grand reach of the life beyond, all the rich development of their powers, the unfolding of possibilities undreamed of before, are ignored, unsought for. They have gained—nothing worth having, and lost the rich harvest of experience they might have had. In this sense only "continued investigation"—which really is no more investigation than perpetual study of the alphabet is study of literature—is a hindrance to spiritual growth. But, it is not true that no "communication from an alleged spirit has been of benefit to himself or others." Not alone new forms, larger ranges of truth have been received, but new inventions have been made, and, not un seldom, has a man's business been successfully conducted under spirit advice. Much more often, it is to be feared, a contrary result has ensued from the spirit teaching being incorrect and dangerous. But even this was caused by the spiritual condition of those receiving the messages. One who allows his judgment to sleep, while he listens with open-mouthed awe to any thing given to him as from the Spirit-world invites deception, is in no condition to understand, or do, the right thing at the right time; even as prophecy would fall if it depended upon them for any part of the fulfillment. Far too many are there who are not only content with, but draw into their atmosphere, ignorant, undeveloped spirits, who confirm these so-called investigators in their ignorance, their credulity, their folly.

## Voices of Reporters for the Daily Press.

The most ill-used person engaged on a daily newspaper is the reporter. The editor may have an opinion of his own, and can have time and space enough in which to express it. He can choose his topic, and, if he knows nothing of a subject, can depute some one else to write it up, or down, as his personal views or prejudices, or the policy of the paper, may determine. But the reporter is a bond slave. He must go where he is sent, must endeavor to make intelligible reports of things beyond his comprehension, and do this at high-pressure speed. No wonder he so often fails, is so often guilty alike of the *suppression veri* and the *suggestio falsi*. At a recent lecture of one of our most profound students, after adjournment there was found on the reporter's table, a card inscribed, "What is it all about, anyhow?" the groan of a puzzled reporter, who yet must write as if he comprehended all that was said. And then the merciless pencil of the editor adds insult to injury, striking out all those glowing periods where the reporter, thinking he did know something, has "spread himself"; so his report, shorn of beauty, is made merely a bare statement of a few unimportant facts, without any certainty of correctness even then.

From this state of affairs it comes that the reporter grows careless, his moral sense is blunted. He does not so much desire to make a good and true report, as to make one his editor will approve, and deal mercifully with in the matter of "space." Hence, if he is ordered to report a spiritualistic gathering, and his editor don't believe in Spiritualism, it is not necessary to know anything about the matter, not even enough to attack it intelligently, but he can sneer. There is no answer to a sneer. The unfortunate reporter must do something, and he does all he is able.

Thus, the reports of the late anniversary have such things as "Old men with long beards and hair, weird-looking young ladies, and men with a strange, mysterious expression of countenance," making the bulk of the meeting—all distinctly false, of course, but the poor reporter is obliged to write so—he does not know what else to write. Another of these oppressed "pencil-pushers" speaks of another meeting as composed of "mostly middle-aged spinsters and elderly gentlemen whose gray hairs covered lily-balanced craniums." True, most of the people present on the last occasion, were better-looking than the reporter, many of them younger, but the hired man had not courage enough to say so; though cowardly, he was mendacious to the verge of sublimity. "A large number came loaded with speeches to the muzzle."

"The gentlemen called on to make a few remarks usually succeeded in putting the audience to sleep," etc., etc. It is not worth while to be angry at such mis-statements as these—the reporter did the best he was able to do, poor fellow, and should not be blamed that his profession forced him to write on a theme he knew nothing about, and because he could neither argue nor understand argument he was compelled to sneer.

## Will There be Progression Hereafter?

The Brooklyn *Eagle* gives a brief abstract, as follows, of a sermon recently preached in Brooklyn by Rev. Dr. Peck:

"Two questions had been given him which he would answer briefly, as he had not time to go into detail. The first was, Will we grow in knowledge in eternity? or shall we know all things at once? The answer: We will grow in knowledge. It would be impossible for a finite mind to understand all things. Second, Will there be degrees and capacity of knowledge hereafter? Most certainly. We shall enter the hereafter as we leave this world and shall begin there where we left off here."

"Taking up his sermon he said there was no question which appealed so much to the heart, that touched all its tenderest emotions, as that of the recognition of loved ones in heaven. From all the facts there could be no doubt that the soul maintained its individuality and that every one retained his consciousness. The Scriptures teach that personal identity is retained in heaven."

The questions were answered truly, but whence came his knowledge of the matter? Not from the Bible, but as a deduction from ascertained facts of human nature. It is still, with him, only an opinion; he has no evidence that this progression is actually going on. To him has come no testimony from the Spirit-world. How much clearer and more certain the thought of progression in spirit-life would be to him, if he knew of spirits who had progressed, if his opinion based on mundane facts was in turn supported by incontrovertible spiritual facts. Yet, after all, the orthodox will say, he is not sound in the faith, he is "wise above what is written." The Bible does not speak of progression after death, does not declare that personal identity is retained in heaven. "Great multitudes" are there, but no single soul. Nor does it reveal why there should be progression, for it tells of nothing to be done for which progress would be necessary. The Bible idea of heaven is, complete satisfaction, intense joy that the soul is saved, the only manifestation of which is worship. Arguing, as the preacher does, from the known constitution of man, the Spiritualist arrives at the same conclusions, but he goes further, and along the line of argument so extended, finds not only progression as indispensable to continued life, but also what progression is for, what is the use of it. Better than this, even, the Spiritualist is daily receiving evidence that his deductions are correct. Not in a dreamless repose, not in a delirium of worship, not as a part of a grand pageant, but as an individual, working, learning, growing eternally—the joy of heaven to the Spiritualist is like the joy of earth, born of giving out, of help and service to others. Joy is greater in spirit land because conditions enable one to do more, and progression means greater power to acquire and give out, greater power to do, hence greater joy in doing. All this is proved to be true, but no word of it is in the Bible.

## A. F. Ackerly Caught Again.

This tramping trickster is in a fair way to get a portion of his just deserts. On Saturday evening, the 29th ult., he essayed one of his customary performances at Moberly, Mo. According to the best advice the JOURNAL has, it appears that one of the company secreted himself, unbeknown to Ackerly, in the rear of the curtain which is placed behind the medium and the two persons who sit with him on his right. When Ackerly removed his right hand from the unsophisticated sitter, and extended his arm through the rear curtain to simulate a spirit arm, according to his stereotyped method, the concealed observer grasped it and exposed the swindle to the audience.

The company seized the outfit for manufacturing "spirit" phenomena, and on the following Monday Ackerly was arrested on a warrant charging him with fraud and deception. He was at once bound over to await the action of the Grand Jury. This Ackerly is the same fellow who was caught in Pittsburgh in November, 1881, and who has had trouble in other places. The JOURNAL has for years warned the public against this common cheat and falsifier. When he was last in Chicago, some of the good people whom he had hoodwinked, came to us with accounts of his manifestations and we offered to pay for the séance if they could get him to allow his hands to be held and the manifestations then took place. They felt sure he would do it, but when pressed to the issue he left town. We have, through the JOURNAL, offered him \$50 for a séance where manifestations occurred when his hands were held, but of course never got it. It is time he was doing some work for the State. A few months at breaking stone or roadmaking would possibly teach him a good lesson if it did not improve his morals. Let him have the full penalty of the law.

The lovers of poetry and they are legion—should read the long list of celebrated poets, whose works we offer as premiums. They are beautiful books, outside and inside, fit ornaments for the centre-table, fit companions in all the varying moods of busy or quiet life. They are handsomely printed with a red line around every page, artistically bound and gilt-edged. See how easily a library may be had.



## Convincing Tests by Mrs. Simpson.

It is a fact recognized by those who have visited Mrs. Simpson at 45 N. Sheldon St., that the tests given through her mediumship are of such a nature that they rarely fail to convince skeptics and investigators that the information which she imparts to them is derived wholly from a supermundane source. A marked case of this character occurred a few weeks ago. Two gentlemen, Mr. Eyre and Mr. Chamberlain, earnest seekers after truth, the latter a stranger to her at the time, called upon her for the purpose of thoroughly testing her claims as a medium. As soon as seated in the little room dedicated to spirit manifestations, she informed Mr. C. that he had two wives; one had passed to spirit life and the other now living. This statement was true, though his friend, Mr. E., who had known him for twenty-five years, was not aware that he had ever been married but once. Mr. C., after this convincing test, requested that his name be given. In response thereto, Ski, her spirit control said, "I will try." Mrs. S. then took a slate, put it under the table, and the following was written thereon by Ski: "What do you call a room in French?" Mrs. S. replied, "chambre." Sky then directed that "chambre" should be set aside to assist in the formation of the name. Then he inquired: "What do you call a narrow road with a fence on each side?" Mrs. S. replied, a "lane." "Now," said Ski, "put the two together, and you have the gentleman's name." Mrs. S. remarked that the two words combined did not spell his name correctly, but Ski insisted that the sound conveyed his correct name—Chamberlain—which was sufficient.

After being furnished with his own name through the instrumentality of the controlling influence, Mr. C. suggested that he be allowed to try an infallible test. Mrs. S. readily assenting, he took out of his pocket-book some court plaster, cut it up into strips and placing a tiny pencil under the tumbler, carefully proceeded to seal the glass and slate securely together. When this was done to his entire satisfaction, Mrs. S. placed the slate and its glass appendage under the table, and Mr. C. asked: "Can the controlling spirit go home and see how many persons are there?" The response—"Brave C., go home and see for yourself"—was plainly written under the glass tumbler, and not a single strip of the court plaster was displaced, as Mr. C. had written his name partly thereon; and continuing it on the slate, rendering any displacement of the glass by the medium without detection, an impossibility.

## Mrs. Watson's Lecture.

Mr. Alfred Denton Cridge, a nephew of the late Prof. Denton, sends a long analysis of the matter and manner of the lecture lately delivered by Mrs. Watson under control of Prof. Denton. Seeing that the medium announced at the beginning that it was the first time she had allowed herself to be controlled by that spirit, that she herself expected something of incompleteness in the control, that many of those present said it was "Denton all over," as our esteemed correspondent states, there seems no place, just yet, for questions as to whether there was less or more gesture than Prof. Denton was accustomed to use, or whether the speech was more rapid than was his wont. Still less should there be any complaint that on this first attempt the Professor did not tell all he knew. That it was a good lecture, is plain to all who have read it; that it had many characteristics of Prof. Denton is admitted by our correspondent, and that is enough for a first attempt.

## A Question from the National Soldiers' Home.

H. S. P., an inmate of this institution, asks the following question, which greatly perplexes him, as it has many others: "If spirits constantly progress and never retrograde, how is it that one who was perfectly truthful while on earth, should now come and after first stating a fact known only to ourselves, and thus proving to my satisfaction that it really is the person represented, make another statement, giving every particular, in which there was no truth? Both communications were through myself."

As it would be impossible for a truthful spirit to give intentionally a false communication, we are not to suppose that because such has been received the spirit has retrograded. Either the conditions of the communication were disturbed and thus an error committed, or another spirit usurped the place of the first. The conditions of spirit communication are so volatile and changing, we ought not to wonder at the errors, but rather that any communications are correctly given.

Some trickster calling himself John Davenport, tried to fool the people of Bradford, Pa., last Sunday night with a spirit show in the Opera House. After simple acts, lasting but a few moments, Davenport announced that, owing to the noise of the audience, the performance was over. Of nearly 1,000 people in the house, some 400 rushed for the stage door, avowing their intention of assailing Davenport. He escaped by a back entrance, was chased up Main street by the mob, but reached the hotel and shelter. The mob did not disperse until nearly midnight, still threatening to watch Davenport's departure from the city.

The London *Lancet* reports a lecture on tea and coffee, in which people are advised to put the coffee for breakfast in an earthenware vessel, pour cold water over it, let it stand over night, and bring it to the boiling point by placing it in a water bath or double boiler in the morning, thus preserving the aroma.

## GENERAL NOTES.

During April, Lyman C. Howe will lecture at Erie, Pa. During May and June he has an engagement at Indianapolis, Ind.

Dr. J. K. Bailey has pursued his pioneer work, during the month of March, in Ohio and Western New York. His address is still at Milan, Ohio.

Mr. Wm. and Mrs. Emma H. Britten sail for America the 13th, on the steamer City of Chicago. Mrs. Britten speaks for the First Society of New York City during May.

We ask our readers to examine our new Premium List. The number of beautiful and useful things to be had for a small amount of trouble will surprise them.

Wm. E. Coleman's able articles on "Reincarnation," which appeared in the JOURNAL several years ago, are being re-published in the *Herald of Progress*, England. In a note to that paper, Mr. E. Wallis, a prominent Spiritualist, said: "I heartily commend them to the serious consideration of your readers."

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Champion, of Philadelphia, left there this week to take up their permanent residence in California. It will be a difficult task to fill their places. The Spiritualist movement in Philadelphia is deeply indebted to them for their untiring devotion and able co-operation during the past few years.

Ladies who desire to beautify their homes or themselves, should read our Premium List. There are a number of beautiful and useful articles they might just as well have; it will be very little trouble to get their friends to subscribe for so well known and desirable a paper as the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL at only \$2.50 per year.

The JOURNAL has the satisfaction of knowing that late reference in its columns to the notorious "Dr." R. C. Flower, resulted in his being obliged to refrain from practicing his vocation in Illinois, last week. He is said to have met some of his patrons just over the eastern and western boundaries of Illinois. He registered at a hotel in this city but made no attempt to "practice."

Mr. and Mrs. Pirnie of Cleveland, O., who spent some months in Chicago last year, have returned and taken rooms at 425 West Madison street; they anticipate remaining in the city, for two years. Mrs. Pirnie is widely known as a successful magnetic healer and fine medium; she is also highly respected as a lady. The JOURNAL takes pleasure in commending Mr. and Mrs. Pirnie to the friends in Chicago, and trusts its city readers will make their personal acquaintance.

Civilization is ever creating new wants, and the Subscription News Co., 98 Ashland Block, Chicago, has discovered something hitherto undreamed of. They propose to receive subscriptions for any periodical in the world, will attend to all arrangements, do all the correspondence without charge (if they do not make the publishers pay for it). This will be a great convenience to many. They have issued a monthly bulletin poster of surpassing elegance, printed in colors, on fine paper, with much pleasant reading on one side of the sheet, and on the other a tremendous list of the best periodicals of the day—we can not spare time to count them—but the JOURNAL is among the goodly company as a matter of course.

Dick, a mesmeric sensitive, is exciting considerable attention in London, Eng. In commenting on his wonderful powers the *Herald of Progress* says:

"We must content ourselves, now, with asking the skeptical one question: how is it that a man with his eyes sealed beyond all possibility of vision correctly describes articles held before him without his attention being directed by a single word spoken, for Mr. Ogle merely holds up the article Dick describes, without uttering a syllable? If, then, under such conditions, we find sight independent of eyes, is it safe to sneer at the assertion of Spiritualism, that man has powers that transcend his physical nature, and that such powers indicate a nature within him, which, when freed by death from the trammels of the flesh, will prove him superior to the bonds of clay, which now hinder or obscure the expression of those powers which the evidences of somnambulism, and spirit control show we possess?—Mind is superior to matter, and Dick, the Pit Lad, is a startling illustration of the truth we state in closing."

400 clergymen of the English Episcopal Church have signed a declaration in favor of the Affirmation bill, introduced last year in Parliament in connection with the Bradlaugh affair. Dean Plumtree, Archdeacon Chatham, Canon David J. Vaughan, the Rev. H. Scott Holland, Dr. Abbott, the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Freemantle, and the Rev. C. H. Turner, are among the number.

The London *Weekly Register* (Cardinal Manning's paper) takes the Archbishop of Toledo to task for censuring Father Mon, the priest who preached the Lenten sermons at Madrid which offended Alfonso's royal sister. It says of Father Mon: "He is a Jesuit preacher, whose severity has the usual paradoxical effect of making his sermons the fashion with the least severe and most sprightly of all the classes of society."

Ten couples of lion baboons arrived at New York a few days ago in a steamer from Liverpool. The visitors all have brown eyes and long faces. Their hair is dark gray, and their hands are black. They are worth \$500 apiece. They came originally from Africa, and are the largest of their species ever brought to this country. One of them is over five feet in height. Mr. Donald Burns, who imported them, says the reason they are called lion baboons is because they often kill lions in their native jungles. They either attack the lions with heavy sticks, or crush in the heads of the lions with heavy stones. He says that the baboons were drinking by the natives, who found out their drinking-place, and planted a stake in a pool of water, around which the rope of the snare was passed. When a baboon was caught it was dragged into the water and half drowned. Before it recovered it was locked up. There are ten males and ten females. The males are almost three times as large as the females.

The grave of Wendell Phillips in the Old Granary burying ground in Boston, is already covered with early spring flowers, planted there by John Reardon, the aged superintendent, to whom in his life-time Mr. Phillips was kind. It is said to be not unlikely that the body will be removed in a few months to a lot in the cemetery in Milton, Mass., owned by his sister. Mr. Phillips wished to purchase a lot there during the last year of his life, but found he could not get a title because he was not a resident of the town.

Catholic society in Chicago is reported to be much exercised over an essay delivered by Dr. Curran, a member of an Irish national society, in the hall of the Union Catholic Library Association a few days ago, in which St. Patrick was characterized as a nepotist, a land-grabber, and a man willing to sacrifice Irish nationality to the interests of the church. The management of the library association have forbidden the use of their hall for the future to Dr. Curran and his fellow Nationalists, who, being members of the organization, which owns the hall, do not propose to submit quietly.

The New York *Sun* says: "Some idea of the magnitude of the business of raising sweet scented flowers for their perfume alone may be gathered from the fact that Europe and British India consume about 150,000 gallons of handkerchief perfume yearly; that the English revenue from *eau de cologne* is \$10,000 annually, and that the total revenue from other perfumes is estimated at \$200,000 annually. There is one great perfume distillery at Cannes, France, which uses yearly 100,000 pounds of acacia flowers, 140,000 pounds of rare flower leaves, 32,000 pounds of jessamine blossoms, 20,000 pounds of tuberose blossoms, and an immense quantity of other material."

From the "English Wife-Beater's Manual" it is ascertained that in November, December, and the first week of January sentences were imposed varying from a fine of half a dollar to short terms of penal servitude, among which are noted the following: Assaulting a mother; pushing a woman on the fire; striking a mother-in-law; throwing the contents of a slop-pail onto a wife; striking a woman on the nose; for beating, half-starving, knocking out the tooth of a child and forcing a quantity of hot porridge down her throat; knocking a sister down and taking running kicks at her; trying to cut his child into four quarters. The list is one of monotonous brutality. The volume is dedicated to Baron de Worms, who advocates the lash for wife-beaters.

## Ladies in America.

Long before they reach middle age frequently find themselves suffering from some of the complaints and weaknesses peculiar to their sex. For all such Kidney-Wort is a great boon. It induces a healthy action of the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleanses the system, and strengthens and gives new life to all the important organs of the body. It is nature's great assistant in establishing and sustaining health. Sold by all druggists.

## Business Notices.

DR. J. V. MANSFIELD, 190 West 56 St., New York. World renowned Letter Writing Medium. Terms, \$3, and 12 c. Register your Letters.

HUBBARD TUTTLE lectures on subjects pertaining to general reform and the science of Spiritualism. Attends funerals. Telegraphic address, Ceylon, O. P. O. address, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, No. 1327 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

Years of the prove, and thousands of delighted writers testify that TAIKGRAPHY is the crowning triumph of shorthand art—the most easily learned, written and read. Students can begin making practical use of it from the first lesson. Illustrated circular free. New and successful method of instruction by mail. J. Kimball, 79 Madison St., Chicago.

Mrs. EMMA HARDING-BRITTEN will make a final and farewell tour through the United States for California, leaving England about the middle of April of this year. Spiritualist societies desiring to engage her services for Sunday and week evening lectures will please apply to her residence, The Linden, Humphrey St., Chesham Hill, Manchester, England, up to the end of March. After then in care of RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, Chicago, Ill.

FOR TEN CENTS. The St. Louis *Magazine*, distinctly Western in make-up, now in its fifteenth year, is brilliantly illustrated, replete with stories, poems, timely reading and humor. Sample copy and a set of gold colored picture cards sent for ten cents. Address J. Gilmore, 213 North Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and *Magazine* sent one year for \$2.50.

## Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

The Brooklyn Spiritualist Society will hold services every Sunday, commencing September 16th at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. at the Hall, corner of 4th and Bedford streets. Wm. Fletcher, speaker. All spiritual workers on sale in the hall. Meetings free.

CHURCH OF THE NEW SPIRITUAL DISPENSATION, 125 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Public services every Sunday at 3 and 7:30 P. M. Services for young and old, Sundays at 10:30 A. M. Abraham J. Kipp, superintendent.

Ladies Aid and Mutual Relief Fraternity, Wednesday, at 8 P. M.

Church Social every second and fourth Wednesday, at each month, at 8 P. M.

Public Fraternity for development of mediums, every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, at Mrs. T. B. Snyder, President.

The South Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Franklin Hall, corner 3rd Avenue and 14th Street, every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Mr. Robert J. Patterson, Dr. Patch, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Conference meets at Everett Hall, 394 Fulton Street, every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Capt. J. David, President; W. J. Cushing, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity will now hold Conference Meetings in the Hall of the Union for Christian Work, 14 South Street, two doors from Fulton Avenue, every Thursday evening at 8 P. M. J. S. NICHOLS, President.

JOHN JEFFRIES, Secretary. A. G. KIPP, Treasurer.

At Stock Hall, No. 11 East 14th Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York City, the Harmonical Association, Andrew Jackson Davis, President and regular speaker, hold a public meeting every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, to which everybody is most cordially invited. These meetings continue without intermission until June 11th, 1884. Services commence and conclude with music.

New York City Ladies Spiritualist Aid Society, meet every Wednesday, at 8 P. M., at 171 East 69th Street.

The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, commences every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 7:00 evening, in Frohman Hall, No. 22 East 14th St., near Union Square.

Mediums Meetings, Chicago.

The Spiritualists Conference and Test Meeting will be conducted by the Spiritual Light Seekers every Sunday at 2 P. M., in Lecture Academy, 619 W. Lake St. Lecture in the evening at 7:45.

## Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. will hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at the Saratoga Convention Hall, from 2:30 to 4:30 P. M. on Sunday and Tuesday evenings of each month, at 8 o'clock. Mrs. J. T. Brigham will officiate.

E. HENNING, Sec. H. J. BORN, Pres.

## Kansas City, Mo.

The First Spiritual Society of Kansas City, Mo., meets every Sunday evening at 7:30 P. M. in Pythian Hall, corner 10th and Main streets, 157 E. 9th Avenue. President, A. J. Campbell, Secretary.

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## Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### Is Death Eternal?

BY A. T. LANFIER.

If death be an eternal sleep,  
And all we know of life shall perish;  
If thou, oh! Grave, life's secrets keep,  
With naught beyond to love and cherish;  
If, when this body knows decay,  
And rests within the earth that bore it,  
No gleam appears of coming day,  
No hope of future life before it;

If death be an eternal rest,  
From which the spirit knows no waking;  
If human life no charm possesses,  
Beyond its own existence partaking;  
If when our sun of life has set,  
He saw no promise of the morrow,  
No recompense the mind could get,  
For all our mortal pain and sorrow—

Then, sad, indeed, the fate of man,  
And cheerless all his best endeavor;  
To live and breathe through mortal span,  
Then sink to nothingness forever;  
To yield his being up to fate,  
No ray of joyous hope before him;  
But silent, cold, inanimate,  
As clods of earth when covered o'er him.

This cannot be! the flower that dies  
Will bloom again, life's impulse know,  
And seed that in earth's bosom lies,  
Is lost not by the act of sowing.  
And morning follows darkest night,  
The sunlight comes in all its glory;  
While verdure springs to greet the light  
From mountain summit, wild and hoary.

There's nothing lost! the law of change,  
Of loss and gain and compensation,  
Brings naught within our mortal range  
To prove the mind's annihilation.  
The body wastes by slow decay,  
Till death's dark image hovers o'er it,  
Yet clearer shines life's mental ray,  
And brighter far the path before it.

And thus 'tis proved by range of thought  
That mind, far reaching and far seeing,  
Lives on beyond the changes wrought  
In human form, in mortal being.  
For greater far than aught we know  
The shrub, the flower and changing season;  
The burning bud and sunlight's glow  
Is human mind with God-like reason.

The doubter views the wondrous whole,  
The starry vault, the earth and ocean,  
The stars that in their orbits roll,  
Their regulated constant motion;  
The changing seasons, bleak and vernal,  
And deems it all the work of chance,  
And hence his doubts of life eternal.

God's promises are ours by faith,  
Yet proof, aside from revelation,  
Abounds on every hand, and saith  
That mind and matter's combination  
Is only for a time, and then  
The spirit, spite of all resistance,  
Purs on a higher flight than when  
It was fettered by its earthly existence.

The martyrs at the burning stake,  
So blessed with beatific vision;  
The impress that our spirit takes,  
From those who've passed to life eternal;  
The many proofs that one may see  
Of life when souls from bodies sever—  
All prove God's purposes to be  
A grand, progressive life forever.

March, 1884.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### Our Easter.

BY CALLIE L. BOWNEY.

Wreath with immortal flowers the empty tomb,  
A risen Lord dispels the cypress gloom,  
While joyous Easter bells in music chime,  
And white-robed angels as in olden time,  
The victory proclaim.

O mourning hearts, uplift your tear-dimmed eyes,  
The grave is but the portal to the skies;  
To but the earthly presence that hath died—  
They live in Heaven whom we call the dead,  
Our own forever.

Hail Easter morn, and speak to each sad heart,  
Of pearl-gate Eden where the loved are part;  
The earthly way through Death's dark valley lies,  
But leadeth ever to immortal skies,  
The eternal Heaven.

### An Inquiry.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Have you any statistics telling how many Spiritualists there are in the United States, and also in the world? If so, please give them in the next JOURNAL, and oblige,  
W. S. PETTIT.

There is in the very nature of things, no possible way of numbering the Spiritualists in this country or any other. They have no organization, no system of gathering statistics, not even a method for making an approximate estimate that can be regarded as of value. Estimates depend largely upon the temperament of the person making them. In the count it would not be proper, for statistical purposes, to enroll those who, while convinced of spirit return and communion, still retain their church affiliation, or at least decline to be recognized as Spiritualists; and this number embraces probably more than one-half of those commonly counted as Spiritualists. When a thorough business organization is accomplished, statistics of some value will be obtainable and not before. When the last United States Census was taken, an attempt was made in good faith by the Chief of the Bureau to count the Spiritualists, but it was a failure. To our certain knowledge, many who are known as Spiritualists, decline to be registered as such on the books of the census-taker. However, there are Spiritualists enough to effect a thousand times deeper debt upon affairs social, religious and political, than has yet been done or ever will be until they are a well-organized working body, wholly free from sectarian bias, and ready to grapple with the affairs of this world, assisted by the knowledge and inspiration derived from the Spirit-world.

### Writing Produced on the Inside of Folded Pellets.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mrs. Jennie R. Dady of Geneva, Ohio, possesses the gift of independent writing, pellets, reading, mind-reading, and healing. She was born with spiritual gifts. She has not been developed through the aid of a circle.

The sister may bring his own paper, carefully marked, and keep it in his own possession, fold it several times, and then place one of his hands over it, she sometimes laying one of her hands on the top of his. With a pencil in her other hand she then passes it over the hand that holds the paper, at the distance of about one inch, saying, "Look at your paper." The sister unfolds it, and sure enough there is writing in straight lines across the page. Every "t" is dotted and every "c" is crossed, and the writing is as plain as the best Spencerian.

Geneva, O. JOSEPH BARTT.

Bravo!

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Bravo! Mr. Whitworth, for speaking in behalf of our cherished Charles Dawkins. May you, Hudson Tuttle, and many more Rationalists, whose names I might mention, long live to reflect your light upon the pages of the JOURNAL.

Newark, N. J. R. H. CRANE.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### Dr. A. B. Dobson—His Diagnosis of a Lock of Hair from Poor Old Tray—Specimen of Spirit Literature.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

For the magnetizer I have only words of praise; his life is one of self-sacrifice, and his labors are poorly rewarded. But for the pretender and quack, who employ the garb of Spiritualism for their own selfish gain, we have no word of commendation sufficiently strong. I have a friend, a firm Spiritualist, residing near, who has a cancer on his neck, and cancerous enlargement of the liver. After the disease had progressed for some time and he had become discouraged with the failure of his physicians, he was induced, through the advertisements of "Dr." Dobson, to send him two dollars, and a lock of hair for examination and prescription.

In reply he received the following unique answer, which, for shams, cant, ignorance and duplicity, is rarely met (capitals, spelling, etc., verbatim).

Dec. 21. Maquoketa Iowa—1883.

Dear Brother your case is examined by the Band of Spirit Doctors and is on the other side of this paper—in my circular is my terms which are very low and may God and the good angels bless you in my prayer.

On the other side is given the examination by the "Band of Spirit-Doctors."

"The hair indicates that the Blood has Scrofula in it and this must be cured before the lump on the neck will get well the liver is Bad the Blood Don't Circulate Equal the Nerve fluids weak."

Again:

"The Kidneys weak the head and Stomach Bad the nervous systems Breaking Down you surely need help."

"At times you have Back and head ache sad and melancholy feelings weak and nervous Stomach of Breath a sense of lightness across the Chest we may not have told all but fully understand your case. Band."

"We believe we can cure you Our Remedies with Our Magnetic help works wonderfully and may Good Spirits Guard and Guide you always aright."

"Band"

With this came a letter from the "Doctor":

"Dear Friend to Day as the Band Directs I send you the remedies that will start you on the road to health, but in case this month's treatment does not make a complete cure you should have more you are now entitled to treatment at \$1.15 per month and may Heaven and its Hosts cure you and they will. God Bless You truly yours Dr. A. B. Dobson I send you one of my 25 ct pictures free."

It was generous in him to send his picture, for the picture is specially advertised. It has been made "considerable expense," and he says of it in said advertisement:

"By having my picture in the house, the Band of Spirit Doctors can come more easily in rapport, and with our remedies assist the patient in getting well."

Overlooking the fact that in the above the spirit of the most abject Voodooism appears, and that the profuse use of capitals and want of punctuation and placing capitals where they ought not to be, are failings alike of the "Doctor" and his "Band," we ask, what was the treatment? Simply a little box of herbs to steep into tea, and four slips of "magnetized paper," to bind on. "What the herbs were we do not know; but the tea nearly sent the patient to the "Heavenly Hosts," so fervently invoked by the "Doctor."

Some "wicked men" who opposed Spiritualism, when they saw the result of my friend's effort, placed a lock of hair cut from the tail of a "good old dog Tray," in a letter, and forwarded it to the "Band of Spirit-Doctors." They received it, and were puzzled like that given my friend, except that scrofula was omitted. The dog was free from that, but he had "more trouble in the kidneys."

Now, I ask, what kind of a representation of Spiritualism is this to the world? To what a depth of degradation has the cause descended, when brazen ignorance floods the country with circulars in its name? Dobson, claims in his circular, that he treated 6,216 patients in 1882, and 5,800 were cured perfectly. He claims thirty years' experience, and that he is the "most successful healer now on earth" (this under the name of a correspondent); not of himself, however—for if he made no other pretense, he would not be removed from the countless host of quacks who prey on the credulous sick. It is all the work of his "Band of Invisible" and he says:

"Sufferers, you that have failed to get relief from any other source, try this strange and marvelous man. Magnetized medicine and paper sent under direction of his Spirit Band of Doctors for each case; enough to last first month for \$2.00."

"Dr." Dobson's circulars, letters and diagnosis of my friend's disease are quite sufficient to prove him a charlatan of the first water. His "Band" say they know all about the case, when their description is wide of the mark, except in allusion to the "lump" on the neck of the patient. The "Doctor" demands with the lock of hair that the leading symptom, sex, etc., given, and the "lump" was under the arm. I have never been in favor of the so-called "Medical Laws," but if such men thrust themselves to the front as representatives of Spiritualism in one of its most sacred aspects, "healing by laying on of hands," and advertise in flaming posters the engagement of whole Bands of Spirits as apothecaries, herb peddlers, makers of magnetized paper, and quick pills and ointments, such laws will be demanded to protect the credulous, and especially to renovate the ranks of Spiritualism. This criticism may seem severe, but we may rest assured, that if Spiritualists do not take effective measures to free themselves from the odium of such characters, it will be done for them, and when it is done, they ought not to cry out "persecution."

A Lost Profile of Aristotle.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Jennie Reed Warren held a meeting at 213 West Madison Street, on the evening of the 24th ult., at which she gave her strange and romantic experience in writing the three volumes of the "New Revelation." The peculiar "road" which she traveled in obedience to angel voices, freshly illustrates the saying that "truth is stranger than fiction." Her history, connected with her career deserves special mention. She wears upon her neck a very curious antique stone with a face cut in it, which was dug up from the ruins of buried Pompeii. When Dr. Albert Crane, who accompanied "Mark Twain" in his famous trip chronicled in "Innocents Abroad," was sojourning in the city of ancient Damascus, a native met him, gave him this history, and described Jenny Reed, and charged the Doctor to give it to his countrywoman on his return to America. Jenny Reed at that time was a stranger to Dr. Crane, and nothing but some occult agency could have brought them together as afterwards transpired. None of the lapidaries are able to place the reduced gem, though all agree that it is very ancient and very valuable. The sculpture of a face, translucent depths is executed in all the perfection of classic art, and purports to be that of Aristotle. A triple coronet of laurel leaves adorns the brow; the profile is perfect and delicate in outline, and were the renowned Greek philosopher to appear to-day upon the stage of action, he certainly need not be ashamed to own this likeness of himself.

Chicago, Ill.

A Question.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I feel moved to ask this question through the JOURNAL: Cannot some of our reform writers, like Hudson Tuttle and others, dramatize some of their excellent stories for the stage? It appears to me that one of the most pressing demands of the present age, is that our great reform movements, social, political and moral, should have a showing in the theatre. What does the Editor think about it?

Cincinnati, O. W. C. BOWMAN.

A reform writer may have no more capacity for the work of a dramatist than has the Ohio River for taking care of the water which seeks the sea through its channel, or than the average actor has for writing on such subjects as employ the thoughts of a Tuttle, a Stebbins, a Coleman, a Tiffany, a Thomas, a Swing or a Harriet Beecher-Stowe. But playwrights are quick to sense the public pulse. Uncle Tom's Cabin on the stage did much to educate public sentiment, and some of the plays of the present day teach Spiritualism. This will be more marked in the future no doubt.

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Chicago, Ill.

## Letter from New South Wales.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

### A NOTED MEDICAL MEDIUM.

I regret that I was unable to send you a letter last mail, but circumstances prevented me from doing so at the last moment. The mail boat, which will convey this epistle to the shores of the New World, will bear away from Australia a well-known and highly respected medical medium, in the person of Mrs. Armstrong, long a resident of the sister colony of Victoria. I have not had any personal experience with Mrs. Armstrong, but valued friends have had substantial cause to speak in the highest possible terms of this gifted lady's good offices. Mrs. Armstrong's destination is London, but I am unable to state whether she contemplates any stay in your country; if she does, I hope she will visit Chicago, and give your fellow citizens a taste of her quality in regard to medical diagnosis by means of locks of hair and otherwise.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE JOURNAL.

The cut pages of the JOURNAL are a decided convenience, and another one, ever-present desire to improve the paper, which is surpassed by no other that I am acquainted with, as regards appearance, and it is to me decidedly superior as regards matter, to any other periodical in the same line.

AN AUSTRALIAN LIBERAL AND PHILOSOPHER.

We have lost, for a time, the valuable services of Mr. J. Lacy, who with his wife, has proceeded to the old country by a sailing vessel, for the good of his health and family matters combined. A few personal and attached friends gave Mr. Lacy a parting gift of a silver inkstand, which may, perhaps, be considered appropriate, as the recipient is a ready and voluminous writer, and an able one as well; indeed, I know of no one in these Colonies with a more philosophical mind.

MISS WOOD.

So far as the general public is concerned Miss Wood still hides her light under a bushel, and I am, therefore, unable to report anything worth reading as regards her alleged materializations.

A LIBERAL GOES OVER TO THE CHURCHES.

In New Zealand there has been a nine days' wonder in the public retirement of Mr. Braithwaite from the liberal ranks, and his subsequent fellowship with the churches. The secessionist was well known in Dunedin, N. Z., as the proprietor of the radical "Free Press," and he was also a free-thought bookeller. The reason he gave for "breaking away," is that the materialist section of the liberal camp were given to dogmatic assumption, and objected strongly to anything savouring of spiritualism or the ruling spirit of the universe, appearing in his (Braithwaite's) own paper. His Partisan arrow was barbed with the statement that in the so-called free thought ranks, there are large numbers of those who don't know the meaning of the term, and who think their dogma should be everybody else's dogma; and truly there is gravamen in the charge.

DEFECTIVE ORGANIZATION OF THE N. S. W. LIBERAL ASSOCIATION.

You possibly may be more favored in America than we are here, but it invariably happens that when organization is begun or attempted in New South Wales, the organizers, or at any rate those who come immediately after them, manage to quarrel among themselves and gradually to split up into rival factions. This is the case with the Liberal Association of the "Colon," and already the cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," has appeared on the horizon, which will ere long develop the lightning to rend the association into innumerable fragments. All this is very sad to contemplate, but it is nevertheless true, notwithstanding that it is possible it may be "officially" contradicted. If such contradiction does reach you, I will remind the writer here of Burns's poem, in which occurs the following:

"Oh, woe some power the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us;  
It wad rue many a blunder free us  
And foolish notions."

A WESLEYAN CLERGYMAN LEAVES THE RANKS.

Mr. John Osborne, formerly the Rev. John Osborne, whom I have already referred to in previous letters, has now finally severed his connection with the Wesleyan, and started a platform of his own, which he somewhat illogically calls "The Christian Association of the Colon." He has lectured here already to great whirling audiences, on the "Basis of his Platform," and again on "Prayer for Rain," which we are sadly in want of. He asks his friends and others not to call him "Reverend" any more, but I don't suppose he would like to be dubbed by the antithesis of that much abused word. His views seem to partake largely of the Unitarian type, but he is a very pronounced one, and his is a disingenuous confession, for the clergyman whom he has already denounced as bigoted and narrow minded. He will do good, for hundreds go to hear him who would shudder at the idea of "sitting under" a pronounced infidel. 'Twas ever thus.

CHAS. CAVENAGH.

Spirit Control.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Permit me to say a few words in reference to spirit control, as treated by Dr. R. Buchanan in the JOURNAL of March 8th. In the case obtaining a prescription from Dr. Hill, Dr. R. says: "Certainly, Dr. Hill was not a spirit controlling her; the advice obtained from him was the result of a mere psychometric rapport with his mind." Will Dr. Buchanan say that the prescription that had been obtained from Dr. Buchanan, through the same medium, was not the result of his medium's psychometric rapport with the mind of Dr. H. If not, where is the difference in the character of the control? There can be none, it seems to me, except in point of intelligence, as manifest in accuracy or the want of it. My own experience has long since taught me that spirits in the flesh may exert an influence or controlling power over sensitive or mediums, as well as spirits out of the flesh. The question is, whether spirit control, and is not the importance or merit of the result to be determined alone by its measure of wisdom and truth?

As to "self-control," that seems to crop out in Dr. Buchanan's article, I don't know much about that. If I take hold of the toes of my boots and attempt to raise myself from the carpet, my efforts will very likely be "brought to naught," but if I lay hold of something that is also under the control of a sufficient strength to bear my weight, and rely on that, I may raise myself from the carpet, but not otherwise.

I am keenly alive to the impositions that mediums are liable to suffer, and the follies they are liable to commit. I am also aware of the imperfections and follies of our fellow creatures, whether in or out of the body, and therefore I am in the justice of the apostolic exhortation: "Try the spirits, whether they be of God, because many false prophets have gone out into the world." Too much caution cannot be exercised by mediums as to the character of the controlling influences they are subjected to.

Rancho, Gonzales Co., Texas. J. B. CONN.

The Canadian Lake Free Association.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Many of your Western readers will be interested in learning that, since the close of the people's meeting at Canandaigua Lake, last August, much has been done to insure the success of the camp meeting this season which begins July 25th, and closes August 31st. Since the close of the meeting last year, nine cottages have already been erected; others have also been contracted for, and when opening day arrives the present year, it is safe to affirm that at least twenty new dwellings will have been fully completed and ready for their summer occupants. Among the speakers engaged are O. P. Kellogg, A. B. French, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Little, J. Frank Baxter, Miss Clara Watson, E. W. Emerson, Lyman C. Howe, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, J. Wm. Fletcher and Mrs. E. C. Woodruff. Other names will be added to the list as soon as dates can be arranged. Mr. O. P. Kellogg, whose services as chairman have been so acceptable to all, will be retained in the same position this year. Mr. Kellogg has contributed largely to the permanent success of these annual gatherings, by the ability and energy he displayed, and he is now regarded as indispensable to the success of Canandaigua. What Dr. Vincent is to Chautauque, finds its counterpart in O. P. Kellogg at Canandaigua. A silver corner band has been engaged to attend the meeting, and is expected to arrive on the 25th inst. The meeting will be held on the 25th and 26th of June next, and will be held at the annual picnic and Sunday assembly, and next September, the free-thinkers hold their national annual convention on these grounds. All things considered, present indications point to the most successful year in the history of the association.

IDA LANG, Secretary.

## Spirits Manifesting at Police Headquarters.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Matron Webb and her 16-year-old granddaughter Mamie after looking at the procession on the night of the Bannan parade, went to see Mr. Webb's sister in law in Hudson street, near Canal. The conversation turned on Spiritualism, and it was proposed to try to tap the table. The table proved more obedient to Mamie Webb than to any one else, and it was decided that she was a medium. Ever since then she has been exercising her newly discovered talent in Matron Webb's rooms on the fourth floor at the Police Central Office, and marvellous doings are ascribed to her.

By simply placing her hands on the heavy piano in Mrs. Webb's parlor and saying, "Spirits, please move this," she is said to have repeatedly caused the piano to glide backward and forward from the wall against which it is placed. Mrs. Webb's dinner table, whose weight, although it rolls on casters, renders it difficult to move, jumps up and down, the girl's grand-mother and her part of the table whenever she lays her hand on it. Another lighter table has danced about the room so much on one leg that the leg in question is badly worn and the table itself is so shattered as to suggest the hardest usage. Another table, when Mamie touches it, dances in time to the whistling of Mr. Webb, the child's grandfather, who is the custodian of the Central Office. The same table also is said to play tag with Mr. Webb and to chase him around the room. When he turns it, and it heads him off when he dodges.

Any table under Mamie Webb's hand will answer questions. A single slow rap on the floor with one leg signifies "no," and several raps in succession mean "yes."

A few days ago Mrs. Webb asked a table, which Mamie Webb was then manipulating, whether Mr. Webb's son, Theodore, who died twenty years ago, was in the room. The table rapped "yes." "How is Emma?" asked Mrs. Webb. (Emma is Theodore Webb's daughter. She married a Mr. Nimmo, and lives at Cold Spring.) "Is she well?" The table rapped "no." "Does she wish to see me?" The answer was "yes."

Mrs. Webb the next day appeared at the Central Office, and said that she had been ill, and thought her grandmother could cure her. When, however, she was told that Mrs. Webb had learned of her illness apparently through her dead father, and saw the wonderful works which were performed that evening by her cousin, she became very much frightened, and went away the next morning.

Mrs. Webb, through the youthful medium, has held communication, as she believes, with her own relatives as well as with her husband's. The spirit of a long dead son of hers made itself manifest through the agency of a table the other day, and the table beat with its legs on the floor the measure of a favorite air which he used to sing and whistle. The table kept such good time that Mrs. Webb at once recognized the air, and began to sing it.

Spontaneous have been held every evening in the Webb apartment since the night of the other circus. A dance was held yesterday in broad daylight for the benefit of several reporters. A number of the above mentioned acts are said to have been done in the presence of a single reporter who had preceded his colleagues, but when the reporter of *The Sun* reached the scene the exhibition diminished in interest. The casters of the dinner table seemed to render it comparatively easy to move without even conscious effort, and a smaller table was so light that its dancing and tipping about seemed not very extraordinary. How the girl, who is a slight, fragile, little creature, with a beetle flush in her cheeks, moved a heavy table between the windows, which was covered with bric-a-brac, some distance, without apparently exerting any so easily explained. This last was the only apparently inexplicable thing *The Sun* reporter saw.

Whatever may be Miss Webb's powers, she has created a tremendous excitement in the top story of the Central Office, and both Mr. and Mrs. Webb, although they are not Spiritualists, and laugh at her performances, do not know what to make of them. The girl herself joins in the laughter at the expense of the "spirits," and considers the table tipping a huge joke.—*The Sun*, N. Y.

Bishops and Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Last Sabbath evening Dr. Westbrook, in a masterly discourse on the evidences of a continued existence after the dissolution of the body, made some statements, the truth of which the public has a right to know. He said there are two prominent Bishops of the Episcopal Church, one West and the other West, who hold communion with their departed friends, and have "sensitives" in their own families, through whom they have become convinced of continued life beyond the grave. What are the names of these good Bishops, and why do they not tell us poor mortals who are earnestly striving to know whether the spirit does or does not live independently of the body, or whether all existence ceases at death, and the reason of the faith they profess to have confirmed by spirit return? What are bishops for, if not to teach truth to the people, and if they have light on this subject, why not let it shine instead of hiding it under a bushel? Only yesterday, a gentleman of undoubted veracity told me that he had heard Bishop Warren's wife, the "Cattle Queen" of Colorado, was a medium; that she frequently conversed with her deceased husband, Mr. Hilt, and had for years continued the business in which he was engaged according to his advice and direction. This intimate friend of Mrs. Hilt, as she was then called, said that Mr. Hilt was accustomed to come to her bedside, and leaning his head upon his hand as life would tell her what she had better do. This friend said it was no secret, and Mrs. Hilt's intimate friends that she often saw and conversed with her dead husband; being a prominent member of the Methodist Church, she would not have it publicly known.

This statement is confirmed by a letter of a Denver correspondent, published in the Albany *Journal* some time ago. He said: "The Warren-Hilt marriage has been a long one, and it is known that before her good Bishop met Mrs. Hilt, she dreamed that her husband appeared to her and advised her to marry a gentleman whom he described. When she met Bishop Warren she at once recognized him as the very image of her dream, and it is not probable that the splendid appearing preacher had a hard task in winning her. This may be a dangerous precedent, and encourage other rich widows to go to dreaming."

One would think that this good lady with a fortune of from four to six millions of dollars at her command, could be independent enough to speak out in defense of what she knows is true, even at the risk of being slightly unpopular. What the people want is the naked truth, no matter whose "doxy" is damaged. If Bishops and wise know that spirits do hold communion with their friends on earth, as the Spiritualists have been telling us for a generation, then speak out regardless of consequences, and leave events with God. For one I do not believe such persons can suppress the truths they have learned, and be guiltless when called to account.

Philadelphia, March 28th, 1884.

A Remarkable Case.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., March 28.—Henry Shaffer, brother of Postmaster Shaffer of Pittsford, lives in an old farm-house four miles from this city. A peddler was murdered near the house twenty years ago. Shaffer has a wife and daughter, the latter thirteen years old. For two years the family say they have been startled at times by strange noises in the house at midnight. Two weeks ago the demonstrations became more emphatic. The old people say they nightly saw a strange object, which appeared after they went to bed. It would remove the bedclothes, and do other unmanly things. The family could not sleep, and it soon got noted about that the house was haunted.

Over forty people visited the house on Thursday night. At 12 o'clock a young man named Mitchell invited the guests to come out. No sooner had he spoken than there was a stampede for the door. Many persons were so scared that they tried to get out of the windows. It seems that all in the room saw the ghost at the same time. There was a great scramble to get out of doors, and in a few seconds the room was cleared.

Mr. Mitchell says that he saw a light that will haunt him as long as he lives. He said, yesterday, "every hair on my head stood up straight up. The ghost was eight feet high and the face was hideous. I verily believe another such sight would turn every hair in my head gray. I never did believe in ghosts till now. It is no common ghost, either, but a giant from the spirit land." Hundreds have departed for the lonely farm-house to-night.







**The Labor Problem, or, Capitalists versus Laborers—A Reply to Geo. W. Webster.**

BY W. WHITWORTH.

As a workman I protest against the assertions, inferences and conclusions presented by this gentleman in his article under the head of "Monopolies, The Working Class, Co-operation," contained in the JOURNAL of March 1st. He is very much of a "Job's comforter." First pointing out the manifold oppressions by which the laborer is weighed down, and asserting that laborers are waging a very unequal contest with capitalists, he arrives at the discouraging conclusion, that there is to be still further increase of the same oppressive and greedy centralization of the money power; and, saddest of all, that it is the fault of the working classes themselves. How? He answers: "In their ignorance, their selfishness, and want of rectitude."

Will any one say there is more of selfishness and lack of rectitude amongst workingmen than is seen in the rich classes? Indeed, is not this very selfish greed of wealth and want of the restraining influence of moral principle the prime means by which monopolizing capitalists achieve success? In common with all those writers who seek to thrust the blame for his ill-paid, degraded position, onto the workman's own shoulders, Mr. Webster follows the old stereotyped story of two men starting out in life on an equal footing, and how the ineffably good one, who was "industrious, temperate and honest," begins his upward climb in school, gets good wages as a workman, saves his money, goes into business and is eminently successful. The other, after the goody-goody Sunday-school type of bad boys, don't want to learn, uses tobacco, strong drink and gambles; falls to the ground through use of tools, and winds up on the highroad to the poor-house. Is it not wonderfully strange that there is never any intermediate stage between the extreme of superlative goodness and success, and that of the drunken loafer in the gutter? I, too, can draw a similar parallel, and which shall have the merit of being drawn true from actual life:

Two shopmates are on an equal footing as to intelligence and skill in workmanship; but one was determined to amass riches, and kept that object steadily in view. He believed in being a monopolist, as it suited the ingrained selfishness of his disposition. He saved every cent he could possibly spare from the most parsimonious way of living, was mean and niggardly to all his surroundings and never let his soul rise above the one plane of money-getting. He loaned money to his shopmates at extortionate interest, and was perpetually on the watch for brothers in a tight pinch, and then drove Shylock bargains for his pound of flesh. In a word, he speculated with every dollar he could hoard, utterly indifferent as to what the distress and cost might be to those he dealt with; and so successful did he become, that he was able to leave the ill-paid, unrespectable role of earning his bread by manual labor, and stepped into the profitable ranks of money-lenders. The moment his boys were old enough to run about, they were placed in stores as cash-boys and his girls permitted to thrust needy sisters out of situations by accepting a less rate of salary as a means of acquiring greater store of extravagant dress and jewelry than he would buy. And he grew rich, becoming a monopolist.

The other shopmate? Well, he had firm belief that usury is a crime, and utterly refused to loan money at interest; but whenever able to aid a suffering fellow, did so freely and without price. Did not believe it was right to speculate in land for a rise, whereby every dollar he might gain for no value rendered return, must be so much robbed from community at large; hence he never thought to invest in gambling gratia operations, or any of the provision-cornering schemes by which the prime necessities of the people are so greatly enhanced in cost beyond legitimate values, any more than he would gamble in lottery tickets or Faro Bank. He took delight in his handicraft, loved books and flowers, and furnished his home with such nice surroundings as every industrious, sober toiler has right to own; and after two-score years, during which he never drew a tippy breath, nor ever lost a day in loading idleness, he is a toiler yet, and now tells Mr. Geo. W. Webster that when he asserts that there is a "large class of temperate, industrious, honest laborers who are rapidly acquiring good homes, and surrounding themselves with luxuries," he states that which is not true.

One of the most discouraging things to an intelligent workman, is this everlasting cant about laborers merely requiring to be temperate, industrious and honest to climb to wealth among the rich monopolists. All he has got to do, according to this slipshod style of reasoning, is to save his wages and go in to business to achieve wealthy success. The trouble with writers of this class, they never seem to stumble onto the fact that the field of business is necessarily limited. If a preponderance of workmen went into saving money and then into business, where under heaven would the buyers, who can alone sustain the business, come from? Is not the terrible fact that we are having from two to three hundred business failures each week, ample proof that getting out of the class of the toilers into that of buying and selling, is vastly overdone? Is not the number of men who have pinched and saved for the purpose of speculative enterprise in the gambling art of getting something for nothing, the chief cause of the oppression that weighs labor down? Then, in the name of all that is just and good, is it well to cast stones on workmen because more of them do not follow this accursed robber system of acquiring wealth? It must be ever borne in mind, if we are to arrive at just conclusions in this labor question, that the great mass of the people must work with their hands, and that the problem of their just rights cannot be solved by showing how they may gamble and cheat their way by speculative trickery into the ranks of rich monopoly. The entire earnings of the nation from every source, is less than a dollar a day for each inhabitant. Is it not clear, then, that each one who monopolizes a thousand dollars a day, must do it at the cost of an equal number who are necessarily robbed of their rightful share? Hence, as the great body of the people must fill the ranks of the laborers, the only rightful question is: How shall this necessary labor be protected from the thieving onslaughts of idle speculators, who acquire the products of industry for nothing of value in return, and the workman be secured in the full measure of all he has honestly earned?

As to the idle talk I have heard all along, on both sides of the Atlantic, during the last fifty years, to the effect, that if all the property was divided to-day it would settle back into the clutches of greedy monopolists to-morrow, I answer, very true. Just so long as class legislation and wrong principles of society permit one-tenth of the people every possible aid in robbery of the other nine-

tenths, inequality of property possession must prevail.

In conclusion, I deny, without fear of successful contradiction, that any workman, by the simple process of honest industry, unaided by fortuitous speculation or other extraneous help, can enter business with assurance of success. Every line of profit is now so completely held within the greedy clutch of corporate monopoly, that instead of honorable opening for the man of small means to gain foothold above every-day toil, vast numbers of those already established in business are, every week, being mercilessly trampled down to hopeless ruin. Even if a workman goes out to a life of privation and suffering in the far western territories, it is little better, for the small increase of wages is swallowed up in higher cost of living. And should he speculate in land or money, he simply becomes one more of the horde of monopoly teeches who confiscate five-eighths of the laborer's earnings to their greedy share, and thus crush labor to the gutter.

Cleveland, Ohio.

**Truth Needs No Defense.**

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I quote from your able, and to me, very interesting leader of Feb. 2nd. Perhaps I appreciate the more keenly what you say, because I have suffered so much from the "Christian Spiritualists," and also from a class both over-credulous and under-educated. I practiced law for many years, and had my mind trained to the science of weighing testimony. Then for several years I was the chief editor of different journals, among them the *Spiritual Age*, which was started by Prof. Brittan, and finally, for seventeen years, have been devoted to the study and practice of science, philosophy and history. I speak of these things because I am continually snubbed and sneered at by persons claiming to be "impressionable," and therefore better informed than I am, even though entirely uneducated. The same with professed Christians, who assert that they are enlightened by the Holy Ghost (whatever that may be), and therefore know what the bible means, although unable to read.

You are right; truth needs no defense; no apology. When I tell the Christian that the Holy Ghost fails to enlighten him about a fraudulent preacher, who practices villainy for years, yet all the time great revivals attend his preaching, the Spiritualists applaud and declare my criticism unanswerable. But when I tell the Spiritualists that Swedenborg did not say a word about Uranus and Neptune (not then discovered), but tells of visits to all the other planets; that none of the mediums could tell a word about the moons of Mars, until the astronomers discovered them, and that although the spirits can read our thoughts, and tell what is happening in Europe at the very moment, still not one of them can tell the fate of Charlie Ross, nor could they find the body of A. T. Stewart; then the Spiritualists look daggers at me and the Christians applaud. The fact is, both dread the truth. Both are delighted if I offer a criticism that can be answered, but both are vexed if it is unanswerable.

Now, I am a Spiritualist, because, notwithstanding my periods of doubt, I have often witnessed phenomena that I cannot explain in a logical way, upon any other hypothesis than the spiritual. Emotionally, I am an enthusiastic Spiritualist; but emotions are poor witnesses for proving scientific facts, else Christianity could be established beyond all questions. Emotionally, I like to think that Christ was an entity, but when I consult reason, the thought vanishes in a moment.

Spiritualists are altogether too credulous and too emotional. Cold logic is as offensive to them as atheism to a deist. These are the people who encourage counterfeit manifestations. They are anxious for a manifestation, and then emotion and credulity do the rest. To a Christian, a logical criticism is blasphemy, and would be punished as a protection to "sacred truth," if Christians only had the power. A logical criticism to a credulous Spiritualist is too often treated as an insult, and answered with hard words. I occasionally hear a non-scientific, but very jealous Spiritualist, declare that "Col. Bundy is a scoundrel! The enemy of Spiritualism, and probably a Catholic, if not a Jesuit." Why? "Because he is the enemy of the poor mediums." I never talk back on such occasions, for persons who take such a position are either wicked and intentional falsifiers, or of very feeble intellect. In either case, to waste argument upon them, would be casting pearls before swine.

For my part, I am always glad to have candid criticism, even of the severest kind, for if my doctrine will not bear the test, it cannot be the truth; and surely I have no desire to defend error; but when people attack me personally, instead of my doctrine, and charge that I am actuated by corrupt motives, jealousy, meanness, or that I am influenced by mercenary motives, then I think they have no logical reasons to urge, and I am thereby strengthened in my convictions.

Thus, I am an astrologer. This is, and has been, the bane of my life. Nine out of ten among the scientific, think me either a knave, a crank, or that there is a soft place somewhere in my head. Hence, I am unable to obtain any respectable position, or office, proportionate to my abilities. No one attempts to refute astrology, any more than the pope and cardinals attempted to refute the doctrines of Galileo, because it is easier to abuse the man than to answer the scientist. Thus it is with those who abuse Col. Bundy for his opposition to fraudulent mediums and free lust under the name of "free love," for these unclean birds have stolen the livery of heaven in which to serve the devil, as Shakespeare would say. If truth were on their side, they would have no occasion for getting angry or calling hard names.

Truth needs no protection. If it cannot stand on its own merits, how can it stand at all? Falseness may be propped up, and made to stand for a time, with abuse, slander and misrepresentation, but must go to the wall in the end.

By the way, I was greatly pleased to find Gerald Massey occupying the same ground as myself, regarding Jesus Christ. Wonder if Bro. Coleman will attack him and belittle his intelligence, as he attacked me? Bro. Massey also takes the astro-theological view of Jesus, the same as I have for nearly twenty years. But I am sorrowful, even in the midst of my rejoicing, for in all probability Bro. Massey has never investigated the science of astrology, and would "stand in" with Bro. Coleman on that issue. Poor me! always alone, no certain home anywhere. I am too much of a Spiritualist for the Indians to be perfectly happy with me; too much of an infidel for the Spiritualists; too much of both for Christians to like me, while all classes and creeds unite against me as an astrologer. Well, well! should I be fortunate enough to get to the Summer-land, I think all will then understand that truth has been my sole aim.

Portland, Oregon. W. H. CHANEY.

**Sermons—Prof. Swing and Dr. Thomas.**

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Among the world's progressive preachers, are Prof. Swing and Dr. Thomas, of Chicago. Both these men say and do things which are worthy of all acceptance; worthy, because, like Shakespeare's "touch of nature," they "make the whole world kin." The sermons of the former of these two men, I have particularly noted during the past few months. As the beautiful sea-anemone seems to be a connecting link between the vegetable and the animal kingdoms, so Prof. Swing's sermons are a connecting link between the old theology and the coming religion. When he discourses on the old theological topics, the bonds which authority has fastened on him, are plainly visible. This is seen in his sermons on "Faith," on "The Unchurched Multitude," and the like. But when he talks about the live subjects of the day, he is unfettered by authority and reaches his grandest strain, as in his sermon on "Man a Cumulative Being." This sermon might well be pondered by all Spiritualists and by all persons who are earnestly striving to culture themselves for the benefit of others. Speaking of the word "duty," he says:

"The word duty is a broad, magnificent word. But should the old church, Catholic or Protestant, define it for us, it might not contain all or many of the elements of success; for, by duty, they often implied some special task for Church or State, or a mere keeping of the ten commandments. No age can give a definition broader than itself. Doing one's duty depends chiefly upon the definition of terms. Some of the saints so did their duty that they starved to death. Others have given all to the poor, and have lived for only the next world, as though such a form of being and doing was ordered by the Almighty. But science, experiment, reflection and wisdom have come, and the definitions of terms given by the twelfth or fifteenth century are no longer adequate."

These are good words. But again he says: "Man's duty to himself is almost measureless. This does not involve selfishness, for selfishness is a care for self, which injures your neighbor. But when a man makes himself wise and learned, and kind and social, he blesses his neighbors just as sunshine blesses us in January or June. Often the greatest kindness one can do the world is to care well for self. What an infinite good to society, had all those now in prison for high crimes, taken a broad and faithful care of self and made their childhood open out into the great fields of honor! What the present asks is the deepest solicitude of each heart over itself, because a high state of society means nothing except an exalted condition of the individual. All lawful care of self is therefore a public benefaction."

These are the words of a strong individualism. They are not the authority of institutionalism. They bring every age and every man to the judgment bar of his own reason.

But Mr. Swing's words on "Faith" savor somewhat of the creeds, while those on "The Unchurched Multitude," savor much thereof. We realize the importance of faith, but would found it on knowledge and reason, rather than on ignorance and authority. There is a vast difference, in kind, between the enlightened faith of the Spiritualist, that earnest culture and loving and wise deeds in the next world, will develop one out of the low condition of selfishness and sin; and the blind faith of the devotee that, for a stipend, the prayers of the priest will deliver a suffering soul from purgatory. So the Spiritualist's faith, in the unerring operation of the laws of cause and effect, is very different from the orthodox Christian's faith, that the blood of Jesus will supernaturally wash away the effect which a cause produces. Such is this unreasoning, rather unreasonable faith, we find in Prof. Swing's sermon on Faith. And its concluding words, I think, contain something of this:

"Wisdom, riches, liberty, arts, culture, have come, but life, public and private, will be full of failure and bitterness until I shall confess and feel the existence and universal presence of God." "The existence and universal presence of God," very fortunately, whether the public "confess" and "feel" it or not. As opposed to these last words of Mr. Swing's sermon, I think the following from Huxley contains the more truth, if not the better faith:

"When our knowledge becomes greater, and our obedience the expression of our knowledge, present evils will disappear." In the sermon on "The Unchurched Multitude," while saying good things in behalf of the culture of a true spirituality, he assumes too much when he asserts that in some church alone is such culture to be obtained. He likewise forgets that, in the estimation of all Catholics and many Protestants, those who frequent the Central Church, together with their preacher, belong to the great "Unchurched Multitude."

It is too much to suppose that spirituality is attained by attending church. One of the most formidable objections to the churches of our time is that they becloud spirituality. The unbending negation of reason by a blind adherence to dogma, the great importance attached to form and ceremony, and the idea that church membership alone confers popularity in this world and renders a seat in Paradise secure for the little sect, combine rather to crush than to culture spirituality.

At Quincy, Ill., the writer once met a German lady who had walked five miles through the mud and slush of spring roads, and the cold drizzle of a north-east spring rain, to attend divine service in the Catholic Church. Looking into her coarse features, the anomaly there depicted betrayed anything but spirituality. Choose any one of the multitude of laborers who frequent Chicago's parks on Sunday, and a comparison of the person would not suffer by a comparison of spirituality with this punctilious church-goer.

No! Prof. Swing, it is not lack of fine rain-matter which is constantly diminishing the number of church-goers, nor is it lack of hunger for or appreciation of spiritual things. The trouble is that the food which satisfied a bygone age is no longer adapted to the wants of man. The increased intellectual quality (need I say spirituality?) of the masses in our time, demands richer and fresher viands than are found in the musty garners of the church. The old inspirations are seen to be faulty. The new, while they lay no claim to perfection, are yet in accord with the spirit of the age. They are supplying its deepest want. Man's whole nature—affectional, intellectual and wisdom—is fed by them, and when free from the bonds of fear, eagerly partakes of that which brings joy and growth. Even the life now in the evangelical churches is due to the leaven which, in spite of protest, the higher Spiritualism of our time has silently infused.

Let us, then, my brother, instead of finding fault with the multitude, because they do not willingly "gape and swallow" the broth we may stir for them, remember that man's nature is indefeasibly divine, and so set wisely in search of an aliment which shall

supply and help develop his ever-growing spiritual wants.

The sermon of our talented brother recently published in the JOURNAL, shows receptivity to all truth and progress in the right direction. May he continue till he becomes not only a follower of the "Higher Spiritualism," but an assistant in aiding even the noblest of our race to the attainment of a divine spirituality!

Neenah, Wis. C. W. COOK.

**The 36th Anniversary in Milwaukee, Wis.**

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

If the 36th anniversary was celebrated everywhere with as much enthusiasm as it was in Milwaukee, then I do not think we can complain that our cause is losing ground. The celebration was held in the Rehearsal Hall of the Academy of Music, the seating capacity of which is about 300. The Hall was beautifully decorated with a profusion of calla lilies and other rare flowers, and with illuminated mottoes. The music, by a quartette of good singers, was fine. The celebration commenced on the evening of Saturday the 29th ult., with a lecture from the Rev. M. Foster of Idaho, an ex-Baptist minister, who has become liberal in his views. It was said to be very good, but as I was unable to attend, I cannot give you the subject. The attendance was good also.

The Sunday morning conference was well attended, and was opened with a short and very appropriate lecture by Mrs. Spencer, who was followed by a number of persons who expressed their opinions upon spiritual subjects, with great animation and much difference of opinion, but with perfect harmony. In answer to the charge that Spiritualists did not have the Bible at their meetings, Judge Holbrook fairly electrified the audience by producing a very small New Testament from his pocket, and calling attention to the fact that one Spiritualist, at least, did not ignore the holy book. As no one had ever suspected the Judge of carrying that kind of pocket companion, it was received with great applause. The conference closed after a sitting of over two hours, with a poem from Judge Holbrook, and a poetic benediction from Mrs. Spencer.

In the afternoon the Judge gave a discourse upon the rise and progress of modern Spiritualism. I was unable to attend, but the many who heard him pronounced it a logical discourse, full of thought and feeling, and delivered in an impressive and earnest manner. At the close of the Judge's remarks, Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter gave readings from gloves or handkerchiefs, which were said to have been recognized in every instance.

In the evening the hall was filled to overflowing with an earnest and intelligent audience. My guides gave the lecture on this subject: "What has Spiritualism done for the world?" Whatever may have been its intrinsic merit, it was received with much enthusiasm. Mrs. Porter again gave readings, which were acknowledged as correct in every instance, and those of us who knew her father cannot doubt that his mantle has fallen upon her shoulders.

In conclusion I cannot say enough in praise of the energy and perseverance that Mr. and Mrs. Spencer have shown in their work here. From chaos they have evolved harmony and order, and the people who flocked to this celebration from all parts of the country, will bear testimony to the fact that it would have done credit to the oldest spiritual societies in the United States. By request, I remain to lecture here next Sunday, April 6th.

OPHELIA T. SHEPARD.

**An Explanation from Gerald Massey.**

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

"As you have closed the 'discussion,' I will not seek to re-open it, but I must appeal to your sense of fair play for the insertion of a last word of explanation and correction in one or two matters of fact. My book does not say that both versions of the 'Toledoth Jehoshua' relate that the Queen of Jannanum showed favor to Jehoshua. It says: 'The traditions relate'; and the two books were only included amongst the general traditions. Consequently Mr. Coleman's 'sorrow' is quite uncalled for. Also, any fool, as the saying is, might have known that the name of Techieh was a literal printer's error for Jehiel. Nor do I practice knavery or intend any trickery in employing the form of 'Jehoshua' for the name of Ben-Pandira, the pupil of Perachia, who lived in the time of King Jannanum. I use it all through for the sake of showing more distinctly that I mean the historical Jehoshua, and not the mythical Jesus who often lurks under the form of *Jeahu* in the post-Christian period. I make no pretense or claim to be profoundly versed in the Talmud; my work underlies all that, but I read sufficient Hebrew to verify any quotation I may need, and can thus make it my own. Beside which, an able Hebraist has worked the Talmud for years on my behalf. Mr. Coleman adduces little or nothing that is new to me, except two errors of reference. No post-Christian traditions can alter the fact that the matter of our Gospels is probably mythical, and demonstrably Egyptian; nor that Jehoshua ben Pandira, as the pupil of Perachia, was a pre-Christian person."

GERALD MASSEY.

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VOL. XXXVI.

CHICAGO, APRIL 19, 1884.

No. 8

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies, or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion; and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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## OLD LADY MARY.

A story of the Seen and the Unseen.

[Blackwood's Magazine.]

She was very old, and therefore it was very hard for her to make up her mind to die.

I am aware that this is not at all the general view, but that it is believed, as old age must be near death, that it prepares the soul for that inevitable event. It is not so, however, in many cases. In youth we are still so near the unseen out of which we came, that death is rather pathetic than tragic—a thing that touches all hearts, but to which, in many cases, the young hero accommodates himself sweetly and courageously. And amid the storms and burdens of middle life there are many times when we would fain push open the door that stands ajar, and behold what there is ease for all our pains, or at least rest, if nothing more. But age, which has gone through both these phases, is apt, out of long custom and habit, to regard the matter from a different view. All things that are violent have passed out of its life—no more strong emotions, such as read the heart—no great labors, bringing after them the weariness which is unto death, but the calm of an existence which is enough for its needs, which affords the moderate amount of comfort and pleasure for which its being is now adapted, and of which there seems no reason that there should ever be any end. To passion, to joy, to anguish, an end must come; but mere gentle living, determined by a framework of gentle rules and habits—why should that ever be ended? When a soul has got to this retirement and is content in it, it becomes very hard to die; hard to accept the necessity of dying, and to accustom one's self to the idea, and still harder to consent to carry it out.

The woman who is the subject of the following narrative was in this position. She had lived through almost everything that is to be found in life. She had been beautiful in her youth, and had enjoyed all the triumphs of beauty; had been intoxicated with flattery, and triumphant in conquest, and mad with jealousy and the bitterness of defeat when it became evident that her day was over. She had never been a bad woman, or false, or unkind; but she had thrown herself with all her heart into the different stages of being, and had suffered as much as she enjoyed, according to the unfailing usage of life. Many a day during these storms and victories, when things went against her, when delights did not satisfy her, she had thrown out a cry into the wide air of the universe and wished to die. And then she had come to the higher tableland of life, and had borne all the spite of fortune—had been poor and rich, and happy and sorrowful; had lost and won a hundred times over; had sat at feasts and kneeled by death-beds, and followed her best-beloved to the grave, often, often crying out to God above to liberate her, to make an end of her anguish, for that her strength was exhausted and she could bear no more. But she had borne it and lived through all—and now had arrived at a time when all strong sensations are over, when the soul is no longer either triumphant or miserable, and when life itself, and comfort, and ease, and the warmth of the sun, and of the breeze, and the mild beauty of hours were enough for her, and she required no more. That is, she required very little more—a useful routine of hours and rules, a play of reflected emotion, a pleasant exercise of faculty, making her feel herself still capable of the best things in life—of interest in her fellow-creatures, kindness to them, and a little gentle intellectual occupation, with books and men around. She had not forgotten anything in her life—not the excitements

and delights of her beauty, nor love, nor grief, nor the higher levels she had touched in her day. She did not forget the dark day when her first-born was laid in the grave, nor that triumphant and brilliant climax of her life when everyone pointed to her as the mother of a hero. All these things were like pictures hung in the secret chambers of her mind, to which she could go back in silent moments, in the twilight seated by the fire, or in the balmy afternoon, when languor and sweet thoughts are over the world. Sometimes at such moments there would be heard from her a faint sob, called forth, it was quite as likely, by the recollections of the triumph as by that of the death-bed. With these pictures to go back upon at her will she was never dull, but saw herself moving through the various scenes of her life with a continual sympathy, feeling for herself in all her troubles—sometimes approving, sometimes judging that woman who had been so pretty, so happy, so miserable, and had gone through everything that life can go through. How much that is, looking back upon it, passages so hard that the wonder was how she could survive them—pangs so terrible that the heart would seem at its last gasp, but yet would revive and go on.

Besides these, however, she had many mild pleasures. She had a pretty house full of things which formed a graceful entourage, suitable, as she felt, for such a woman as she was, and in which she took pleasure for their own beauty—soft chairs and couches, a fireplace and lights which were the perfection of tempered warmth and illumination. She had a carriage, very comfortable and easy, in which, when the weather was suitable, she went out; and a pretty garden and lawns, in which, when she preferred staying at home, she could have her little walk or sit under the trees. She had books in plenty, and all the newspapers; everything that was needful to keep her within the reflection of the busy life which she no longer cared to encounter in her own person. The post rarely brought her painful letters; for all those who were interested in her, which bring pain had died out, and the sorrows of others, when they were communicated to her, gave her a luxurious sense of sympathy, yet exemption. She was sorry for them, but such catastrophes could touch her no more; and often she had pleasant letters, which afforded her something to talk and think about, and discuss as if it concerned her—and yet did not concern her—business which could not hurt her if it failed, which would please her if it succeeded. Her letters, her papers, her books, each coming at its appointed hour, were all instruments of pleasure. She came down-stairs at a certain hour, which she kept to as if it had been of the utmost importance, although it was of no importance at all; she took just so much good wine, so many cups of tea. Her repasts were as regular as clockwork—never too late, never too early. Her whole life went on velvet, rolling smoothly along, without jar or interruption, blameless, pleasant, kind. People talked of her old age as a model of old age, with no bitterness or sourness in it. And, indeed, why should she have been sour or bitter? It suited her far better to be kind. She was in reality kind to everybody, liking to see pleasant faces about her. The poor had no reason to complain of her; her servants were very comfortable; and the one person in her house who was nearer to her own level, who was her companion and most important minister, was very comfortable too.

This was a young woman about twenty, a very distant relation, with "no claim," everybody said, upon her kind mistress and friend—the daughter of a distant cousin. How very few think anything at all of such a tie! But Lady Mary had taken her young namesake when she was a child, and she had grown up as it were at her godmother's footstool. In the conviction that the measured existence of the old was the rule of life, and that her own trifling personality counted for nothing, or next to nothing, in its steady progress. Her name was Mary, too—always called "little Mary" as having once been little, and not yet very much in the matter of size. She was one of the pleasantest things to look at of all the pretty things in Lady Mary's rooms, and she had the most sheltered, peaceful, and pleasant life that could be conceived. The only little thorn in her pillow was, that whereas in the novels, of which she read a great many, the heroines all go and pay visits and have adventures, she had none, but lived constantly at home. There was something much more serious in her life, had she known, which was that she had nothing, and no power of doing anything for herself; that she had all her life been accustomed to a modest luxury which would make poverty very hard to her; and that Lady Mary was over-eighty, and had made no will. If she did not make any will, her property would all go to her grandson, who was so rich already that her fortune would be as a drop in the ocean to him; or to some great-grandchildren of whom she knew very little—the descendants of a daughter long ago dead who had married an Austrian, and who were therefore foreigners both in birth and name. That she should provide for little Mary was therefore a thing which nature demanded, and which would hurt nobody, she had said so often; but she deferred the doing of it as a thing for which there was "no hurry." For why should she die? There seemed no reason or need for it. So long as she lived, nothing could be more sure, more happy and serene, than little Mary's life; and why should she die? She did not perhaps put this into words; but in the meaning of her smile, and the manner in which she put aside every suggestion

about the chances of the hereafter away from her, said it more clearly than words. It was not that she had any superstitious fear about the making of a will. When the doctor or the vicar or her man of business, the only persons who ever talked to her on the subject ventured periodically to refer to it, she assented pleasantly—Yes, certainly, she must do it—some time or other.

"It is a very simple thing to do," the lawyer said. "I will save you all trouble; nothing but your signature will be wanted—and that you give every day."

"Oh, I should think nothing of the trouble!" she said.

"And it would liberate your mind from all care, and leave you free to think of things more important still," said the clergyman.

"I think I am very free from care," she replied.

Then the doctor added, bluntly, "And you will not die an hour the sooner for having made your will."

"Die!" said Lady Mary, surprised. And then she added, with a smile, "I hope you don't think so little of me as to believe I would be kept back by that?"

These gentlemen all consulted together in despair, and asked each other what should be done. They thought her an egotist—a cold-hearted old woman, holding at arm's-length any idea of the inevitable. And so she died; but not because she was cold-hearted—because she was so accustomed to hearing, and had survived so many calamities, and gone on so long, so long; and because everything was so comfortably arranged about her—all her little habits so firmly established, as if nothing could interfere with them. To think of the day arriving which should begin with some other formula than that of her maid's entrance, drawing aside the curtains, lighting the cheerful fire, bringing her a report of the weather; and then the little tray, resplendent with snowy linen and shining silver and china, with its bouquet of violets or a rose in the season, the newspaper carefully dried and cut, the letters—every detail was so perfect, so unchanging, regular as the morning. It seemed impossible that it should come to an end. And then when she came down-stairs, there were all the little articles upon her table always ready to her hand; a certain number of things to do, each at the appointed hour; the slender refreshments it was necessary for her to take, in which there was a little exquisite variety—but never any change in the fact that at eleven and at three and so forth something had to be taken. Had a woman wanted to abandon the peaceful life which was thus supported and carried on, the very framework itself would have resisted. It was impossible (almost) to contemplate the idea that at a given moment the whole machinery must stop. She was neither without heart nor without religion, but on the contrary a good woman, to whom many gentle thoughts had been given at various portions of her career. But the occasion seemed to have passed for that as well as other kinds of emotion. The mere fact of living was enough for her. The little exertion which it was well she was required to make produced a pleasant weariness. It was a duty much enforced upon her by all around her, that she should do nothing which would exhaust or fatigue. "I don't want you to think," even the doctor would say; "you have done enough of thinking in your time." And this she accepted with great composure of spirit. She had thought and felt and done much in her day; but now everything of the kind was over. There was no need for her to fatigue herself; and day followed day, all warm and sheltered and pleasant. People died, it is true, now and then out of doors; but they were mostly young people, whose death might have been prevented had proper care been taken—who were seized with violent maladies, or caught sudden infections, or were cut down by accident—all which things seemed natural. Her own contemporaries were very few, and they were like herself—living on in something of the same way. At eighty-five all people under seventy are young, and one's contemporaries are very few.

Nevertheless these men did disturb her a little about her will. She had made more than one will in the former days during her active life; but all those to whom she had bequeathed her possessions were dead. She had survived them all, and inherited from many of them, which had been a hard thing in its time. One day the lawyer had been more than ordinarily pressing. He had told her stories of men who had died intestate, and left trouble and penury behind them to those whom they would have most wished to preserve from all trouble. It would not have become Mr. Furnival to say brutally to Lady Mary—"This is how you will leave your godchild when you die." But he told her story after story, many of them piteous enough.

"People think it is so troublesome a business," he said, "when it is nothing at all—the most easy matter in the world. We are getting so much less particular nowadays about formalities. So long as the testator's intentions are made quite apparent—that is the chief matter, and a very bad thing for us lawyers."

"I dare say," said Lady Mary, "it is unpleasant for a man to think of himself as the testator." It is a very abstract title, when you come to think of it.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Furnival, who had no sense of humor.

"But if this great business is so very simple," she went on, "one could do it, no doubt, for one's self."

"Many people do—but it is never advisable," said the lawyer. "You will say it is

natural for me to tell you that. When they do, it should be as simple as possible. I give all my real property, or my personal property or my shares in so-and-so, or my jewels, or so forth, to—whichever it may be. The fewer the words the better, so that nobody may be able to read between the lines, you know; and the signature attested by two witnesses; but they must not be witnesses that have any interest—that is, that have anything left to them by the document they witness." Lady Mary put up her hand defensively with a laugh. It was still a most delicate hand, like ivory, a little yellowed with age, but fine; the veins standing out a little upon it, the finger-tips still pink. "You speak," she said, "as if you expected me to take the law in my own hands. No, no, my old friend; never fear, you shall have the doing of it."

"Whenever you please, my dear lady—whenever you please. Such a thing cannot be done an hour too soon. Shall I take your instructions now?"

Lady Mary laughed, and said, "You were always a keen man for business. I remember your father used to say, Robert would never neglect an opening."

"No," he said, with a peculiar look. "I have always looked after my six-and-eight-pence; and in that case it is true the pounds take care of themselves."

"Very good care," said Lady Mary; and then she bade her young companion bring that book she had been reading, where there was something she wanted to show Mr. Furnival. "It is only a case in a novel—but I am sure it is bad law; give me your opinion," she said.

He was obliged to be civil, very civil. Nobody is rude to the Lady Marys of life; and besides, she was old enough to have an additional right to every courtesy. But while he sat over the novel, and tried with unnecessary vehemence to make her see what very bad law it was, and glanced from her smiling attention to the innocent sweetness of the girl beside her, who was her loving attendant, the good man's heart was sore. He said many hard things of her in his own mind as he went away.

"She will die," he said bitterly. "She will go off in a moment when nobody is looking for it, and that poor child will be left destitute."

It was all he could do not to go back and take her by her fragile old shoulders and force her to sign and seal at once. But then he knew very well that as soon as he found himself in her presence, he would of necessity be obliged to subdue his impatience, and be once more civil, very civil, and try to suggest and insinuate the duty which he dared not force upon her. And it was very clear that till she pleased she would take no hint. He supposed it must be that strange reluctance to part with their power which is said to be common to old people, or else that horror of death, and determination to keep it at arm's length, which is also common. Thus he did as spectators are so apt to do, he forced a meaning and motive into what had no motive at all, and imagined Lady Mary, the kindest of women, to be of purpose and intention, risking the future of the girl whom she had brought up, and whom she loved—not with passion, indeed, or anxiety; but with tender benevolence; a theory which was as false as anything could be.

That evening in her room, Lady Mary, in a very cheerful mood, sat by a little bright, unnecessary fire, with her writing-book before her, waiting till she should be sleepy. It was the only point in which she was a little hard upon her maid, who in every other respect was the best-treated of servants. Lady Mary, as it happened, had often no inclination for bed till the night was far advanced. She slept little, as is common enough at her age. She was in her warm, wadded dressing-gown, an article in which she still showed certain traces (which were indeed visible in all she wore) of her ancient beauty, with her white hair becomingly arranged under a cap of cambric and lace. At the last moment, when she had been ready to step into bed, she had changed her mind, and told Jervis that she would write a letter or two first. And she had written her letters, but still felt no inclination to sleep. Then there fluttered across her memory somehow the conversation she had held with Mr. Furnival in the morning. It would be amusing, she thought, to cheat him out of some of those six-and-eight-pences he pretended to think so much of. It would be still more amusing, next time the subject of her will was recurring, to give him a little slip with her fan, and say, "Oh, that is all settled, months ago." She laughed to herself at this, and took out a fresh sheet of paper. It was a little jest that pleased her.

"Do you think there is any one up yet, Jervis, except you and me?" she said to the maid. Jervis hesitated a little, and then said that she believed Mr. Brown had not gone to bed yet; for he had been going over the cellar, and was making up his accounts. Jervis was so explanatory that her mistress divined what was meant. "I suppose I have been spoiling sport, keeping you here," she said, good-humoredly; for it was well-known that Miss Jervis and Mr. Brown were engaged, and that they were only waiting (everybody knew but Lady Mary, who never suspected it) the death of their mistress to set up a lodging-house in Jersey Street, where they fully intended to make their fortune.

"Then go," Lady Mary said, "and call Brown. I have a little business paper to write, and you must both witness my signature."

She laughed to herself a little as she said this, thinking how she would steel a march on

Mr. Furnival. "I give and bequeath," she said to herself playfully, after Jervis had hurried away. She fully intended to leave both of these good servants something, but then she recollected that people who are interested in a will cannot sign as witnesses. "What does it matter?" she said to herself gayly; "if it should ever be wanted, Mary would see to that." Accordingly she dashed off in her pretty old-fashioned handwriting, which was very angular and pointed, as was the fashion in her day, and still very clear, though slightly tremulous, a few lines, in which, remembering playfully Mr. Furnival's recommendation of "few words," she left to little Mary all she possessed, adding, by the prompting of that recollection about the witnesses, "She will take care of the servants." It filled one side only of the large sheet of note paper, which was what Lady Mary habitually used. Brown, introduced timidly by Jervis, and a little overawed by the solemnity of the bedchamber, came in and solemnly signed his large signature after the spidery lines of his mistress. She had folded down the paper, so that neither saw what it was.

"Now I will go to bed," Lady Mary said, when Brown had left the room. "And Jervis, you must go to bed too."

"Yes, my lady," said Jervis.

"I don't approve of courtship at this hour."

"No, my lady," Jervis replied, deprecating and disappointed.

"Why cannot he tell his tale in daylight?" "Oh, my lady, there's no tale to tell," cried the maid. "We are not of the gossiping sort, my lady, neither me nor Mr. Brown." Lady Mary laughed, and watched while the candles were put out; the fire made a pleasant flicker in the room—it was autumn and still warm, and it was "for company" and cheerfulness that the little fire was lit; she liked to see it dancing and flickering upon the walls—and then closed her eyes amid an exquisite softness of comfort and luxury. Life itself bearing her up as softly, filling up all crevices as warmly, as the downy pillow upon which she rested her still beautiful old head.

If she had died that night! The little sheet of paper that meant so much lay openly, innocently, in her writing-book, along with the letters she had written, and looking of as little importance as they. There was nobody in the world who grudged old Lady Mary one of those pretty placid days of hers.

Brown and Jervis, if they were sometimes a little impatient, consoled each other that they were both sure of something in her will, and that in the meantime it was a very good place. And all the rest would have been very well content that Lady Mary should live forever. But how wonderfully it would have simplified everything, and how much trouble and pain it would have saved to everybody, herself included, could she have died that night!

But naturally there was no question of dying on that night. When she was about to go down-stairs next day, Lady Mary, giving her letters to be posted, saw the paper which she had forgotten lying beside them. She had forgotten all about it, but the sight of it made her smile. She folded it up and put it in an envelope, while Jervis went down-stairs with the letters; and then, to carry out her joke, she looked round her to see where she would put it. There was an old Italian cabinet in the room with a secret drawer, which it was a little difficult to open, almost impossible for anyone who did not know the secret. Lady Mary looked round her, smiled, hesitated a little, and then walked across the room and put the envelope in the secret drawer. She was still fumbling with it when Jervis came back, but there was no connection in Jervis's mind then, or ever after, between the paper she had signed and this old cabinet, which was one of the old lady's toys. She arranged Lady Mary's shawl, which had dropped off her shoulders a little in her unusual activity, and took up her book and her favorite cushion, and all her little paraphernalia that moved with her and gave her lady her arm to go down-stairs; where little Mary had placed her chair just at the right angle, and arranged the little table, on which there were so many little necessities and conveniences, and was standing smiling, the prettiest object of all, the climax of the gentle luxury and pleasantness, to receive her godmother, who had been her providence all her life.

But what a pity! oh, what a pity, that she had not died that night!

## II.

Life went on after this without any change. There was never any change in that delightful house; and if it was years or months, or even days, the youngest of its inhabitants could scarcely tell, and Lady Mary could not tell at all. This was one of her little imperfections—a little mist which hung like the lace about her head over her memory. She could not remember how time went, or that there was any difference between one day and another. There were Sundays, it was true, which made a kind of gentle measure of the progress of time, but she said, with a smile, that she thought it was always Sunday—they came so close upon each other. And time flew on gentle wings, that made no sound and left no reminders. She had her little ailments like anybody, but in reality less than anybody, seeing there was nothing to fret her, nothing to disturb the even tenor of her days. Still there were times when she took a little cold, or got a chill, in spite of all precautions, as she went from

Continued on Next Page.



# For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## PASSING EVENTS.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Heart disease appears to be an increasing malady, and is the more terrible from the suddenness of its stroke. Two singular deaths from this cause have been recently recorded. A lady at Ann Arbor, at a meeting in the church, while kneeling in prayer, fell forward and died on the spot. At Belfontaine, a man while digging a grave, expired in the excavation. According to the theory of special providence, it is the blasphemous sinners and infidels who die suddenly, and the pious church goers and good little children who escape. But the past year has furnished damaging record against that theory, for churches have suffered most from flood, winds and lightning. In one instance a church was demolished by a cyclone, and a groggery by its side was left unharmed. A good woman on her knees in prayer, had a dozen sinners in the same church go home unscathed. If the people who speculate about "providence," and believe, or pretend to believe, in what they know nothing about, would pause to think, they would understand that the course of things is inevitable, and a high church with a tall steeple is more in the way of the wind than a less ambitious building, and also more exposed to lightning, and providence is neither a wind-break nor a lightning rod. A diseased heart is just as liable to cease its beating during a prayer as at any other time.

### FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.

There is a story told of a little girl who was left alone with her nurse one evening, and being wakened, annoyed her guardian. "Yer'd better git ter sleep quick!" commanded the nurse. "I don't want to," replied the child. "Yer don't. Den I's gwine out an' call in the black devil with big sharp horns and a long tail. When he finds yer awake, he'll bite yer head right off, or mabeer carry yer off to the hot place. Nothin' could suit him better. He cotched a little girl just 'tother day, and no body has heard of her sense."

The child covered her head with the coverlet, scarcely daring to breathe; she was so still the nurse thought her asleep. Her wakefulness presaged a fever, which was heightened by her fright, and the morning found her delirious, and rapidly the end approached, and in a paroxysm of fear, calling on her father and mother to keep her, she died. A glory came to her pale face, with the sweetness of a flower, and in tears they mourned her loss.

As I read the story I thought how much the world has been treated like this child! The results of the treatment, however, differ, for the world survived, and is rapidly outgrowing the terrible fright it received. Our ancestors were as credulous as children, and believed the voice of the priest to be the voice of God. If they did not believe and act as the priest commanded, they were threatened with the devil, a monster roaming up and down the earth, seeking whom he might devour, and a hell of molten fire, wherein, if sinful, they would burn forever and ever. They were frightened into a delirious fever, the symptoms of which began to appear in the times of Constantine, and gave little indication of breaking until the latter day of the seventeenth century. The fever from this delirious lasted fifteen hundred years, during which long period humanity, tortured by delirious dreams, cried for the pure waters of truth, and received thereof the narcotizing draughts of history.

### "BEYOND THE GATES."

The immense popularity achieved by such works as "The Little Pilgrim" and "Beyond the Gates," shows the intense thirst of the masses for spiritual light. In reading these books the Spiritualist is at a loss to know why the facts and philosophy which he accepts are passed by for these dreams wherein the truth is warped and distorted by dogmatic religious prejudices, until scarcely discernible. Is it because in the fundamental ideas of Spiritualism can be accepted without open acknowledgment? There is a daintiness of language in the "Little Pilgrim," exceeding charming, and the supernatural scenes are drawn with wonderful truthfulness. "Beyond the Gates" is only an imitation, and at times the ridiculous and sublime are brought close together. Instead of closing the book, as one does the former with the feeling that it may be all true, and that it is blessed if true, there comes disappointment, if not disgust. The author demystifies her cloud-castle. It is only a fever-dream of a diseased mind! There is no room for doubt, as to the reality for this is the end. To the Spiritualist a more clumsy travesty never was written, and to the weary mourner seeking for a staff to lean in the hour of affliction, nothing can be more unsubstantial or unsatisfying. The observations that the author had written the book before seeing "The Little Pilgrim," to the critic will need a large amount of collateral evidence. It is clearly the outgrowth of that work, every way inferior, and having the effect of destroying any light and comfort one may gain from its perusal.

### THE NEW CREED.

The orthodox Congregationalists have, under the pressure of growing humanity, revised their creed. It is not such a revision as Spiritualists would demand, but considering where Calvin and Jonathan Edwards left them, it is a wonderful advance. What is more, it is not the revision of the advanced leaders, like Beecher, but a sort of compromise, and like all compromises, it indicates the unrest of the sect and the disintegration of growth, which will rapidly carry the compromisers forward to still more advanced grounds. That it has good qualities, is indicated by Joseph Cook not liking it. He smarts, like a war horse, because it allows of "second probation." If he does not repent and ask forgiveness for his shameless misrepresentation of Zöllner, he may be glad to have a "second probation" after death!

The New Creed surrenders the black Citadel of "election," which the sect has defended with heroic efforts. With that go the horrid doctrines of "infant damnation," "total depravity," and the "atonement," and the "Trinity," and the "Bible" are left in an uncertain, nebulous state, to be made much or little of, so as not to hamper any one. "The world do move."

### JUDGE NOT.

There are worlds within worlds. As each person who gazes at the rainbow sees a different bow, so no two see the same object alike. In other words, each individual dwells in a world entirely his own, into which no other can enter. Our world is such as our understanding makes it. It is neither more nor less than ourselves, neither better nor worse. This world of ours, no one can enter or comprehend but ourselves. We fully comprehend this much as applied to our own sphere, but fail in applying it to that of others. To make the application broad as human life, is charity, and warms our hearts with love.

## REMARKABLE DREAMS.

### The Strangest on Record—A Tinker's Troubles—Lord Lyttleton's Dream.

Among the most remarkable dreams on record the following will always have their places:

Breakfasting with some ladies on Wednesday, Nov. 25, 1779, at his house on Hill street, London; Thomas, Lord Lyttleton, spoke of a very curious dream he had dreamed in the night. In this dream a bird flew into the room where he was, and while he looked at it it changed into a woman, who told him to prepare for another world, as in three days he would die. He was then well, and, as he laughingly said, did not look like a man so near death. On the Saturday, also, he told the same ladies that he felt perfectly well, and believed he should "bilk the ghost."

Some hours afterward he went with Mr. Fortescue and Captain Wolsely to Pitt place, Epsom, and for supper an egg, went cheerfully and talkatively to bed, hoped he should have good rolls for breakfast, and suddenly expired while Stuckey, his servant, was assisting him to remove his quater waistcoat. This story has been told in various ways. The above account is that given by Lord Westcote, Lord Lyttleton's uncle.

John Aubrey tells that a poor cloth worker's wife living in Gifford, named Abbot, dreamed that she would eat a jack her son, who was about to be born, would grow up and become a great man. Early next morning she went to the river for water and caught in her pail a fine jack, which she cooked and ate—all or nearly all. The child was born, grew up, became a scholar in the town, and finally became Archbishop of Canterbury—of course, through his mother eating the fish, or so thought John Aubrey, F. R. S.

### A TINKER'S DREAM.

Vouched for by tradition and history the strange dream of the Swaffham tinker has a fair claim to rank with the wonderful dreams to which this article is devoted. The story of it runs as follows:

About three hundred or more years ago the above named ancient town in Norfolk, remarkable of old for its healthfulness and beauty, had among its inhabitants an industrious, hard-working tinker named John Chapman, traditionally said to have been the benefactor of the town of Swaffham Church. Certain it is that in that north aisle there are various devices of a peddler and his dog and of a shop-keeper or Chapman, which seems like a rebus upon the traditional name, a species of conceit prevalent in ancient times. Certain, also, is it that in 1492 the name of one of the church wardens was Chapman, and that in each of the original windows of this aisle was a painting of the tinker, his wife, and three children.

One night the tinker dreamed that if he went to London and stood on London Bridge he would there meet some one who would make his fortune and put an end to all his weary wanderings over hill and dale in search of work. Deeply impressed by this dream, he spoke of it in the morning to his wife so seriously and with such an evident belief in it that she both scolded and laughed at what she called his folly. Strangely enough, as the tinker thought, the dream, which had haunted his mind all day, was repeated on the next night; and the impression, thus deepened and strengthened, not unnaturally brought a third repetition of it on the night following, after which John was no longer withheld from going to London.

Despite the remonstrance of his friends, the entreaties of his wife, and the ridicule of his neighbors, the tinker set out to travel all the way afoot, a distance of not less than ninety miles. At the close of the third day he reached the end of his journey, slept at an inn, and, early in the morning, stationed himself on London Bridge at a spot which he remembered was that pointed out to him in his dream. And there he remained all day, eyed curiously by the passers by and suspiciously by the shopkeepers who lived on the bridge and by the keepers of its gates, which closed at a certain regular hour to guard the city from evil characters, on which the Banks and other parts of Southwark had a larger share than was good for its reputation. Nothing was, however, said to him that appeared to be in any way connected with his dream.

### THE SECOND AND THIRD DAY.

The experiment was repeated on the second day with no other result than that of intensifying the curiosity and suspicion which he had provoked on the first day. But after he had passed a third day on the bridge, and the evening gloom, which warned him of the closing gates, was again upon him, one of the shopkeepers, who had eyed him wonderingly on each previous occasion, ventured to ask him what possible reason he could have for standing there every day and all day long. The tinker confessed that he had been induced to make a fool of himself by a very singular dream. The stranger laughed at him heartily. "If I had been as credulous as you are," said he, "I should just be on such another fool's errand; for three nights this week I dreamed the same dream, and in it I was told to go to a place called Swaffham, which I find is ninety odd miles away. I thought in my dream that under an apple tree in an orchard on the north side of town I was told to dig, and that there I should discover a box full of money."

After some further questions and answers on either side they parted; and the tinker, saying nothing of the place he had come from, went away again hopeful and with restored cheerfulness and faith in his dream, set out early the next morning for home. One of the first things he did on reaching it was to visit the orchard indicated by the stranger's dream. He recognized it at once by certain peculiarities of the tree he had asked the London dreamer to describe, and, digging under it, soon laid bare the top of an iron box. To unearth this and convey it to his house unobserved was his next task, and this accomplished, it was opened and found to be full of money. Imagine his triumph and delight! On the outside of the box were some words, which, being unable to read, he did not know the meaning of. Afraid to make his secret known or arouse the suspicion, which might lead to unpleasant circumstances, he hit upon a plan for finding out what the words said. This was to place the box at the door of the grammar school, so that its inscription might be read by the boys as they came out and while he stood by, as if by accident. The boys soon gathered round the box, and one, scraping the dirt and rust from the inscription, read, doubtless among much laughter, the apparently meaningless lines:

Where this casket stood  
Is another twice as good.

Hearing these significant words, John Chapman went away, hardly able to restrain his exultation and pleasure, and early next morning he was again digging in the deserted orchard, where his efforts were rewarded by the discovery of a second casket, twice as large as the first and equally well filled.

Whatever action that love of the marvelous, which was common to the age John Chapman lived in may have added to the story of his very strange dream, the existence of a tomb, bearing the stone effigy of a smith, or tinker, with his tools beside him; and a dog, was in existence not many years since, and may probably still be seen in the old church at Swaffham.

### The Producers of Wealth—Danger of the Day.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It is most praiseworthy, and your readers have every reason to thank you for it, that you pay so much and frequent attention to the "Labor Question." Whether the expression of "Labor versus Capital" and *vice versa*, and similar ones, are scientifically sound or contradictory to the principles of economic theories, does not matter much. I think the main issue is being given by facts, independent of science, by the undeniable existence of strikes on the labor side, and forcible reductions of wages on the capitalist side. Be these phenomena of the labor-market ever so illogical, they are stubborn facts, and the "logic of facts" is sure in the end to carry the day against any scientific logic, however great the array of reasons supporting science may be.

Now, I was very glad that your correspondent, J. H. White, in your issue of Feb. 16th, tried to grapple with facts as they really are. His idea that "railroads, telegraphs and great factories of all kinds should be controlled by the people," I entirely agree with, believing, as he does, that such a system would greatly advance human well-being and, in time, inaugurate the reign of peace and plenty all over the globe.

But your correspondent above named does not carry his ideas far enough. He only speaks of "large foundry works, great factories, etc." What is to be done with the small ones? I ask; and where is the line to be drawn between what is large and what is small industrial establishment? Supposing the large ones were "controlled by the people," but the small ones not, how great, I want to know, must the increase of the small ones be until they, too, must be controlled by the people? Or, if the principle of "control by the people" be correct, I maintain that it is an error to distinguish between great and small establishments, and that the principle ought to apply to every size of industrial establishment.

In other words, control by the people, if correct any where, must apply to all the means by which industry and commerce are kept going, or, as the socialists express it, private property in the means of labor must cease, must give place to rational proprietorship, which is only another word for the "control by the people." Henry George demands that the land should be the common property of all men. The Socialists say, not only land, but capital as well, must not be owned by individuals, but by the nation, which is neither more nor less than communism.

Let Mr. J. H. White try to think out his ideas to their logical conclusion; and he will find that they cannot but land him in communism, pure and simple. Is he prepared to accept that conclusion? I am. Not that I am able to see any thing fascinating or lovely in the idea, but I cannot help myself. Seeing the incredible mischief worked by the accumulated means of labor, the tools producing wealth being held as private property by the few, I am logically bound to accept the opposite principle, of land and capital being made the common property of all, as the only means to retrieve the mass of mankind from the slums of poverty, disease, misery and degradation in which they are now wallowing. That is why I wish "God speed" to the idea of "control by the people."

Read John Swinton's paper. That will give you clear ideas upon every subject of reform and progress.

A. H. H.

### Anniversary Exercises at Grand Rapids, Mich.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The occasion was pleasant and profitable. The exercises were varied, and the talent at hand used to the best advantage. Saturday was devoted to business, resolutions, conference, etc. Saturday evening a fine audience greeted us. Mrs. Rich recited an original poem, "Only a girl," which I would like to see in the JOURNAL. It was spicy, sarcastic, and rich in sentiment. Mrs. Denslow sang original pieces with good effect. Indeed, every song was a sermon, and impressively rendered. Her voice is very clear and quite magnetic. The effect was excellent, and all who heard her must have been made better, as the finer feelings were touched. She blends sense, sentiment and music with inspiring emotion, and who could feel sensual or cruel while under the impress of such spirituality? Mrs. Graves, a veteran in the cause, widely known and appreciated in Michigan, gave out her earnest thought and positive magnetism, and was a tonic to those who faint by the way. Many were disappointed at not seeing Bro. A. B. Spinney, with us, but we had talent enough to make it a success.

Sunday was a lovely day, and the meetings were largely attended, nearly filling Science Hall in the evening. Intense interest was manifested. There was a goodly number from a distance, and all seemed to feel well paid for coming. Mrs. Rich gave a short poem from her own experience, tender and touching. Sentiments that reach the heart often accomplish more than the deepest logic or most learned discourses. The feelings that are awakened and the sphere of sweet sympathy and spiritual presence that falls into the heart from the lives thus enriched, and attuned, bear fruit for the "Healing of the Nations."

The Gospel Temperance meeting under the auspices of the Good Templars, was held, as usual, at 4 P. M. Mrs. Graves made some acceptable remarks, criticising the law that licenses men to commit crime for a fee (a "license" from the Pope), and the Gospel Temperance people rallied around her with cordial greetings and congratulations. These Temperance meetings in Science Hall are largely attended, and are doing good work. The mediums' meeting at 3:30 P. M., called out "experiences" and testimonies as usual.

The society seem well pleased with the way the 36th anniversary was celebrated here, and the outlook is bright for the coming year. Walter Howell is to speak here this month. April, and Nellie J. T. Brigham in May. Bro. Tompkins, President, seems quite satisfied and sanguine of the success of the society; he is devoted to it, and is sustained in his efforts by his good wife, who, though silent, may do as much as he. The JOURNAL was introduced and commended, as it ought to be every where by all who have the capacity of Spiritualism at heart. The Banner and other papers were also noticed.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

## Keshub Chunder Sen.

(Professor Max Müller in The Pall Mall Gazette.)

India has lost her greatest son.—Keshub Chunder Sen. His was one of the few names known not only most widely among the two hundred and fifty millions who are said to inhabit the vast Indian Empire, but familiar even to European ears. Many of us saw him during his stay in England in 1870, listened to him, admired and loved him, and not a few have ever since remained united with him by the bonds of a real friendship. If we look around for true greatness, not only in England or Europe, but in the whole civilized world, and if we try to measure such greatness, not by mere success or popularity, but, honestly, and, so to say, historically, taking into account the character of the work done and the spirit in which it was done, few, I believe, would deny that it was given to Keshub Chunder Sen to perform one of the greatest works in our generation, and that he performed it nobly and well. Like all great men, he had warm friends and bitter enemies. He himself was proud of both, and though fully aware of the greatness of the work committed to him, and quite conscious of his own worth and dignity, he far more frequently protested against exaggerated praise than against unmerited blame.

He was born in 1833, and thus completed his forty-fifth year on the 19th of December. He received what may be called an Anglo-Indian education at Calcutta, and, with an honest mind like his, such an education sufficed to make a belief in the popular religion of his friends and countrymen impossible to him. He soon broke with idolatry and caste; but, his mind being deeply religious, he sought help and light from the friends and followers of Rammohun Roy. Rammohun Roy was the representative of that great religious reform which was the natural result of the contact between Christianity, Hinduism, and Mahometanism in India. As men of education and refinement, Rammohun Roy and his friends shrank almost instinctively from all that was grossly idolatrous in the religious system by which they found themselves surrounded, and they had the courage to renounce openly all that was simply repulsive in the religion of their countrymen. But beyond that he and his immediate followers declined to go. Much as they admired Christianity, they would not embrace a religion that came to them as the religion of foreigners; and presented itself to their eyes in the lives of their new conquerors and rulers as not always superior to their own code of religion and morality. They were satisfied with a reform of their own national religion, and in order to carry that through, they boldly took their stand on their own old sacred books, the Vedas. For them they claimed, and for a time claimed successfully, the same revealed character which the missionaries claimed for the Old Testament and the New.

After Rammohun Roy's death in 1833, the church which he had founded under the name of the Brahma-Somaj languished for a time for want of a head. It was chiefly supported, so far as its material wants were concerned, by Dvarkanath Tagore, who, like Rammohun Roy, died in England, and lies buried in Kensal Green. More important support, however, came to the Brahma-Somaj from the son of Dvarkanath Tagore, Debendranath Tagore (born in 1818). He, being a young man of great wealth, suddenly, at the age of twenty, perceived the vanity of all earthly pleasures, and devoted the rest of his life to a search into his own being, and its relation to the Divine. He became the founder of the Tattvabodhini Sabha, the Truth-teaching Society, and became a member, and soon the recognized leader, of the Brahma-Somaj. It was through his influence chiefly that the members of the New Church surrendered their belief in the revealed character of the Vedas. This was an enormous step in advance. The Brahma-Somaj then found itself a church without a Bible, and Debendranath Tagore, having nothing now between himself and his God, felt himself inspired with new life, full of new hopes and higher aspirations. Young men gathered round him, and among them the most eminent was Keshub Chunder Sen. He soon became the intimate friend of Debendranath Tagore, who, being fond of solitude and retirement, left the management of the society and of its journal to Keshub Chunder Sen and his young companions. The young wine, however, proved too strong for the old bottles. Keshub Chunder Sen became more and more intolerant of all that partook of the old leaven, and at last even his old friend, Debendranath Tagore, had to break with his over-zealous pupil. The conservative members of the Brahma-Somaj were willing to give up all that was idolatrous and pernicious, but they would not surrender all their national customs. In spite of many efforts at reconciliation, the break came in 1866. Keshub Chunder Sen became the head of the new society, called the Brahma-Somaj of India, while the Debendranath Tagore remained the leader of what was now called the Adi-Brahma-Somaj—namely, the First Brahma-Somaj.

While Debendranath Tagore retired more and more from society, Keshub Chunder Sen's name has been before the world ever since. He and many of his followers gave up their secular employments, and became preachers, teachers and missionaries; they published books of theistic texts, taken from all the Sacred Books of the world. They built a new prayer hall, and their vigorous leader, by his marvelous eloquence, not only in Bengali but in English, won thousands of hearts for his cause. New journals were started, new schools opened, and great efforts made to raise the women of India so as to make them fit fellow-laborers in the cause of religious and social reform. Lastly, in 1870, came Keshub Chunder Sen's triumphant journey to England, where he won the respect and love of hundreds and thousands from the highest to the lowest. His success was extraordinary; his speeches, as outbursts of religious fervor, were quite as extraordinary as those of Keshub's as specimens of political eloquence. What is called a new schism has taken place, and a more advanced society has been formed, called the Sadharan Somaj, or the Catholic Somaj. At present these three Somajes are naturally opposed to each other, but to my mind they seem only branches of one vigorous tree—the tree that was planted by Rammohun Roy. In different ways they all serve the same purpose, and tend to realize the dream of a new religion for India and for the whole world, a religion freed from the corruptions of the past, call them idolatry or caste or verbal inspiration or priestcraft, and founded on a belief in one God, the same in the Vedas, the same in the Old, the same in the New Testament, the same in the Koran, the same also in the hearts of those who have no longer any Vedas between themselves and their God.

Weak people should use Samaritan Nerve, the great nerve conqueror.

"The soul has no pocket."

## For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### Anthod versus Manhood.

BY DR. C. D. GRIMES.

The lecture of Charles Dawbarn in the JOURNAL of Feb. 16th contains more thoughtful germs than we often see in one lecture. The key-note of existence being struck in this lecture, many queries will arise in the minds of investigators, and efforts will be made to answer some of the far-reaching questions that are there suggested; such as: Which is the most important are in the great journey of life, from the monad to the angel? Which is the significant and important end or link in the chain of life, or which the more wonderful, man in his manhood or the ant in its anthod? Notwithstanding it is quite impossible for man in his present status to fathom the mysteries of life, he may learn much from its objective phenomena, by taking the one afforded in this lecture. The Venus's Fly Trap manifests intelligence, and adapts means to ends, if Prof. Gray and O. Phelps Brown are to be relied upon. When a fly lights upon the jaws of its trap, it closes to catch it. If it does, it remains closed until the fly is digested; if not, it at once opens and sets for another. The White Marigold closes its flowers on the approach of rain, at the time when the spider refuses to spread its net for game, and while the hen at that time is oiling its feathers. The Evening Primrose will not bloom until the sun hides its face, nor the Night-blooming Cereus until midnight; while the Sunflower will make a circuit with the sun, and the Compass Plant will indicate the North Star; thus Linnaeus arranged his floral time-piece, with flowers that would only bloom at a given hour of the day, thus affording one for each hour until the dial was swept. Then as we step a link higher (as we term it), we are to face greater wonders. The load will fly to the plantain for an antidote when poisoned, and hold on to its life when encased in a rock for 10,000 years, or more, and then come out alive and kicking. The cow rejects 218 plants and vegetables, the goat 126, sheep 131, and the horse 212, as unfit for their organisms, while man will kill himself with adulterated tobacco and forty-rod whisky, and sell his brother man adulterated food of all kinds, that kills at longer range. He will close his eyes and abandon reason to swallow anything for the pleasures of sense, when by imitating the brute he might save his teeth, avoid tooth ache and 1,001 other aches, gripes and pangs that he brings upon himself!

It is difficult to name any invention or construction that man lays claim to, that these frightful looking, but busy little folks, in the world below us, did not give him a pattern of, and expose to his view for thousands of years before he took the hint. The spider is always loaded with a ball of the finest fibre ever spun, with power to project its ball and hawser from limb to limb, or point to point, then to cross and re-cross until the cable is sufficiently strong; then diagonally and in circles until its suspension bridge is made so perfect, that man, in following the pattern, has never excelled it. After thousands of years, man learned to shoot his ball and hawser from the shore, out over the raging billows, and relieve sailors from suffering and death; while the monkey and ant in a most ingenious way would project a hawser or cable of living bodies over a stream, and when the gang or army had passed over, haul in the living cable in ways that man might scratch his head for centuries, and never think of. The ant affords him a plan for the cultivation of cereals and their preservation, of herding, dairying, and tunneling, as well as the order of march, grades of officers and modes of warfare; of punishing cowards, rewarding braves, etc. The wild turkey and monkey gave him the idea of establishing sentinels in case of danger. The dog, the noblest of all examples, gave him an idea of sympathy, affection and integrity; then how keen is its wonderful faculty of scenting and following its master's track and discriminating the ones he makes from others, on stone pavements, where many are passing every way constantly. If you should take a dog, blindfolded into the forest a hundred miles, on varied angles, and then release it, it will set out on a direct line to its home, and no city, river, swamp or mountain, will turn it aside from a direct route.

The young animal will walk when thirty minutes old, but the young human requires a year or more. The salmon will travel a thousand miles up a stream to deposit its eggs, that the infant school may be away from danger; but almost as soon as they appear they begin their march toward the sea without a protecting parent, that had fled there before them; in like manner, the turtle goes a mile over the sand to lay its eggs and covers them over for the sun to hatch; but as soon as the young appear, they follow the track of the mother to their element—the water. Which, then, is the greater—the most significant end or link in the chain of life? Man, with a portion of individuality and reason, a fraction of God? or this little kingdom, automaton of an Infinite Presence? Then, instead of leading to material and atheistic thought, as Bro. Chapman in the JOURNAL of March last seemed to think, these questions, raised by Mr. Dawbarn's lecture, drive us into a world existing beyond all material phenomena—a world of spiritual energies, in search of the nature and source of existence, to the very fountains of spirituality.

Sturgis, Mich.

Dr. Bjornstrom, superintendent of a Lunatic Asylum at Stockholm, introduced a printing press and some type into the establishment for the benefit of an insane compositor. The other patients became interested in printing, and the Doctor soon gave them a more extensive apparatus. The result is the recent publication of the Doctor's book on "Diseases of the Mind," which was set up, printed, and bound by the patients, and is pronounced a very good piece of work in every respect. It contains 302 pages.

It is good cause for alarm among Congregationalists when the "Old South" abandons orthodoxy; when Andover Theological Seminary avows a "new departure"; when Prof. Ladd, of Yale College, publishes a work the effect of which, so far as it goes, is to destroy all confidence in the Scriptures; and when Dr. McLane, late of Steubenville, is called to one of the leading Congregational churches of New Haven, though repudiating altogether the orthodox view of the Atonement.—Presbyterian Banner.

A young walrus has recently been captured alive, and secured for the Westminster aquarium, London.

### Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

ONE OF THE BEST TONICS.

Dr. A. ATKINSON, Prof. Materia Medica and Dermatology, in College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md., says: "It makes a pleasant drink, and is one of our best tonics in the shape of the phosphates in soluble form."



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### No Test Conditions.

25, Alma-square, St. John's Wood, N. W.

With her ideas that there should be "parity of thought and motive," and "sympathetic kindness for every member of the circle and for the medium especially," in order to reach the highest results, we quite agree. Experienced Spiritualists should understand and appreciate the delicate sensitiveness of a genuine medium, and arrange all conditions with due regard to ease and harmony, for the best play of the spiritual facilities.

Mediums have rights which all persons are

### A Prayer-Gauge Needed for Christians.

Victoria does not like long prayers. In her last book she says that Preacher Campbell's prayer at the unveiling of the Albert statue in Aberdeen was too long. A Scotch religious journal has investigated, and found that it did not last more than five minutes. The "loyal highlanders" would like to know what the Queen means

Though eternal law will not be changed in answer to prayer, yet prayer is not useless. Man's noblest, happiest moments are those of most intense aspiration, when the soul, reaching out after the divine, feels its presence. For the Spiritualist a prayer-gauge is not needed.

The author of "The Little Pilgrim," has now given to the public "Old Lady Mary," the first chapters of which appear in this number. The story is pronounced very interesting and suggestive by those who have read it.

We are glad to hear that Mr. A. J. Davis has so far recovered his health, that he will resume his Sunday lectures this month.

True, the Socialist Labor Party held a large meeting in New York on the 5th, and repudiated all sympathy with mob law. But, let a time of great business depression, of much individual suffering, come, and those who now claim to respect the law, will pass in shoals over to the ranks of the enemies of law and order. Had there been a great depression of business in Cincinnati, the streets of the whole city would have reeked with blood. To every point of the compass the news would have been flashed, and the whole Nation would have been ere long in the throes of a mortal agony. The laborer demanding more pay and the capitalist planning how he may get more profit, look in each other's eyes with a dim perception that only slight provocation is needed to make them open foes. The capitalist rails at the improvidence of the workman, who in turn reviles the capitalist for extortion. But, the workman mutters, "he makes the laws so he continually gets richer, and I continually poorer," and he comes to think Law his foe. The lower the grade of the workman, or the greater his need, the more likely is he to be bitter and fierce in feeling, even though he cannot voice his thought. The elements for an explosion are all ready, the spark may be struck out at any moment. Of the loss and ruin, of the pain and death of such an explosion, neither side thinks now, but the outbreak when it comes will be terrible. Law, Religion, Family, Trade, will all receive deadly shock.

What is the remedy? How harmonize the opposing interests? How can the workman be made to understand that he cannot get rich by destroying property? How teach the capitalist that wealth is nearly valueless in a revolution such as is impending? Repression, brute force meeting brute force, can only act temporarily; it will only in the end increase antagonism. More Bibles, better sermons, an unlimited supply of tracts, all these are worthless as preventives. Preachers can rally at mob law, but find no way of preventing mobs. Statesmen are as much puzzled as the preachers. Reformers have each their pet nostrum for curing the diseases of the body-politic, but each decries the other's remedy, and none is tried. There is grave need that a remedy be found; who will point it out? There are plenty ready to try; but so far all fall in taking sufficiently broad and comprehensive ground in adjusting the various seemingly conflicting interests. Instead of regarding humanity as a unit advancing toward a common goal, each exponent is consciously or unconsciously the advocate of a class.

Joseph Schwemberger of Cincinnati, a medium for independent slate writing and spirit voices, spent a day last week in Chicago on a visit to friends. At the time of his development of mediæ power, he was an active member of the Catholic church, singing in the choir, and zealous in church work; hence his mediæship created a great stir among his people. We have heard from usually well informed correspondents in Cincinnati, that Mr. S. has been the means of convincing hundreds of his fellow religionists of the truth of Spiritualism. This is a good result for only about one year's public work.

There seems to be a system of circulation in nature running through the physical, the moral and the spiritual alike, that all things shall start from a germ, mature in a single specimen, and from thence spread, less or more, as conditions permit, and the undoubted rule of the minority is one of the results. Counting up numbers, the winners shout with joy at a large majority on their side of any question, and there needs perpetual repetition of the saying, "Majorities are no proofs of truth." Creeds may be rejected, governments overthrown, society have its convulsions, but through all "a majority" is respected. It is really to most men a measure of truth. A prophet's word was rated at three hundred votes in the olden time. Men of to-day laugh at this as a superstition, but "the prophet's word" rules them after all—only it is a different prophet, who governs while not seeming to.

How Spiritualists have been beset by the idea of the divine right of a majority to rule. Their phenomena denied, their philosophy rejected, their religion scorned, because "the majority" had not seen, not understood, not felt what the Spiritualists had. Few at first, almost infinitesimal in comparison with the jeering multitude by whom they were surrounded; yet they have molded the world without trying to. They have radiated ideas which have penetrated every school of thought, and distinctly changed men's modes of thinking. Even those who attack Spiritualism do so chiefly because they have imbibed some of the spirit of what they attack, and turned it to evil uses,—as disease is "only perverted nutrition." And now that Spiritualism is strong—is it exempt from law? No—fearful as Spiritualists are of leaders, they have them without knowing it. In our societies, is it not true that the workers are few? Is it not generally the case that one person determines the general management, through others whom he influences? It would not be hard to find some who are real rulers, who never seem to exert any power whatever. They are not prominent at public gatherings, are known to the public chiefly as good business men, earnest Spiritualists. The public knows nothing of the vast correspondence, of the systematic industry with which their thoughts are disseminated. Their opinions are sharply criticised, sometimes; but whether men will hear, or not, they keep on their quiet way, a glorious minority, ruling by the divine right of the thinker.

The politician talks of the "rights" of the minority. It is well also to think sometimes of the power of the minority. He who holds a great truth, and proclaims it boldly, uncompromisingly, shall rule men he never saw, shall wield a power he cannot measure, nor perhaps perceive. As has been truly said: "One, with God, is a majority;" though we may not interpret the declaration in so strictly orthodox a way as did its author.

A story comes from Augusta, Me., of a scene more dramatic and terrible than any yet imagined by novelist or playwright. It seems a man named Robbins fought in the Union army in the late war, and contracted disease there which made him an invalid for many years. He applied for a pension, and was not successful at first, but when the arrears at last passed, a second effort was made. While the application was pending, Robbins began to grow worse, and he got weaker and weaker every day. It was soon plain that he was near his end. If he died before the pension was granted, the money would be lost, since he had no wife and children. In this emergency the happy thought struck somebody to procure a bride for the dying soldier, in order that there might be a widow to draw the pension. Interested parties made the journey to Rockland, where a woman was found who was willing under the circumstances to become a bride and widow in quick succession. When his lawyer learned how near Robbins was to his end, he sent his wife's son, post haste, to summon the bride selected for the dying soldier. She did not arrive until some nine hours after Robbins's death. This did not prevent the completion of the plot; the woman was hurriedly taken to the chamber where Robbins lay dead, and the horrible mockery of a marriage ceremony

between the living woman and the corpse was gone through with. Of course, none of the dead man's relatives will recognize the new widow, and the whole affair is to be legally investigated. Had this occurred "Out West," it would have been pointed to as fully in keeping with the popular idea of the morals of a new country.

Mrs. Simpson, the test medium, residing at No. 45 N. Sheldon st., will make a visit to Dakota the first of May, and will remain there probably until Sept. 1st. She will then return to Chicago and resume her labors at the same number.

Dr. Eugene Crowell announces the marriage of his daughter, Emma Theresa, to Mr. John T. Halliday. The ceremony took place on Thursday of last week. The JOURNAL congratulates Mr. Halliday upon the treasure he has won.

Lyman C. Howe speaks at Indianapolis, Ind., the Sundays of May and June; at Old Mission, Mich., July 6th, 13th and 20th; at Cassadaga Lake camp meeting, Aug. 1st, 3rd and 5th; at Lake Pleasant, Mass., Aug. 13th and 17th; and at Neshehnam Falls camp meeting, Aug. 23rd, 24th, 26th and 28th.

Capt. H. H. Brown spoke at Freeville, N. Y., March 2nd; Dryden, the 6th; McLean, the 9th; Amesbury, Mass., the 16th; Newburyport, the 23rd. He gave anniversary addresses the 30th in Newburyport and Baxter, on the 31st at Springfield. April 4th he spoke in Bridgeport, Conn. He was in Worcester, Mass., April 6th, and will speak there all the Sundays of April. He will be in Leominster and West Princeton, Mass., May 4th; in Morrisville, Vt., May 18th and 25th; at mass convention, Lake Dunmore, Vt., May 30th, 31st and June 1st. He has the following camp meeting appointments; Onset Bay, July 27th and 29th; Lake Pleasant, Aug. 10th and 14th; Queen City Park, Aug. 17th, 19th, 20th and 22nd. Date at Sunapee not fixed. He is open to engagements, Sundays, May 11th, June 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th and Aug. 3rd, and for week day appointments any date desired. Address him during April, at 123 Main st., Worcester, Mass.

In Virginia there lives an ancient female, whose tongue and pen are set on swivels, and work with the speed of 1,000,000 revolutions per minute. The product of this labor is mountains of materialistic vapor, strongly colored with alloy. For want of better padding, certain alleged newspapers of the materialist school, have been utilizing this Virginia wind for years, until the manufacturer's head is entirely turned. She is now begging the public for contributions to enable her to travel and investigate spirit phenomena—any sum from a postage stamp to one hundred dollars thankfully received, no doubt. She seems to think that should she gaze upon these phenomena, all the vexatious doubts of the public will be settled. On this point we are no ways certain, but rather incline to agree with our esteemed cotemporary, the *Investigator*, which says: "Mrs. — cannot see ghosts for other people."

It has been often asserted that cholera was produced by the introduction of a peculiar bacillus into the human system. This theory has been much doubted, chiefly from the fact that, though it was *prima facie* probable, there was no positive proof. Evidence has now been obtained by the German Cholera Commission, which seems to settle the question. An outbreak of cholera in India, not traceable to any previous contagion, gave the opportunity so much desired. Microscopic examination of the intestines and dejecta of the victims revealed the presence of a microscopic parasite or bacillus, never seen except in cholera patients. It was discovered that the water of a pond used by the natives, both for drinking and bathing purposes, literally swarmed with the same bacilli. It was also found that as the water was cleared of these the cholera abated. Some of these parasites were introduced into the food of a pig, which was seized at once with cholera and died in three hours. As a result of these experiments, it is now suggested that cholera may be prevented by inoculation with these bacilli. It is stated that scarlet fever has probably a similar cause, and may also be prevented by inoculation. Anti-vaccinationists will argue that the remedy is worse than the disease.

**In Full Sympathy.**

That the indefatigable and fearless editor of the JOURNAL is doing a much needed and good work in his unflinching exposure of fraudulent mediumship cannot be denied. We were inclined to doubt it, the continuous succession of secular journals from the other side of the Atlantic, which reach us, containing nothing but words of praise for the line of action he has carved out for himself, would place the matter beyond all question. Although to English notions the policy of the JOURNAL may be too drastic in its methods, we cannot but admit that Colonel Bundy is scoring point after point, and that the spiritual atmosphere is all the clearer for it. We wish him continued success. We are in full sympathy with the aim he has in view.—*Light*, London, Eng., March 29th, 1884.



Spiritual Anniversary in Orange Land.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Spiritualism flourishes in every clime, from the snow covered and ice-bound north to the land of perpetual summer in the sunny south. Here, among the palms and pines of Florida, it is at home, and likely to flourish till its influence shall be felt in every neighborhood and hamlet. On Sunday, the 30th day of March, the Spiritualists of Spirit Lake and vicinity commemorated the 35th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, by fitting exercises, held at the residence of Mr. T. D. Giddings, five miles east of Orange City, Volusia Co., Fla. The meeting was organized with W. H. Caven, M. D., of Enterprise, as Chairman, and G. W. Webster, of Spirit Lake, Secretary. At a conference held in the forenoon remarks were made by G. P. Colby, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Giddings and G. W. Webster, all of Spirit Lake. After conference, a basket-plein dinner, music and social converse, beguiled the time till two o'clock, when Geo. P. Colby, under control, delivered one of his interesting lectures, which are always full of food for thought and suggestions for the good of humanity. He referred to the great progress made by Spiritualism in thirty-six years. When commerce is established between two nations, the weaker is strengthened and built up by it; so in the spiritual commerce established between the two spheres of life, those on earth have received the greater benefit. This commerce was unsought by the people in earth-life; it came in the only way that would be likely to be comprehended, and the manner adopted to secure a mutual interchange of thought by calling the alphabet or otherwise, was largely the device of earth people. The benefit derived from this spiritual commerce is not confined to earth life. Those on the spirit side of life also share in its advantages. Many suppose that when the spirit is freed from its physical form, it has only to wish for knowledge and, presto! it comes at once without further effort, making progress sure and rapid. Such is not the case. The desire to know is not enough. The spirit is subject to its environments and cannot make progress without effort. It needs to learn many things, and must surmount difficulties for itself. It unfolds gradually according to the universal law of growth, and finds it necessary to associate with earth life and unlearn much of error, at the same time that it receives new lessons with new meanings.

Spiritualism comes teaching the grand lesson of progress, of love, wisdom and justice. Greater evidences of spirit return are near at hand. It has a work to do in spiritualizing the people, and especially in spiritualizing and educating Spiritualists themselves, to keep them from growing into a state of inactivity. They should beware of depending upon spirits too much, but rather learn to work out their own salvation. They will need all the knowledge and experience they can get in earth life, and if they do not improve their opportunities for learning and for usefulness, they will be obliged to come back and do the work they should have done in the body, and learn through contact with physical life. Spiritualism teaches that they are in every way responsible, not only for their own acts, but also for the influence which they exert, or fail to exert, upon others by teaching or example. Spiritualism has enlarged heaven till it has room enough to hold every human soul. There is opportunity for the most ignorant and degraded, through the law of progress, for gradual unfoldment, that shall bring them through struggle and suffering to the highest joys of the wise and good. The religious phase of Spiritualism must appear before it can fully realize its highest work. It must banish the doctrine of atonement, which is greatly in the way of human progress. This doctrine really offers a premium upon vice and immorality. The increase of crime in the last few years is to be largely attributed to the idea often taught in the church, that crime and sin are no hindrance to future happiness, provided the sinner repent and seek the forgiveness of Jesus through the church.

The above is only a brief and imperfect synopsis of the lecture given by Mr. Colby. After the lecture he gave quite a number of tests to members of the audience, describing spirits and places, and giving names. Nearly all of the tests were recognized by parties present. There appeared to be a general good feeling among all parties, and every one seemed pleased with the result of the meeting. The day was one of Florida's best, neither too cold nor too warm. The company could sit in the house or in the shade of the orange grove where the cheerful hum of the Secretary's Italian bees could be heard among the fragrant orange blossoms.

Orange City, Fla. G. W. WEBSTER.

Anniversary-Day in Providence, R. I.

The Rhode Island Spiritual Association celebrated the Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism at their hall in Providence, on March 30th. Floral decorations were abundant and tasteful, and the archway over the speaker's desk was artistically trimmed with white lace and entwined with smilax. After an invocation by Mr. A. C. Whipple, of Providence, and singing by a fine choir, Mrs. Lizzie M. Goodell was controlled and delivered an address upon the theme, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," pointing out that there had been many saviors in the world, showing the error of the current belief in the atonement of Jesus, and closing with an earnest exhortation to her hearers to open their souls to the sweet voices of nature, to live charitable lives, speaking gently of the imperfections of others. In the evening the audience was much larger. Miss Lizzie Goodell opened the exercises with an invocation, and then a recitation, and singing by the quartette, with piano accompaniment. Mr. A. J. Whipple then spoke on the building up of life, and the processes which aid in its perfecting. He urged the development of a Christian manhood, strong and gentle, giving many pertinent illustrations. After a brief address by the President, thanking all who had helped to make the celebration a success, the meeting adjourned to the adjoining parlors for supper, where the festivities continued to a late hour.

The Providence Spiritual Association met in Slade's Hall, Providence, on March 31st. Dr. F. L. H. Willis recited a poem, and then spoke on Spiritualism's triumph over death. He urged the doubting ones to accept plain truths and be convinced. Mr. Keever, the materializing and musical medium, made a brief address, tracing the wonderful growth of Spiritualism in the last thirty-six years. Mrs. Burnham, of Boston, detailed instances of bigoted opposition to Spiritualism. Dr. Willis was recalled and spoke of the unrecognized work of Spiritualism, in modifying human thought everywhere. After more music and recitations, Mrs. Burnham gave several tests, and at the conclusion of the services a social tea was enjoyed. Mr. Keever and Mrs. Burnham each had séances in some of the small rooms, which were well at-

tended. The evening exercises were opened with singing. Dr. Willis followed, reading an original poem by a lady whose name was not announced (understood to be the daughter of Dr. Willis). The Doctor gave a long and eloquent address, on the spiritualistic manifestations, the proofs of their genuineness, the important truths they taught. Recitations and singing, and a slate-writing séance followed, the latter by Mr. Keeler, in which he claimed to have succeeded in obtaining a communication from the departed spirit of Gen. Joseph Warren, the Revolutionary hero. The exercises closed with a spirit address by Mrs. Abbie Burnham, of Boston. Then followed a promenade concert and social hop, for which Herrick's orchestra furnished excellent music, and the time passed quickly and pleasantly until the hour for departure arrived.

CURRENT ITEMS.

Dr. Hovey writes that Jesse Shepard is to pay Springfield, Mo., a visit.

Edward Noyes' little boys were "playing bang" at Sullivan, Me., and one of them was choked to death.

All Persians shave their heads from forehead to the back of the neck, leaving a long gray tuft dangling on each side over the ears.

A Japanese traveler says that certain classes of murders in that country are punishable with the death of the murderer, all his family and his schoolmaster.

Shep Tucker, a noted Pennsylvania thief, who during his life stole over four hundred horses and who knew the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Homer, and Byron by heart, has just died.

A woman's achievements are to receive recognition in the May Popular Science Monthly; that magazine publishes in each issue a sketch and a portrait of some one who has attained eminence in science, and the subject of the next sketch is Mrs. Somerville.

A Bible printed in the Russian language was found in Castle Garden the other day, in which was a slip bearing a number of strange devices, such as knives, pistols, a cow's head, and a blood-red cross and heart. The owner is supposed to be a Socialist priest.

In theatres in Japan, holding all day, food and drink are brought to the spectators. The use of a cloth, wet in hot water, with which to wash the face and hands after eating, is also sold. One cloth generally serves to scrub a hundred or more faces and hands.

The body of Paul C. V. Thilly, a prominent citizen of Cincinnati, arrived at Washington, Pa., April 12th, on the morning train, accompanied by two sons and a sister of the deceased. The corpse was taken to the Le Moyne Crematory, where its incineration was soon accomplished.

Some idea of the beer-drinking propensity of the people in this country may be gathered from the following statistics: In New York City, 3,239,000 barrels were brewed in 1883; in Philadelphia, 1,033,000; in Milwaukee, 986,309; in St. Louis, 943,000; in Brooklyn, 836,000; in Chicago, 676,000.—Alpha.

Chickens are now hatched out by the aid of electricity. The nest or basket is filled with fine hay, upon which the eggs are laid. The cover is a thick layer of soft down attached to a round box containing coils of wire. These are heated by an electric current, whose temperature is regulated by a thermometer placed on the cover. When the heat becomes too great the rise of the mercury cuts the coils out of circuit and allows them to cool. All the attention required is to sprinkle and turn the eggs once a day.

At the final meeting at Wandsworth (Eng.), Mr. Moody, with an ignorant sneer at science, said: "Christianity has dispelled more darkness in five minutes for man than all the modern philosophers could do in 500 years." Then he asked, "What could the geologist tell us about the rock of ages?" Undoubtedly to the majority of his audience this question was apparently a good conundrum, which, like most good conundrums, was given up. But the humble student of geology, not being desirous of emulating the Christian example, begs to offer his opinion concerning the age and structure of that remarkable formation.

The ancient Romans, whom we call heathens, celebrated the approach of spring by religious festivities. When the cheerful notes of the thrush, the cooling of the dove, the bright blossoms of the crocus and the pure white snowdrop, told that stern winter was passing away, and were a forecast of the future abundance and beauty of summer, they held feasts in honor of Pan, the all-giver, and Juno the beautiful. They rejoiced in the beneficence and stability of nature; they felt that God in the annual workings of Nature was repeating the promise which he said in Genesis to have given to Noah:—"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

An English gentleman with a faith in hard, unromantic statistics, has carefully studied the causes of pauperism among 254 cases sheltered by the workhouses of Manchester. Old age, he found, had brought thither nearly one-eighth; disease and accident one-seventh; idleness, free from drink or crime, not a case; drunkenness in men, one fourth; drunkenness in women, one-twentieth. The widows and children of drunkards numbered one-fifth of all paupers. And the cold proof from these facts is that the liquor traffic breeds fifty-two per cent. of the pauperism of Manchester. Is it probable that similar investigation in this country would show any less activity in beer and whiskey as producing agents? Who says that saloons add nothing to the country?

Joseph Saulsbury, a ship-carpenter about sixty years of age, and a resident of Wheeling, W. Virginia, has not slept an hour at a time, nor more than ten hours in all, since January 1st. Otherwise he seems sound and healthy, and works every day at his trade. When these facts first became known his acquaintances doubted his statements, thinking that the matter was a dodge to gain notoriety. But when Joseph Saulsbury and his family persisted that such was the case, it was determined that two persons should watch with him every night after his work was done for five nights in succession. This was done, and it was found that he manifested no desire for sleep, spending the night reading and smoking, and going to his work in the morning apparently as fresh and invigorated as though he has just risen from a sound night's sleep. Since this test was made others have watched him closely, among them several physicians, who are at a loss to account for this remarkable phenomenon.

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A postal card (so beautifully written that it looks almost like copper plate) by the hand of our old friend, Geo. White, of Washington, D. C., now in the eighty-seventh year of his age, is just received. We quote from it as follows: "I am sick with nervous prostration and unfit for business. I am reduced to the verge of the grave. Your course as editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, is approved by every honest inquirer after truth, and will succeed. Do with my MS. as you think for the best. This may be my last, and if truth is not sophistry and reason false, I am safe in my belief."

A mountebank by the name of Dr. Hiltz, is now exhibiting his state tricks in Kansas, and with which he pretends to "expose" Spiritualism. Spiritualists should treat such exhibitions with silent contempt. The "Doctor" is on his way now to California, and if Spiritualists do not patronize him "just out of curiosity," he will certainly starve on the way. No genuine medium ever advertises with flaming titles, representing what the spirits propose to do.

Gerald Massey's lecture on "The Mystery of Evil," the first of the course, was delivered in the Church of the Unity, in Cleveland, O., on April 8th. The Cleveland News says that the audience was large and unusually appreciative.

Mr. A. Hamilton, in renewing his subscription, kindly inclosed \$2.50 for the poor fund. Mr. E. D. Hammond also sent \$2.00 for the same purpose. Who will be the next prompted in the same direction?

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Thomas Hughes M. P. will contribute to the May Century an important paper on "Trades-Unionism in England."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has written for the May St. Nicholas, a short paper entitled "Supporting Herself," which will be a concise statement of the obligations which she considers all girls are under to support themselves, and of the means of doing so.

Two new serials will begin in the May St. Nicholas, one by Maurice Thompson, entitled "Marvin and his Boy Hunters," in which the author will endeavor to treat the question of guns for small boys; and the other, "The Scarlet Tanager," by J. T. Trowbridge, story of the adventures of a young naturalist in his efforts to secure a specimen of this rare bird.

Henry James's new story, "Lady Barbara," will be begun in the May Century. The hero is a wealthy young American, who goes by the title of Doctor, though his "practice" is more a form of having something to do in the world than a reality. The story concerns his courtship of the second daughter of an English marquis, and also the domestic problems growing out of their marriage.

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MRS. EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN will make a final and farewell tour through the United States of California, leaving England about the middle of April of this year. Spiritualistic societies desiring to engage her services for Sunday and week evening lectures will please apply to her residence, The Limes, Hampshire St., Chesham Hill, Manchester, England, up to the end of March. After then in care of RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, Chicago, Ill.

FOR TEN CENTS, The St. Louis Magazine, distinctly Western in make-up, now in its fifteenth year, brilliantly illustrated, replete with stories, poems, timely reading and humor. Sample copy and a set of gold colored picture cards sent for ten cents. Address J. Gilmore, 213 North Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and Magazine sent one year for \$3.50.

Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

The Brooklyn Spiritualist Society will hold services every Sunday, commencing Sunday, April 14, at 8 and 7:30 P. M. at the Hall, corner of Fulton and Bedford Avenues, J. Wm. Fletcher, speaker. All spiritual papers on sale in the hall. Mediums free. WM. H. JOHNSON, President.

CHURCH OF THE NEW SPIRITUAL DISPENSATION, 158 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Public services every Sunday at 8 and 7:30 P. M. Lectures for young and old, Sundays at 10:30 A. M. Abraham J. Kipp, Superintendent.

Ladies Aid and Mutual Relief Fraternity, Wednesday, at 2:30.

Church Social every second and fourth Wednesday, in each month, at 8 P. M.

Prayer Fraternity for development of mediums, every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, sharp. Mrs. T. B. Stryker, President.

The South Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Franklin Hall, 84 Fulton Street, every Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock. Dr. J. D. Brown, President; W. J. Cushing, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity will meet at 16 Smith St., two doors from Fulton, in the hall of Union-For-Christ Work, every Tuesday evening, at 8 P. M.

April 14th—Lecture by John Jeffers.

May 1st—Lecture by Prof. Henry H. Edmonds.

John Jeffers, Secretary. A. G. Kipp, Treasurer.

At Stock Hall, No. 11 East 14th Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York City, the Heralds Association, Andrew Jackson Davis, President and regular speaker, held a public meeting every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, to which everybody is cordially invited. These meetings continue without interruption until June 11th, 1884. Services commence and conclude with music.

New York City Ladies Spiritual Aid Society, meet every Wednesday, at 8 P. M., at 171 East 69th Street.

MRS. S. A. McCURDY, Secretary.

The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, convenes every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 7:30 evening, in Frohman Hall, No. 23 East 14th St., near Union Square.

Mediums Meetings, Chicago.

The Spiritualists Conference and Test Meeting will be conducted by the Spiritual Light Society every Sunday at 3 P. M., in Lecture Academy, 619 W. Lake St. Lecture in the evening at 7:45.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., will hold Meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at the Saratoga Hotel, 730 W. Main St.; also on the first Monday and Tuesday evenings of each month, at which Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham will officiate.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

The First Spiritual Society of Kansas City, Mo., meets every Sunday evening at 7:30 in Pythian Hall, corner 11th and Main streets, Dr. E. G. Garvin, President; A. J. Colby, Secretary.

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SYNOPSIS

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Continued from First Page.

one room to another. She came to be one of the marvels of the time—an old lady who had seen everybody round seeing for generations back—who remembered as distinctly as if they had happened yesterday, great events that had taken place before the present age began at all, before the great statements of our time were born. And in full possession of all her faculties, as everybody said, her mind as clear as ever, her intelligence as active, reading everything, and still beautiful in extreme old age. Everybody about her, and in particular all the people who helped to keep the thorns from her path, and felt themselves to have a hand in her preservation, were proud of Lady Mary; and she was perhaps a little, a very little, delightful, charmingly proud of herself. The doctor, beguiled by professional vanity, feeling what a feather she was in his cap, quite confident that she would reach her hundredth birthday, and with an ecstatic hope that even by grace of his admirable treatment and her own beautiful constitution she might (almost) solve the problem and live forever, (almost) solve the problem and live forever, gave up troubling about the will which at former period he had taken so much interest in. "What is the use?" he said; "she will see us all out." And the vicar, though he did not give in to this, was overthrown by the old lady, who knew everything that could be taught her, and to whom it seemed an impertinence to utter commonplaces about duty, or even to suggest subjects of thought. Mr. Furnival was the only man who did not cease his representations, and whose anxiety about the young Mary, who was so blooming and sweet in the shadow of the old, did not decrease. But the recollection of the bit of paper in the secret drawer of his cabinet, fortified his old client against all his attacks. She had intended it only as a jest, with which some day or other to confound him, and show how much wiser she was than he supposed. It became quite a pleasant subject of thought to her, at which she laughed to herself. Some day, when she had a suitable moment, she would order him to come with all his formalities, and then produce her bit of paper, and turn the laugh against him. But oddly, the very existence of that little document kept her indifferent even to the laugh. It was too much trouble; she only smiled at him, and took no more notice, amused to think how astonished he would be—when, if ever, he found it out.

It happened, however, that one day in the early winter the wind changed when Lady Mary was out for her drive: at least they all vowed the wind changed. It was in the south, that genial quarter, when she set out, but turned about in some uncomfortable way, and was a keen north-easter when she came back. And in the moment of stepping from the carriage she caught a chill. It was the coachman's fault, Jervis said, who allowed the horses to make a step forward when Lady Mary was getting out, and kept her exposed standing on the step of the carriage, while he pulled them up; and it was Jervis's fault, the footman said, who was not clever enough to get her lady out, or even to throw a shawl round her, when she perceived how the weather had changed. "It is always some one's fault, or some unforeseen, unprecedented change, that does it at the last," Lady Mary was not accustomed to be ill, and did not bear it with her usual grace. She was a little impatient at first, and thought they were making an unnecessary fuss. But then there passed a few uncomfortable, feverish days, when she began to look forward to the doctor's visit as the only thing there was any comfort in. Afterward she passed a night of a very agitating kind. She dozed and dreamed, and awoke and dreamed again. Her life seemed all to run into dreams—a strange confusion was about her, through which she could define nothing. Once waking up, as she supposed, she saw a group round her bed, the doctor with a candle in his hand (how should the doctor be there in the middle of the night?) holding her hand or feeling her pulse; little Mary at one side crying—why should the child cry? and Jervis very anxious, pouring something into a glass. There were other faces there which she was sure must have come out of her dream, so unlike it was that they should be collected in her bed-chamber; and all with a sort of halo of feverish light about them, a magnified and mysterious importance. This strange scene, which she did not understand, seemed to make itself visible all in a moment out of the darkness, and then disappeared again as suddenly as it came.

## III.

When she woke again it was morning; and her first waking consciousness was, that she must be much better. The choking sensation in her throat was altogether gone. She had no desire to cough—no difficulty in breathing. She had a fancy, however, that she must be still dreaming, for she felt sure that some one had called her by her name, "Mary." Now all who could call her by her Christian name were dead years ago—therefore it must be a dream. However, in a short time it was repeated—"Mary, Mary!" get up; there is a great deal to do." This voice confused her greatly. Was it possible that all that was past had been mere fancy; that she had but dreamed those long, long years—maturity and motherhood, and trouble and triumph, and old age at the end of all? It seemed to her possible that she might have dreamed the rest, for she had been a girl much given to visions; but she said to herself that she never could have dreamed old age. And then with a smile she mused and thought that it must be the voice that was a dream; for how could she get up without Jervis, who had not appeared yet to draw the curtains or make the fire? Jervis perhaps had sat up late. She remembered now to have seen her that time in the middle of the night by her bedside, so that it was natural enough, poor thing, that she should be late. Get up! who was it that was calling to her? She had not been so called to, she who had always been a great lady, since she was a girl by her mother's side. "Mary, Mary!" It was a very curious dream. And what was more curious still was, that by and by she could not keep still any longer, but got up without thinking any more of Jervis, and going out of her room came all at once into the midst of a company of people all very busy—whom she was much surprised to find at first, but whom she soon accustomed herself to, finding the greatest interest in their proceedings, and curious to know what they were doing. They, for their part, did not seem at all surprised by her appearance, nor did any one stop to explain, as would have been natural; but she took this with great composure, somewhat astonished perhaps, being used, wherever she went, to a great many observations and much respect, but soon, very soon, becoming used to it. Then some one repeated what she had heard before. "It was time she had got up—for there is a great deal to do."

"To do," she said, "for me?" and then she looked round upon them with that charming

smile which had subjugated so many. "I am afraid," she said, "you will find me of very little use. I am too old now, if ever I could have done much, for work."

"Oh! no, you are not old—you will do very well," some one said.

"Not old!"—Lady Mary felt a little offended in spite of herself. "Perhaps I like flattery as well as my neighbors," she said with dignity, "but then it must be reasonable. To say I am anything but a very old woman—"

Here she paused a little, perceiving for the first time with surprise that she was standing and walking without her stick or the help of any one's arm, quite freely and at her ease, and that the place in which she had been expanded into a great place like a gallery in a palace, instead of the room next her own into which she had walked a few minutes ago; but this discovery did not at all affect her mind, or occupy her except with the most passing momentary surprise.

"The fact is, I feel a great deal better and stronger," she said.

"Quite well, Mary, and stronger than ever you were before?"

"Who is it that calls me Mary? I have had nobody for a long time to call me Mary; the friends of my youth are all dead. I think that you must be right, although the doctor, I feel sure, thought me very bad last night. I should have got alarmed if I had not fallen asleep again."

"And then woke up well?"

"Quite well: it is wonderful, but quite true. You seem to know a great deal about me?"

"I know everything about you. You have had a very pleasant life, and do you think you have made the best of it? Your old age has been very pleasant."

"Ah! you acknowledge that I am old, then?" cried Lady Mary, with a smile.

"You are old no longer, and you are a great lady no longer. Don't you see that something has happened to you? It is seldom that such a great change happens without being found out."

"Yes; it is true I have got better all at once. I feel an extraordinary renewal of strength. I seem to have left home without knowing it; none of my people seem near me. I feel very much as if I had awakened from a long dream. Is it possible," she said, with a wondering look, "that I have dreamed all my life, and after all am just a girl at home?"

The idea was ludicrous, and she laughed. "You see I am very much improved indeed," she said.

She was still so far from perceiving the real situation, that some one came toward her out of the group of people about—some one whom she recognized—with the evident intention of explaining to her how it was. She started a little at the sight of him, and held out her hand, and cried: "You here! I am very glad to see you—doubly glad, since I was told a few days ago that you had died."

There was something in this word as she herself pronounced it that troubled her a little. She had never been one of those who are afraid of death. On the contrary, she had always taken a great interest in it, and liked to hear everything that could be told her on the subject. It gave her now, however, a curious little thrill of sensation, which she did not understand; she hoped it was not superstition.

"You have guessed rightly," he said—"quite right. That is one of the words with a false meaning, which is to us a mere symbol of something we cannot understand. But you see what it means now."

It was a great shock, it need not be concealed. Otherwise she had been quite pleasantly occupied with the interest of something new, into which she had walked so easily out of her own bed-chamber, without any trouble, and with the delightful new sensation of health and strength. But when it flashed upon her that she was not to go back to her bedroom again, nor have any of those cares and attentions which had seemed necessary to existence, she was very much startled and shaken. Died! Was it possible that she personally had died? She had known it was a thing that happened to everybody; but yet. And it was a solemn matter, to be prepared for, and looked forward to, whereas—"If you mean that I too—"

she said, faltering a little; and then she added, "It is very surprising," with a trouble in her mind which yet was not all trouble. "If that is so, it is a thing well over. And it is very wonderful how much disturbance people give themselves about it—if this is all."

"This is not all, however," her friend said; "you have an ordeal before you which you will not find pleasant. You are going to think about your life, and all that was imperfect in it, and which might have been done better."

"We are none of us perfect," said Lady Mary, with a little of that natural resentment with which one hears one's self accused—however ready one may be to accuse one's self.

"Permit me," said he, and took her hand and led her away without further explanation. The people about were so busy with their own occupations, that they took very little notice; neither did she pay much attention to the manner in which they were engaged. Their looks were friendly when they met her eye, and she, too, felt friendly, with a sense of brotherhood. But she had always been a kind woman. She wanted to step aside and help, on more than one occasion, when it seemed to her that some people in her way had a task above their powers; but this her conductor would not permit. And she endeavored to put some questions to him as they went along with still less success.

"The change is very confusing," she said; "one has no standard to judge by. I should like to know something about—the kind of people—and the manner of life."

"For a time," he said, "you will have enough to do, without troubling yourself about that."

This naturally produced an uneasy sensation in her mind. "I suppose," she said rather timidly, "that we are not in—that we have been accustomed to call heaven?"

"That is a word," he said, "which expresses rather a condition than a place."

"But there must be a place—in which that condition can exist." She had always been fond of discussions of this kind, and felt encouraged to find that they were still practicable. "It cannot be the—Inferno, that is clear at least," she added with the spiritlessness which was one of her characteristics; "perhaps—Purgatory—since you infer that I have something to endure."

"Words are interchangeable," he said; "that means one thing to one of us which to another has a totally different significance."

"There was something so like his old self in this, that she laughed with an irresistible sense of amusement."

"You were always fond of the oracular," she said. She was conscious that on former occasions, if he made such a speech to her, though she would have felt the same amusement, she would not have expressed it so frankly. But he did not take it at all amiss.

And her thoughts went on in other directions. She felt herself saying over to herself the words of the old north-country dirge, which came to her recollection she knew not how—

"If hosen and shoon thou gavest name,  
The whins shall prick thee in the bane."

When she saw that her companion heard her, she asked, "Is that true?"

He shook his head a little. "It is no matter of fact," he said, "as I need hardly tell you. Hosen and shoon are good, but they do not always sufficiently indicate the state of the heart."

Lady Mary had a consciousness, which was pleasant to her, that so far as the hosen and shoon went, she had abundant means of preparing herself for the pricks of any road, however rough; but she had no time to indulge this pleasant reflection, for she was shortly introduced into a great building full of innumerable rooms, in one of which her companion left her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Dark Days of Spiritualism.

We extract the following from an able and eloquent address delivered at the anniversary celebration at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., by Henry J. Horn, Esq.

"At the time when the alleged spirit manifestations occurring at Hydesville were spread before the public through the medium of the press, the announcement, though startling and bewildering, obtained but little credence in the spiritual theory. As time advanced, however, and convincing manifestations occurred in other localities, the public was induced to regard the phenomena in a more thoughtful way. Still, for years, the subject was invested with ridicule and sarcasm, and no opportunity was lost in which to make it appear absurd and contemptible. At the town of Stratford, Connecticut, near which I was residing, the wildest confusion prevailed by unearthly poundings and slamming of doors, andrums and furniture. The owner of the village omnibus, taking advantage of the excitement, placed thereon in glaring letters, 'Mysterious Knockings—fare ten cents.' While jeering, scoffing and deriding filled the public mind, these Stratford phenomena increased and were of a most wonderful and extraordinary character, continuing through ten months. Among the strange disclosures were weird images of persons, standing, kneeling, reclining and in other postures, constructed by invisible hands from drapery, sheets and bedding. They were really ghost-like and startling to behold. Written messages dropped from the ceiling or floated across the parlors, addressed to Mrs. Phelps, a clergyman's wife, and signed, 'Your friend, the Devil.' Her little son was transported through the air bodily, and landed in a garden tree, some fifty yards distant, with his pantaloons cut to the foot. A manuscript declaring the truth of Spiritualism, which Rev. Dr. Phelps refused to publish, was found consumed to ashes in a locked drawer, where he had placed it for safe keeping."

"Strange as it may appear, however, as mediums increased in numbers, and as convincing evidence accumulated, the opposition to the spirit theory grew more intensified. Its advocates were comparatively few, while its enemies were legion. I said enemies, for they were not merely opponents, a malignity possessed (or obsessed them) that in its unfeeling cruelty was not unlike the spirit of the inquisition of the dark ages. Men of the highest intelligence of character and citizenship were ruthlessly expelled from memberships of churches of which they had been life ornaments. No aspersion was cast upon their reputations for being good men and true, their fidelity to duty, their interest in religion, their acts of benevolence and kindness as neighbors, were unchallenged. They had committed no crime, they had simply examined, and accepted the truth as it appeared to them. They were not only expelled by the church, but were ostracized by society. Secret animosities were engendered, and old friends looked askance as they passed a believer on the streets. A spirit of intolerance prevailed that can hardly be realized at the present day."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Old Men shall Dream Dreams and Young Men shall See Visions.  
BY DR. S. J. DICKSON.

When I commenced to see, I was in a beautiful grove near a farm house, with a green pasture intervening. As I stood musing over the scenery, which came before me as the presentiment of an old dream, my mother came to the door and asked if I would now come in, as Nannie was dying. Without replying, I moved leisurely toward the house, but on entering, to my surprise, instead of seeing my little sister, as I fully expected, I saw in a crib a beautiful child about eighteen months old, with the shadows of death playing on its sweet little face, at the sight of which, I exclaimed: "It is not Nannie, but looks very much like her." As I thus watched the little sufferer in its last struggles, my brother, appearing under the most excruciating emotions of grief, held my attention for a moment, after which, turning to the child again, I found that its spirit had flown, leaving the usual smile of peace upon that face, now so indicative of undisturbed repose. Then the ever accompanying shock passed over me restoring me to my normal condition again. After the preceding vision, I again wrote home, giving my experience, and I soon received a letter stating that my brother's little boy was dead. I then said: "Yes; that was the grove, the pasture, and the farm house, which in vision seem so much like an old dream,—all so vivid to my memory now."

Years passed, my course at school ended, and I concluded to visit the West once more. I reached the place in the night, found my brother and family wrapped in midnight slumber. In the morning, while at the breakfast table, before a word had been uttered pertaining to the subject, I thus addressed them: "You lost a little boy a few years ago. Now I desire to give you the minute facts pertaining to his last hours and death, before you enlighten me in reference to the matter."

"There," I continued, pointing to one corner of the room, "in a crib situated in the line of such and such angles, rested the dying form of your boy, and Andrew, you stood there. In like manner I described each minute event, all of which my brother and sister affirmed to be true. On seeing the child's photograph, it looked as familiar as though I had known him from his birth."

One would naturally have supposed that sickness and death would not have been watched over in a dining-room, as in this instance, in a commodious house, thus precluding the inference that imagination exercised any part in my vision; neither could it have been strictly clairvoyant, for a fact portrayed by figurative illustrations shows an objective intelligence acting upon the subjective.

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—BY—  
JOHN S. FARMER.

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With the exception of six cities in Ohio and three in Pennsylvania, all the cities east of the Rocky Mountains have accepted standard time.

There is much indignation at Forrester, S. C., because a colored Postmaster has been appointed there instead of a white man. The Confederate inhabitants of the town purpose not to have any intercourse with the new Postmaster.

A novel feature in the dining-room of a hotel at Niagara Falls is a colossal mirror, in which the Falls are reflected in such a manner that the guests may admire while they eat.

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Through several of my visions were among my earliest experiences, they still remain as vivid to my spiritual sight as though they occurred but yesterday, not one scintilla having been erased from the tablets of my memory. Never do I recall them save through feelings of transcendent emotions to the divine spirit that ever accompanies them, by which we are brought in rapport with that principle which brings heaven down to earth, by elevating earth to heaven. Finally, they are ministering angels, at times descending and ascending, as hallowed messengers from our loved ones, who bask on the other shore.

## Letter from Lyman C. Howe.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

After a pleasant two months' labor at Grand Rapids, during which time I became strongly attached to the many earnest souls there, who represent the cause of Spiritualism, I started homeward on Friday, April 4th, stopping over Sunday in Erie, Pa. Two years ago there was a vigorous society in Erie, and some good work has been done there; but some irregularities in business matters of the society, with some unsatisfactory burthens imposed on members by selfish, ambitious parties, the unity of feeling was broken, and finally the society virtually went to pieces, and meetings were suspended. Now they are trying to rally again, and our meeting Sunday, which was the first one in many months, was well attended and good feeling manifested. A committee was appointed to canvass the subject, and on Wednesday evening, this week, it is to be decided whether meetings shall be continued. If they decide in the affirmative, I expect to be with them next Sunday.

Monday, the 7th, brought me once more face to face with my little family, who have patiently waited, during sickness and anxiety, for my return. I found them doing well, and ready to greet me with a warm welcome. On Tuesday, the 8th, a few neighbors assembled to witness the celebration of the marriage rite between Mr. Laverna N. Cobb of this place, and Miss Maude E. Howe—our only daughter. Floral decorations and music made the air sweet with delicate charms; and mutual good feeling and satisfaction between all the parties concerned, added much to the peaceful pleasure of this, to us, momentous occasion. The bride was surprised with some fine presents, among which were a case of silver teaspoons presented by Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Skidmore, the President of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association Camp Meeting; a gold band china tea set, and some sets of spoons, forks, etc., by the parents of bride and groom, with other valuables from neighbors and friends. Although she has lost her name (or half of it) we have not lost our girl, but we have gained a boy!

Fredonia, N. Y.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

From the edition of Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co's American Newspaper Directory now in press, it appears that the newspapers and periodicals of all kinds at present issued in the United States and Canada reach a grand total of 13,402. This is a net gain of precisely 1,500 during the last twelve months, and exhibits an increase of 5,618 over the total number published just ten years since. The increase in 1871 over the total for 1873 was 493. During the past year the dailies have increased from 1,138 to 1,254; the weeklies from 9,062 to 10,028; and the monthlies from 1,091 to 1,499. The greatest increase is in the Western States. Illinois, for instance, now shows 1,009 papers in place of last year's total of 904, while Missouri issues 604 instead of the 523 reported in 1883. Other leading Western States also exhibit a great percentage of increase. The total number of papers in New York State is 1,523, against 1,399 in 1883. Canada has shared in the general increase.

Mr. Fawcett, of England, in addressing an assembly of blind persons lately, drew attention to the want of organization among the numerous societies for the promotion of the welfare of the blind. He stated that one person in every 1,000 in Great Britain is without sight. Thus, in a town of 40,000 persons there may be expected to be about forty blind persons, of whom five are probably in a position which does not call for extraneous aid. Of the remaining thirty-five there would be, perhaps, twenty children to be educated and fifteen adults to be befriended. Mr. Fawcett expressed his conviction that there is abundant sympathy, if properly directed, to furnish every assistance that is profitable to brighten their lives. For those born blind it is all-important to enable them to earn a living, and thus to enjoy the blessings of independence.

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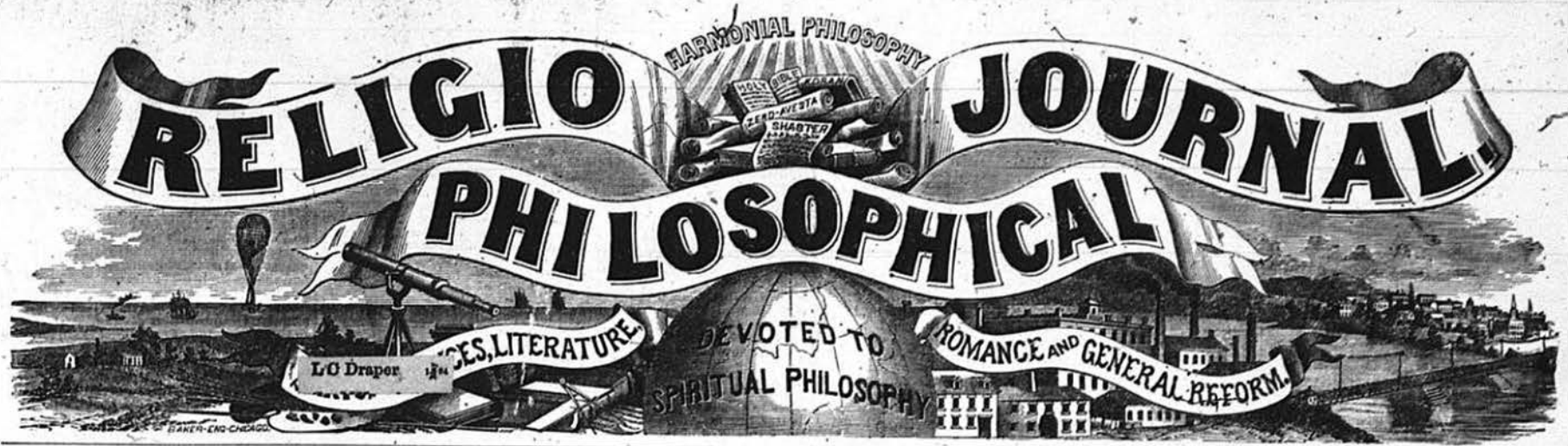
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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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OLD LADY MARY.

A story of the Seen and the Unseen.

[Blackwood's Magazine.]

[CONTINUED.]

IV.

The door opened, and she felt herself free to come out. How long she had been there, or what had passed there, is not for any one to say. She came out tingling and smarting—if such words can be used—with an intolerable recollection of the last act of her life. So intolerable was it that all that had gone before, and all the risings up of old errors and visions long dead, were forgotten in the sharp and keen prick of this, which was not over and done like the rest. No one had accused her, or brought before her Judge the things that were against her. She it was who had done it all—she whose memory did not spare her one fault, who remembered everything. But when she came to that last frivolity of her old age, and saw for the first time how she had played with the future of the child whom she had brought up, and abandoned to the hardest fate—for nothing, for folly, for a jest—the horror and bitterness of the thought filled her mind to overflowing. In the first anguish of that recollection she had to go forth, receiving no word of comfort in respect to it, meeting only with a look of sadness and compassion, which went to her very heart. She came forth as if she had been driven away, but not by any outward influence, by the force of her own miserable sensations. "I will write," she said to herself, "and tell them I will go." And then she stopped short, remembering that she could neither go nor write—that all communication with the world she had left was closed. Was it all closed? Was there no way in which a message could reach those who remained behind? She caught the first passer-by whom she passed, and addressed him piteously. "Oh, tell me—you have been longer here than I—cannot you send a letter, a message, if it were only a single word?" "Where?" he said, stopping and listening; so that it began to seem possible to her that some such expedient might still be within her reach. "It is to England," she said, thinking he meant to ask as to which quarter of the world. "Ah," he said, shaking his head, "I fear that it is impossible."

"But it is to set something right, which out of mere inadvertence, with no ill meaning—no, no, (she repeated to herself, no ill meaning—none!) Oh! sir, for charity! tell me how I can find a way. There must—there must be some way."

He was greatly moved by the sight of her distress. "I am but a stranger here," he said; "I may be wrong. There are others who can tell you better; but"—and he shook his head sadly—"most of us would be so thankful, if we could, to send a word, if it were only a single word, to those we have left behind, that I fear, I fear—"

"Ah!" cried Lady Mary, "but that would be only for tenderness; whereas this is for justice and for pity, and to do away with a great wrong which I did before I came here."

"I am very sorry for you," he said; but shook his head once more as he went away. She was more careful next time, and chose one who had the look of much experience and knowledge of the place. He listened to her very gravely, and answered Yes, that he was one of the officers, and could tell her whatever she wanted to know; but when she told him what she wanted, he, too, shook his

head. "I do not say it cannot be done," he said. "There are some cases in which it has been successful, but very few. It has often been attempted. There is no law against it. Those who do it do it at their own risk. They suffer much, and almost always they fail."

"No, oh! no. You said there were some who succeeded. No one can be more anxious than I. I will give—anything—everything I have in the world!"

He gave her a smile, which was very grave nevertheless, and full of pity. "You forget," he said, "that you have nothing to give; and if you had, that there is no one here to whom it would be of any value."

Though she was no longer old and weak, yet she was still a woman, and she began to weep, in the terrible failure and contrariety of all things; but yet she would not yield. She cried: "There must be some one here who would do it for love. I have had people who loved me in my time. I must have some here who have not forgotten. Ah! I know what you would say. I lived so long I forgot them all, and why should they remember me?"

Here she was touched on the arm, and looking round, saw close to her the face of one whom, it was very true, she had forgotten. She remembered him but dimly, after she had looked long at him. A little group had gathered about her, with griefed looks, to see her distress. He who had touched her was the spokesman of them all.

"There is nothing I would not do," he said, "for you and for love." And then they all sighed, surrounding her, and added, "But it is impossible—impossible!"

She stood and gazed at them, recognizing by degrees faces that she knew, and seeing in all that look of grief and sympathy which makes all human souls brothers. Impossible was not a word that had been often said to be in her life; and to come out of a world in which everything could be changed, everything communicated in the twinkling of an eye, and find a dead blank before her and around her, through which not a word could go, was more terrible than can be said in words. She looked piteously upon them, with that anguish of helplessness which goes to every heart, and cried, "What is impossible? To send a word—only a word—to set right what is wrong? Oh, I understand," she said, lifting up her hands. "I understand, that to send messages of comfort must not be; that the people who love you must bear it, as we all have done in our time, and trust to God for consolation. But I have done a wrong! Oh, listen, listen to me, my friends. I have left a child, a young creature, unprovided for—without any one to help her. And must that be? Must she bear it, and I bear it, forever, and no means, no way of setting it right? Listen to me! I was there last night—in the middle of the night—I was still there—and here this morning. So it must be easy to come—only a short way; and two words would be enough—only two words!"

They gathered closer and closer round her, full of compassion. "It is easy to come," they said, "but not to go."

And one added, "It will not be forever; comfort yourself. When she comes here, or to a better place, that will seem to you only as a day."

"But to her," cried Lady Mary—"to her it will be long years—it will be trouble and sorrow; and she will think I took no thought for her; and she will be right," the penitent said, with a great and bitter cry.

"It was so terrible that they were all silent, and said not a word; except the man who had loved her, who put his hand upon her arm, and said, "We are here for that; this is the fire that purges us—to see at last what we have done, and the true aspect of it, and to know the cruel wrong, yet never be able to make amends."

She remembered then that this was a man who had neglected all lawful affections, and broken the hearts of those who trusted him for her sake; and for a moment she forgot her own burden in sorrow for his.

It was now that he who had called himself one of the officers came forward again—for the little crowd had gathered round her so closely that he had been shut out. He said, "No one can carry your message for you; that is not permitted. But there is still a possibility. You may have permission to go yourself. Such things have been done, though they have not often been successful. But if you will—"

She shivered when she heard him; and it became apparent to her why no one could be found to go—for all her nature revolted from that step which it was evident must be the most terrible which could be thought of. She looked at him with troubled, beseeching eyes, and the rest all looked at her, pitying and trying to soothe her.

"Permission will not be refused," he said, "for a worthy cause."

Upon which the others all spoke together, entreating her. "Already," they cried, "they have forgotten you living. You are to them one who is dead. They will be afraid of you if they can see you. Oh, go not back! Be content to wait—to wait; it is only a little while. The life of man is nothing; it appears for a little time, and then it vanishes away. And when she comes here she will know—or in a better place." They sighed as they named the better place; though some smiled, too, feeling perhaps more near to it.

Lady Mary listened to them all, but she kept her eyes upon the face of him who offered her this possibility. There passed through her mind a hundred stories she had heard of those who had gone back. But not

one that spoke of them as welcome, as received with joy, as comforting those they loved. Ah, no! was it not rather a curse upon the house to which they came? The rooms were shut up, the houses abandoned, where they were supposed to appear. Those whom they had loved best feared and fled them. They were a vulgar wonder—a thing that the poorest laughed at, yet feared. Poor banished souls! it was because no one would listen to them that they had to linger and wait, and come and go. She shivered, and, in spite of her longing and her repentance, a cold dread and horror took possession of her. She looked round upon her companions for comfort, and found none.

"Do not go," they said; "do not go. We have endured like you. We wait till all things are made clear."

And another said, "All will be made clear. It is but for a time."

She turned from one to another, and back again to the first speaker—he who had authority.

He said, "It is very rarely successful; it retards the course of your penitence. It is an indulgence, and it may bring harm and not good; but if the meaning is generous and just, permission will be given, and you may go."

Then all the strength of her nature rose in her. She thought of the child forsaken, and of the dark world round her, where she would find so few friends; and of the home shut up in which she had lived her young and pleasant life; and of the thoughts that must rise in her heart, as though she were forsaken and abandoned of God and man. Then Lady Mary turned to the man who had authority. She said, "If he whom I saw to-day will give me His blessing, I will go—and they all pressed round her, weeping and kissing her hands."

"He will not refuse His blessing," they said; "but the way is terrible, and you are still weak. How can you encounter all the misery of it? He commands no one to try that dark and dreadful way."

"I will try," Lady Mary said.

V.

The night which Lady Mary had been conscious of, in a momentary glimpse full of the exaggeration of fever, had not indeed been so expeditious as she believed. The doctor, it is true, had been pronouncing her death-warrant when she saw him holding her wrist and wondered what he did there in the middle of the night; but she had been very ill before this, and the conclusion of her life had been watched with many tears. Then there had risen up a wonderful commotion in the house, of which little Mary, her godchild, was very little sensible. Had she left any will, any instructions, the slightest indication of what she wished to be done after her death? Mr. Farnival, who had been very anxious to be allowed to see her, even in the last days of her illness, said emphatically, No. She had never executed any will, never made any disposition of her affairs, he said, almost with bitterness, in the tone of one who is ready to weep with vexation and distress. The vicar took a more hopeful view. He said it was impossible that so considerate a person could have done this, and that there must, he was sure, be found somewhere, if close examination was made, a memorandum, a letter—something which should show what she wished; for she must have known very well, notwithstanding all flatteries and compliments upon her good looks, that from day to day her existence was never to be calculated upon. The doctor did not share this last opinion. He said that there was no fathoming the extraordinary views that people took of their own case; and that it was quite possible, though it seemed incredible, that Lady Mary might really be, as little expectant of death, on the way to ninety, as a girl of seventeen; but still he was of opinion that she might have left a memorandum somewhere. These three gentlemen were in the foreground of affairs; because she had no relations to step in and take the management. The Earl, her grandson, was abroad, and there were only his solicitors to interfere on his behalf—men to whom Lady Mary's fortune was quite unimportant, although it was against their principles to let anything slip out of their hands that could aggrandize their client; but who knew nothing about the circumstances—about little Mary, about the old lady's peculiarities, in any way. Therefore the persons who had surrounded her in her life, and Mr. Farnival, her man of business, were the persons who really had the management of everything. Their wives interfered a little, too, or rather the one wife who only could do so—the wife of the vicar, who came in beneficently at once, and took poor little Mary, in her first desolation, out of the melancholy house. Mr. Vicar did this without any hesitation, knowing very well that, in all probability, Lady Mary had made no will, and consequently that the poor girl was destitute. A great deal is said about the hardness of the world, and the small consideration that is shown for a destitute dependent in such circumstances. But this is not true; and, as a matter of fact, there is never, or very rarely, such profound need in the world, without a great deal of kindness and much pity. The three gentlemen all along had been entirely in Mary's interest. They had not expected legacies from the old lady, or any advantage to themselves. It was of the girl that they had thought. And when now they examined everything and inquired into all her ways and what she had done, it was of Mary they

were thinking. But Mr. Farnival was very certain of his point. He knew that Lady Mary had made no will; time after time he had pressed it upon her. He was very sure, even while he examined her writing-table, and turned out all the drawers, that nothing would be found. The little Italian cabinet had chignons in its drawers, fragments of old lace, pieces of ribbon, little nothings of all sorts. Nobody thought of the secret drawer; and if they had thought of it, where could a place have been found less likely? If she had ever made a will, she could have had no reason for concealing it. To be sure they did not reason in this way, being simply unaware of any place of concealment at all. And Mary knew nothing about this search they were making. She did not know how she was herself "left." When the first misery of grief was exhausted, she began, indeed, to have troubled thoughts in her own mind—to expect that the vicar would speak to her, or Mr. Farnival send for her, and tell her what she was to do. But nothing was said to her. The vicar's wife had asked her to come for a long visit; and the anxious people, who were forever talking over this subject and consulting what was best for her, had come to no decision as yet, as to what must be said to the person chiefly concerned. It was too heartrending to have to put the real state of affairs before her.

The doctor had no wife; but he had an anxious mother, who, though she would not for the world have been unkind to the poor girl, yet was very anxious that she should be disposed of and out of her son's way. It is true that the doctor was forty and Mary only eighteen—but what then? Matches of that kind were seen every day, and his heart was so soft to the child that his mother never knew from one day to another what might happen. She had naturally no doubt at all that Mary would seize the first hand held out to her, and as time went on held many an anxious consultation with the vicar's wife on the subject. "You cannot have her with you forever," she said. "She must know one time or another how she is left, and that she must learn to do something for herself."

"Oh," said the vicar's wife, "how is she to be told? It is heartrending to look at her life, and now in a moment, destitution. I am very glad to have her with me; she is a dear little thing, and so nice with the children. And if some good man would only step in—"

The doctor's mother trembled; for that a good man should step in was exactly what she feared. "That is a thing that can never be depended upon," she said; "and marriages made out of compassion are just as bad as mercenary marriages. Oh, no, my dear Mrs. Bowyer, Mary has a great deal of character. You should put more confidence in her than that. No doubt she will be much cast down at first, but when she knows, she will rise to the occasion and show what is in her."

"Poor little thing! what is in a girl of eighteen, and one that has lain on the roses and fed on the lilies all her life? Oh, I could find it in my heart to say a great deal about old Lady Mary that would not be pleasant! Why did she bring her up so if she did not mean to provide for her? I think she must have been at heart a wicked old woman."

"Oh, no—we must not say that. I dare say, as my son says, she always meant to do it some time."

"Some time! how long did she expect to live, I wonder?"

"Well," said the doctor's mother, "it is wonderful how little old one feels sometimes within one's self, even when one is well up in years." She was of the faction of the old, instead of being like Mrs. Bowyer, who was not much over thirty, of the faction of the young. She could make excuses for Lady Mary; but she thought that it was unkind to bring the poor little girl here in ignorance of her real position, and in the way of men—who, though old enough to know better, were still capable of folly, as what man is not when a girl of eighteen is concerned? "I hope," she added, "that the Earl will do something for her. Certainly he ought to, when he knows all that his grandmother did, and what her intentions must have been. He ought to make her a little allowance—that is the least he can do. Not to be sure, such a provision as we all hoped Lady Mary was going to make for her, but enough to live upon. Mr. Farnival, I believe, has written to him to that effect."

"Hush!" cried the vicar's wife; indeed she had been making signs to the other lady, who stood with her back to the door, for some moments. Mary had come in while this conversation was going on. She had not paid any attention to it; and yet her ear had been caught by the names of Lady Mary and the Earl and Mr. Farnival. For whom was it that the Earl should make an allowance enough to live upon? whom Lady Mary had not provided for, and whom Mr. Farnival had written about? When she sat down to the needlework in which she was helping Mrs. Vicar, it was not to be supposed that she should not ponder these words—her some time very vaguely, not perceiving the meaning of them; and then with a start she woke up to perceive that there must be something meant, some one—even some one she knew. And then the needle dropped out of the girl's hand, and the pin fell on the floor. Some one! it must be herself they meant! Who but she could be the subject of that earnest conversation? She began to remember a great many conversations as earnest, which had been stopped when she came into the room, and the looks of pity which

had been bent upon her. She had thought in her innocence that this was because she had lost her godmother, her protectress—and had been very grateful for the kindness of her friends. But now another meaning came into everything. Mrs. Bowyer had accompanied her visitor to the door, still talking, and when she returned her face was very grave. But she smiled when she met Mary's look, and said cheerfully, "How kind of you, my dear, to make all those pinpoints for me! The little ones will not know themselves. They never were so fine before."

"Oh, Mrs. Bowyer," cried the girl, "I have guessed something, and I want you to tell me! Are you keeping me for charity, and is it I that am left—without any provision? and that Mr. Farnival has written—"

She could not finish her sentence; for it was very bitter to her, as may be supposed, "I don't know what you mean, my dear," cried the vicar's wife. "Charity—well, I suppose that is the same as love—at least it is so in the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians. You are staying—with us, I hope, for love, if that is what you mean."

Upon which she took the girl in her arms and kissed her, and cried as women must. "My dearest," she said, "as you have guessed the worst, it is better to tell you. Lady Mary—I don't know why—oh, I don't wish to blame her—has left no will; and, my dear, my dear, you who have been brought up in luxury, you have not a penny." Here the vicar's wife gave Mary a closer hug, and kissed her once more. "We love you all the better—if that was possible," she said.

How many thoughts will fly through a girl's mind while her head rests on some kind shoulder, and she is being consoled for the first calamity that has touched her life! She was neither ungrateful nor unresponsive; but as Mrs. Bowyer pressed her close to her kind breast and cried over her, Mary did not cry but thought, seeing in a moment a succession of scenes, and realizing in a moment so complete a new world, that all her pain was quelled by the hurry and rush in her brain as her forces rallied to sustain her. She withdrew from her kind support after a moment with eyes tearless and shining, the color mounting to her face, and not a sign of discouragement in her, nor yet of sentiment, though she grasped her kind friend's hands with a pressure which her innocent small fingers seemed incapable of giving. "One has read of such things—in books," she said, with a faint courageous smile; "and I suppose they happen—in life."

"Oh, my dear, too often in life. Though how people can be so cruel, so indifferent, so careless of the happiness of those they love—"

Here Mary pressed her friend's hands still tighter, and cried, "Not cruel, not indifferent. I cannot bear a word—"

"Well, dear, it is like you to feel so—I knew you would; and I will not say a word. Oh, Mary, if she ever thinks of such things now—"

"I hope she will not—I hope she cannot!" cried the girl, with once more a vehement pressure of her friend's hands.

"What is that?" Mrs. Bowyer said, looking round. "It is somebody in the next room, I suppose. No, dear, I hope so, too, for she would not be happy if she remembered. Mary, dry your eyes, my dear. Try not to think of this. I am sure there is some one in the next room. And you must try not to look wretched, for all our sakes—"

"Wretched!" cried Mary, springing up. "I am not wretched." And she turned with a countenance glowing and full of courage to the door. But there was no one there—no visitor lingering in the smaller room as sometimes happened.

"I thought I heard some one come in," said the vicar's wife. "Didn't you hear something? I suppose it is because I am so agitated with all this, but I could have sworn I heard some one come in."

"There is nobody," said Mary, who, in the shock of the calamity which had so suddenly changed the world to her, was perfectly calm. She did not feel at all disposed to cry or "give way." It went to her head with a thrill of pain, which was excitement as well, like a strong stimulant suddenly applied; and she added, "I should like to go out a little, if you don't mind, just to get used to the idea."

"My dear, I will get my hat in a moment—"

"No, please. It is not unkindness; but I must think it over by myself—by myself," Mary cried. She hurried away, while Mrs. Bowyer took another survey of the outer room, and called the servant to know who had been calling. Nobody had been calling, the maid said; but her mistress still shook her head.

"It must have been some one who does not ring, who just opens the door," she said to herself. "That is the worst of the country. It might be Mrs. Blunt, or Sophia Blackburn, or the curate, or half a dozen people—and they have just gone away when they heard me crying. How could I help crying? But I wonder how much they heard, whoever it was."

VI.

It was winter, and snow was on the ground. Lady Mary found herself on the road that led through her own village, going home. It was like a picture of a wintry night—like one of those pictures that please the children at Christmas. A little snow sprinkled on the roofs, just enough to define them, and on the edges of the roads; every cottage window showing a ruddy glimmer in the twilight; the men coming home from their work; the children tied up in comforters and caps, steal-



## Anniversary Exercises in San Francisco.

Prof. Wm. Denton speaks with Power and Eloquence through Mrs. E. L. Watson.

REPORTED BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

The exercises attending the celebration of the thirty-sixth anniversary of Spiritualism in San Francisco, were varied and fraught with much interest, comparing favorably with those of preceding years in the matters of attendance and the character of the addresses and poems delivered. In one respect the anniversary this year was of peculiar interest; namely, the delivery of an eloquent address on "Is Spiritualism True?" by Mrs. E. L. Watson, announced as due to the inspiring influences of Prof. Wm. Denton, of which more anon.

The Children's Lyceum opened the ball at 9:30 A. M., Sunday, March 30th, with appropriate exercises commemorating the advent of the new evangel. Year after year, in winter and summer, this Lyceum keeps on its way, under the guidance of a band of earnest soulful workers who, by their unselfish labors to sustain this reformatory school, are wreathing for themselves immortal garlands, to crown them in the bright beyond. The recitations, many and varied, were for the most part excellently delivered, special mention being made of a very effective rendition by the universal favorite, Thos. Hill.

At 11 A. M. the exercises began in Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of Mrs. Watson. Floral decorations, many and elaborate, fairly covered the large platform-rostrum, and ornamented its sides. Under inspiration, Mrs. W. gave a brief sketch of the "Rise, Work and Progress of Spiritualism." After reference to the Spiritualism of all times and ages, antedating the advent of its modern phase in 1818, which latter had been foretold by many an inspired prophet, including Swedenborg, A. J. Davis, and the Shakers, the speaker bore witness to the fact that the origination of the spiritual rappings in 1848, was due to concerted action in spirit-life to that end, by bands of philanthropists and scientists, there being in the world sufficient scientific inquiry and sufficient spiritual liberty to warrant the ushering in this new outpouring of spiritual light upon humanity. Scientists say the spiritual movement is due to a nervous epidemic, or to hallucination. Nervous epidemics are not apt to develop high religious sentiments, nor does hallucination usually become so widespread as Spiritualism has become. Describing the various kinds of phenomena successively manifested, Mrs. W. named pneumatography or direct spirit writing without human contact, as one of the most convincing evidences of unseen intelligent agency. One of the most marked and significant facts attending this movement, was the development of so many mediums in isolated localities, away from the influences of the towns and cities, and in ignorance of what was doing in the outside world in the matter of spirit phenomena. Not through public circles have the great bulk of Spiritualists been converted, but through evidences arising in their own family circles.

The Spiritualist's principal stronghold is, that his philosophy and phenomena do not contradict the laws of nature, but are in accord with scientific truth. Every clergyman is compelled to admit a portion of our philosophy, and to-day the most illustrious divines are setting their sails to catch the breezes of our inspiration. The Churches are honey-combed with Spiritualism, and their cells are being filled with the sweets of spiritual truth. For the few hundreds that to-day publicly celebrate our cause's advent, there are thousands in this city, permeating the churches, and at this we rejoice; for, we come not to upbraid a sect, but to spiritualize all humanity. Though only a few comparatively meet with us to-day, there are tens of thousands in San Francisco who have been made better men and women by the elevating influences of the spiritual gospel.

In response to questions from the audience pertinent to the occasion, Mrs. Watson informed us (1) that the difference between spirit control and spirit inspiration is this: in the former case the medium was wholly unconscious, passive, with the organs of speech moved mechanically, while in the case of "inspiration" only, as in her own case, she was never unconscious, and the remarks given were from her own mind, illuminated or intensified by the power of the spirit present; her own normal capacities being stimulated and through them flow currents of spiritual feeling from the inspiring intelligences. In spirit inspiration we do not usually get the language of the spirit, and sometimes not even a clear expression of the ideas of the "control." Rarely can a spirit fully project itself through an earthly personality; no spirit can perfectly do itself justice through another individuality. (2) The best direction in which to act so as to secure the advancement of Spiritualism, is to secure the spiritual literature of everything calculated to embarrass and mislead the investigator, and to act at all times in conscientious obedience to what is considered the highest truth at right. Pay more attention to the higher portions of our nature. The highest outcome of Spiritualism is not to prepare us to die, but to fit us to live. If you are prepared to live as you ought in this world, you are prepared for the next world. To advance Spiritualism, live true to your highest convictions, and never impinge on the rights of your neighbor. As it is said of the Quaker: "He is a Quaker; you can believe him," so, live that it may be said of you: "He is a Spiritualist; you can believe him." In this way you can build up Spiritualism. (3) Some of the greatest triumphs of our faith are these: striking off the bonds of doubt and fear from the minds of thousands and millions, telling them you have a right to investigate the most sacred things; the propagation of spiritual freedom, emphasizing the truth that we need no mediator, no intermediary any where in matters of religion; quenching the fires of hell in the orthodox world; revelation of the consoling truth that the Spirit-world is a perfectly natural world, where the moral laws are still potent, and intellectual advancement still possible; the consolation given to the mourner and the sorrowing in contrast to the unsatisfying and soul-starving husks of orthodoxy.

WASHINGTON HALL, 2 P. M.

A large and attentive audience assembled in Washington Hall in the afternoon, to participate in the exercises under the control of the "Society of Progressive Spiritualists." Short speeches of five and ten minutes were the order of the day, interspersed with inspiring musical selections by the choir, assisted by Miss Earl, who rendered, very sweetly, two charming ballads. Poems, inspirational and normal, of more than average merit, were read by Mr. H. G. Knapp, Mrs. Laverna Mathews, Mrs. Cummings-Kills, C. B. Williams and Mrs. Price. The President, Mr. H. C. Wilson, made an effective chairman, and closed the meeting with a brief sketch of the work done by the Society the past year, which included the expenditure of \$250.00 for charitable purposes and the foundation of a free spiritual library. This Society has just been incorporated under the laws of the State.

Spiritualism brings us, said the first speaker, Mrs. E. F. McKinley, face to face with the highest problems of human life, its philosophy tells us that a practical life, imbued with philanthropy, charity and love, a life replete with high and holy deeds, is better far than a belief in any creed. It tells us we are not by instinct depraved, but that we are in sympathy and relation with all that is good and beautiful in the universe. When we listen to the beautiful truths given us so eloquently through Mrs. Watson, we feel that our privileges are indeed high and mighty.

Rev. J. N. Parker asked, what the necessity for the new departure 36 years ago? The natural, innate desires of man demanded the spiritual revelation then inaugurated. Liberal Christianity had done much good work, but it embraced the realm of faith only. Work was demanded—knowledge; and the demand was supplied. The new orthodoxy is fast rooting out the corruptions of the old orthodoxy, and while this purging process is going on, let us stand up, proclaiming that Spiritualism embraces the only complete system of truth. John Allyn, of St. Helena, asserted that as the science of to-day far exceeds that of ancient Greece and Egypt, so does modern Spiritualism exceed the ancient. The transition period, through which we are passing surpasses anything ever imagined by the prophets of Palestine or by the scribes of Mr. Edw. Fair was thankful the phenomena first dawned on the world through a little girl, the representation of the grandest part of the universe—woman! Spiritualism banishes supernaturalism, and places all things on a natural basis.

Mrs. Dr. Clara L. Elison, under control, claimed that Constantine, when he united Church and State, forbade all spiritual phenomena, except those produced through the clergy; all else were of the devil, and were guilty of announcing the receipt of the put to death, and thousands were burnt for witchcraft in England. Mediums should live as if upon their lives and actions depended the existence of Spiritualism. Help your mediums to become self-sustaining. Dr. R. T. Lockwood, of Portland, Oregon, said not 36, but 3,000, or better, 36,000 years ago, man became cognizant of the truths of spirit intercourse. As an instance of the beneficence manifested through Spiritualism, he mentioned that, by aid of a remedy which came to him like a flash, whence he knew not, he had cured 300 cases of Asiatic cholera, and had never lost one. A. M. Stoddard thought many errors had crept into Spiritualism, principally from old theological teachings, one of which was the existence of evil spirits. No bad spirits came to earth. All communications were from good motives. Sometimes, through earthly conditions, evil is manifested. To do good to a medium, he thought the most glorious thing one could do. Mediums should be sustained and supported, and not be compelled to beg their bread. C. B. Williams delivered a quaint and forcible address, highly ornate and flowery, iconoclastic and apothegmatic. Darwin, said he, had a prolific imagination, but he who could discover the missing link between primitive Christianity and modern Spiritualism, is to Darwin as a living lion to a festering carcass. An eloquent philippic against Christianity closed Mr. W.'s remarks. Mr. E. G. Anderson briefly summed up the *cul de sac* of Spiritualism, a fitting terminus to the three hours' session of speech-making.

In the evening, at Washington Hall, the exercises were continued under the direction of Mrs. Ada Foye, the famous medium. For an extended period, Mrs. Foye has been holding Sunday evening meetings in this hall, consisting of a conference and test séance. Last Sunday evening, an address was delivered by Mrs. Foye, in which she gave a detailed history of the manifestations at Hydeville, with a sketch of the subsequent development of Spiritualism in all lands and countries. Mr. H. C. Wilson adverted to the suppression of spiritual truth and liberal thought by Constantine, and their lucidity during the thousand years of the Dark Ages. Spiritualism, said he, has made me more of a man than I was. H. G. Knapp related his experiences with Margaretta Fox-Kane, Dr. Slade, and Chas. H. Foster. Mr. Rogers, an illiterate stovered, under influence, delivered an address remarkable for its choice and expressive language, in which he eloquently portrayed the defects and misdeeds of the dominant creedal systems of the day. Mr. Smith made some startling prophecies concerning the development of man's spiritual body in 1889-91. Mrs. Wilson counseled mutual love and forbearance among Spiritualists. Mrs. Patterson briefly alluded to the multiform blessings conferred on the world by Spiritualism, concluding with a fervent tribute to the memory of John Pierpont. Mrs. Catherine Seavey emphasized the cardinal truth of the brotherhood of man. From the lowest to the highest, all are brothers and sisters, and we are our brother's keeper so far as it lies in our power to help him.

The exercises closed with one of Mrs. Foye's interesting séances. It being suggested that she leave the platform while the phenomena were occurring, she came down among the audience, and the raps were heard in various parts of the room, on the chairs, the floor, the ceiling, etc. Concerning the genuineness of the phenomena given through this medium, there can be no question. The audience on this occasion was very large, the aisles and ante-rooms being crowded, and many going away unable to gain an entrance.

PROFESSOR DENTON'S ADDRESS.

In the evening Mrs. Watson was announced to speak on the subject: "Is Spiritualism True?" under the spirit inspiration of Prof. Denton, and a very large audience assembled in the Temple at 7:30. The morning attendance had been largely above the average, but the evening audience almost completely filled the extensive auditorium. In addition to the customary congregational singing, two solos by Miss M. C. Still and one by Jos. M. Maguire, all of which were excellently rendered, added no little to the evening's pleasure. Prior to the lecture, Mrs. Watson, in her normal state, explained the circumstances attending the announcement of the name of Prof. Denton as the inspirer of the evening's lecture. This is the first time the name of her inspiring "control" has ever been announced by Mrs. Watson, and it was done on this occasion very reluctantly. Mrs. W. commenced by saying that she never attached any importance to the name appended to inspirational discourses, nor did she think they gave any positive assurance of any higher intelligence being embodied therein. She herself was not a perfect psychological subject, the imperfections of her organism, her lack of culture, etc., limiting the action of her brain even under the highest influence. She began to speak in public at fourteen, and has never received anything worthy of the name of a common-school education,—her education being derived from

observation and the culture attending her abnormal experiences. "I come," said she, "always on the platform unprepared to lecture; I do not know the opening word of my address, and I am a listener to my own words. The imperfections in my lectures are due to the earthly side of the influences, and pertain to myself, not to the invisible inspirers."

"Four weeks ago," continued she, "a valued friend of known veracity came to me, and told me that Prof. Denton had come to a medium in San Francisco, of high social standing, and desired her to inform me that he wished to speak through me four weeks from that time, on this subject, 'Is Spiritualism True?' I at once refused to consent, and when urged to grant the request, I returned a positive negative. Suddenly, in the midst of my denials, I felt the presence of Prof. Denton beside me. I realized his presence as perfectly as I realize the presence of those before me now. I arose from my chair and walked up and down the room, trying to throw off the influence, but I felt vividly the impress of Prof. Denton's thoughts as follows: 'I am aware of your reluctance to accede to my request. I know your timidity and lack of self-confidence; but you were the last representative of Spiritualism I saw in Australia, and I have many friends in San Francisco whom it would gratify to hear me again. Though some may cavil, others will identify me, and it will give me pleasure to once more be heard in this city.' Prof. Denton was a friend of mine, and I have recently learned that he was a warmer friend to me than I had known him to be. All these thoughts overcame me and I confessed that I had to give up my objections. I could not withstand these arguments, and I consented. 'I do not know,' continued Mrs. Watson, 'that you will receive to-night any evidence of Prof. Denton's identity, or of the truth of Spiritualism, but only of my psychological susceptibility. I do not suppose he will be able to manifest his peculiar modes of expression or forms of thought; he will be only my psychological inspirer.' The foregoing only comprehends the substance, not the exact words, of Mrs. Watson's remarks.

Mrs. Watson tells me she heard Prof. Denton speak on two occasions only. Just before she went on the platform on this occasion, she remarked that she was tremulous for the result, and felt perfectly "empty." Prof. Denton was one of my sincerest friends, and I know of scarcely any one whose death I should have regretted to hear more than I did when I learned of his untimely transition. I was in regular correspondence with him up to his sudden taking-off, and though differing with him on some points, a strong sympathy, each for the other's labors, existed between us. Having heard him speak so often and knowing his peculiar bent of mind and his general ideas on all spiritual and occult matters, I was a little curious to see the results of his alleged control of Mrs. Watson. Like her I attach little importance to the names appended to inspirational lectures, and I take little stock in the numerous Paines, Parkers, Channings, etc., purporting to orate constantly through various psychics. I carefully and critically watched this lecture, comparing it with those of Prof. Denton in idea and style. I did not anticipate much in it that would be of a truly Dentonish character, but in this I was agreeably disappointed. The very first sentence was strongly reminiscent of Denton in manner and matter, and so of the entire opening portion. His positive, emphatic manner of speech was manifest in the first sentence, and all through the lecture. Certain mannerisms of his I was on the lookout for, and I noticed them on several occasions manifested very clearly. At certain portions of his lectures he would speak certain sentences in a peculiar and pointed way, with added effect; and Mrs. Watson did the same on several occasions. This style of thought was in the main such as Denton would be likely to present, much of it agreeing with what I knew was his own in earth-life. Some things, though, did not sound to me as such that he would utter. Granting the truth of Mrs. Watson's assertions of her being only psychologically impressed, and not positively controlled; that her inspirations are due to her own mind while under illumination from spiritual inspirers—it follows necessarily that only portions of her discourses can be held as absolute spirit utterances. Inevitably, in the Denton lecture, there must have been some of it that did not come from Denton; and as before remarked, I noticed things in it that I hardly think he would say; they sounded more Watsonish than Dentonish. The greater portion, however, was what I should think Denton would be apt to say, including some of the exact phrasingology. This much I can say, this is the only inspirational lecture I have ever heard, purporting to come from some departed celebrity, that gave any evidence, in manner or matter, of the identity of the purported inspirer. This lecture certainly was decidedly Dentonish in both respects, no matter whence its source; and in my judgment a strong presumption exists that Prof. Denton was really the inspirer. In Denton's lectures were blended the matter-of-fact and the eloquent, and these characteristics largely pervaded this address, the peroration, in answer to the charge of the insignificant and trifling character of the phenomena of Spiritualism, culminating in a burst of impassioned eloquence, superior to aught I have ever heard from Mrs. Watson before. Taken all in all this was the grandest lecture I have heard her deliver, and if the same influence could be utilized in future addresses, I think her lectures would be even more powerful and eloquent than they have heretofore been. I hope, therefore, that the "Denton" inspiration will not cease with this gifted lady, but that on other occasions our ascended brother may again be heard in zealous advocacy of the truths he ever held so dear.

At the conclusion of the lecture, Dr. Morton requested the audience to sing Lizzie Doten's "Jubilate," in which, 16 years before, he had heard 3,000 people unite; on that occasion, as on this, Prof. Denton being the principal speaker. I hope to furnish an abstract of Mrs. Watson's lecture for future use in the JOURNAL.

The concluding exercises of the anniversary occasion were held at Izora Hall, under the auspices of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, on Monday evening, March 31st; and consisted of a literary and musical entertainment, a comedietta, and dancing by the young folks,—all over 90 being excluded from the floor. The attendance was very large, the performances meritorious, and the enjoyment hearty.

Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. Eugene Despres, the distinguished French surgeon, free-thinker and Republican, has written a letter in his capacity as surgeon to the Hospital de La Charité, strongly denouncing the exclusion of Sisters of Charity from the hospitals. He declares that lay nurses are less efficient than the Sisters of Charity. The exclusion of the Sisters, he says, is contrary to the interests of the poor. It is a despotism more odious than the worst of monarchies and may eventually compromise the Republic.

## MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

Address Delivered by Wm. S. Godhe at the Walker Opera House, Salt Lake City, Utah, Sunday, March 30th, 1884.

(A Condensed Report.)

Spiritualism in its broad and deep sense may be defined as the affirmation of the spiritual, as the underlying cause of the material universe, and the recognition of God as the controller thereof, the supreme intelligence and source of all life;—that which we call nature being but one form of expression of the divine mind to the external consciousness.

This grand basic idea in its relation to human affairs, it will be readily seen, compels at once the recognition of the divinity of the past in all previous dispensations of light and truth to the world, in all lands and among all peoples, and implies the assertion of eternal providence and justifies the ways of God to man. Modern Spiritualism, as a movement, with its obscure beginning thirty-six years ago in the State of New York, can only be correctly understood in the light of this fundamental truth, and in connection, also, with the extraordinary events that distinguish the age in which it has come. The present marks an epoch in the world's history in which the labors of former generations seem to culminate preparatory to the establishment of a new and better order of things.

Corresponding to the wonderful advancement of material science and inventive genius, is the unfolding of man's spiritual nature, enlarging his capacity for the reception of grander truths and inspiring the soul to higher thought and nobler purpose. Just in proportion as man's physical surroundings are improved and the coarser elements eliminated from his nature, will his moral and spiritual progression take place, and as there can be no limit to the former, neither is there to the latter.

The realms of the unseen are full of light, but we can only receive according to our capacity. To the intelligent student, then, it is not strange that simultaneous with the material developments of the nineteenth century, should come manifestations of the presence of departed dear ones—by means of such phenomena as were at their command or that could best appeal to the external senses.

That phenomena of this sort, demonstrating at least the presence of unseen intelligences, did actually occur can scarcely be questioned without an utter disregard of an overwhelming amount of competent testimony.

It is not my purpose on this occasion, however important it may be, to discuss this part of the subject, but taking for granted the spiritual hypothesis that it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die; that, in a word, the soul is immortal, it will be my aim to submit for your consideration some of my conceptions of the philosophy and mission of Spiritualism, as embodied in the teachings of the Spirit-world to us who are still struggling with the stern realities of this, bound-down, perchance, with their weight of care and sorrow.

First, I would say that while rejecting all man-made theology with its unwarrantable assumptions and irrational dogmas, Spiritualism affirms the truth of religion, pure and simple, as the most precious part of our being; and is, in fact, the only power that can preserve religion from the destruction that awaits the creeds, with which it is so intimately associated—to accomplish which is an essential part of its present purpose.

Spiritualism is, indeed, itself a religion, the highest that the enlightened human mind has so far attained. Its faith is based on God as the absolute goodness, wisdom and love. Its hope rests on the immortality of the soul and the ever-increasing growth of its affections, and its charity is the culmination of both and is as broad as the universe itself. Unlike all other religions in this respect, Spiritualism declares that all men in all lands, everywhere, are the children of God and are equally the subjects of his care and love, and that the same glorious destiny that is in store for one is in reserve for all; that mankind is coming out of the darkness into the light, and that the experience of each person is such as is best calculated to promote his growth and advancement.

With reference to the problem of evil, to handle which theologians have invented a devil to lead men astray, and an eternal hell to consign them to for being thus misled, Spiritualism teaches that evil exists in the very nature of things as the antithesis of good, and that in the hands of the infinite it is not only safe but made conducive to divine ends—necessary, in fact, for the education and expansion of the soul. But for us, finite creatures of earth, groping in its darkness for the light, evil exists only to be antagonized and overcome.

Whatever else may be vague in regard to this complex question this at least is clear, that for man evil is, only that it may be resisted—not in anger or in hate but in wisdom and in love, having regard for the equal rights, liberties and happiness of all. Let those who may, plunge into evil to get experience, or that "grace may abound," but the wise will forever shun it in all its forms, as they would a pestilence. Nevertheless, as sin is the violation of law, all are more or less transgressors, if only through ignorance, yet, whatever the cause, none can escape the inevitable penalty consequent thereupon. This is God's method of correction and his punishment for disobedience, whether against the physical, moral, or spiritual laws of our being, and is as swift and certain as it is merciful and just, and is always in exact proportion to the nature of the offense; hence the transgression of the passing hour does not receive an eternal penalty, nor do the misdeeds of this brief and fitful existence merit everlasting pain. Ignorance or gross spiritual blindness can alone save such a belief from positive blasphemy.

God's punishment, moreover, is wholly reformatory, and its methods are those of love and wisdom, leading the child of earth from the stormy paths of discord and sorrow to where all is harmony and joy. In the light of this divine philosophy we can look upon our fellow beings as brothers and sisters, each performing his or her appointed part in the great drama of life, none daring to say, in the light of the soul, "I am holier than thou," or for those alone who believe with me is salvation to be secured; since all are being led onward and upward to the eternal truth and ultimate perfection. Spiritualism, then, being based not more on the facts of man's spiritual nature than on the infinite Spirit itself, is destined to be the brightest star of his hope and the supreme religion of his future.

But the object sought to be accomplished at the present time is not to form an organization or build up a church upon any formula of belief, however grand or comprehensive, but to scatter seeds of heaven-born truth broadcast throughout the land, in the churches and out of them, on the platform and in the press,—the very heaven of God preparing

the world for the better day that is soon to come.

The movement has an universal significance, and cannot become sectarian or limited by the broadest creed the mind can grasp. Its mission is to all humanity, and its purpose is to emancipate, purify, elevate and bless! Temporary organizations for local needs are of course in order, and are being established in all sections, as necessity may require; but the present is the time of disintegration—the period of transition, in which the old forms of faith are losing their power, and when men in the freedom of their manhood are beginning to interrogate nature and nature's God as to the enigmas of this life and the possibilities of the next.

Now is the time for the innovator and the iconoclast, the most fearless criticism, ultra skepticism and mental discord, preparatory to the outpouring of the higher truth and diviner harmony that is to follow.

Reaction is the law of all progress, and it is only by giving to what we may deem honest error, the same freedom we claim for truth, that the contrast can be seen and perfect toleration enjoyed. All who are true to their convictions are doing God's work!

Not then for the glorification of the individual or the establishment of a great dominant church, distinguished for the purity of its ethics and the self-love and admiration of its members; not for this, has the silence of the heavenly world been broken and its messengers sent forth, but to meet the urgent need of the longing, hungry heart for evidence of a future existence, and the continuance beyond the grave of the love and friendship begun on earth, only to be cut off in the springtime of its life and sweetness; and also to awaken as never before the unselfish, heroic and sublime in the soul, leading it up to God as the absolute truth and perfect love. Spiritualism enunciates the sublime principle that all personal influence growing out of wealth and fame; all gifts, whether of science, letters, art, music or eloquence, can only be rightfully exercised in the interest of all and for the good of all. That learning and art are not merely to gratify a refined taste or cultivated mind, but to be conscientiously employed for the elevation of those who are less favored.

Your moral and intellectual strength is not for you alone, but for the weak and faltering; the wealth you possess is not yours for selfish ends, but to be used in sacred trust for the benefit of those who are bound down with that wretched poverty that eaps the mind and kills the hope; and those who revel in the greater preciosity of mental riches, when touched by the divine sympathy that comes of spiritual awakening, born of unselfishness and love, will consecrate all and use all for the enlightenment and uplifting of the masses; giving freely that which hath been freely given, expressing their thoughts honestly and fearlessly, in the ardent love of right opposing the wrong; that in the end oppression may cease, and liberty, equality and fraternity become possible to all mankind.

## CALL.

For the Annual Meeting of the American Spiritualist Association.

The American Spiritualist Association, organized at Sturgis, Michigan, in June, 1883, hereby, under the authority of the Board of Trustees then elected, issues the following call for the next annual meeting of said Association, to assemble at Lake Pleasant in the town of Montague, Mass., on Thursday the 21st day of August, 1884, to continue by adjournments for three days.

The said annual meeting will be for the purpose of perfecting the organization, by the making of it a legal body corporate, by increasing the number of its members, by effecting unity and co-operation with other organized bodies of Spiritualists, and in every proper manner enlarging its field of influence and practical executive power for good.

The constitution of the Association (ever open to orderly amendment), its objects and aims, and an address to the general public, have been already circulated somewhat widely, in pamphlet form and otherwise, and are probably well known to Spiritualists at large, and will continue to become more and better known.

We trust, therefore, that the cause of an organized, rational and purified Spiritualism, the need of which has been long felt, may be hailed and responded to with joy by the many thousands whose lives have been enriched and brightened by this Modern Spiritualist dispensation, and that all such will unite heartily to help place it before the world in a light favorable to its reception, thus aiding to spread its benign influences to the unnumbered thousands of our brothers and sisters waiting for the light and joy which the knowledge of such a philosophy is so well calculated to afford.

The New England Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association holds its camp at Lake Pleasant through the month of August. Lake Pleasant Camp is known to be the largest and best appointed Spiritualist camp in the world. Here, during the camping season, may be met thousands of representative Spiritualists from nearly every State and Territory in the Nation, as well as a number from different foreign countries. These considerations, among others, seemed to point to Lake Pleasant as the best place to hold our annual meeting this year. The Board of Directors of the N. E. S. Camp Meeting Association have extended a cordial invitation to the American Spiritualist Association, as a sister Association working for the common good of Spiritualism. This act of courtesy does not, of course, commit the Lake Pleasant Management to the aims and objects of the American Spiritualist Association, but many of its members are known to be favorable thereto, and it is hoped that a thorough exposition of the purposes of the A. S. A. will make apparent to all who attend the sessions of our annual meeting, the need of organization for effective work on a common basis and in a business way.

It is desirable that all associations of Spiritualists already made, who approve of our objects, should appoint delegates to be in attendance in case it should become desirable for them to act officially in conjunction with us to effect consolidation or otherwise promote the general good of the cause.

Accommodations can be procured at reasonable rates for such delegates, and others from a distance; information on these matters can be obtained in due season from the official Announcement of the Management of Lake Pleasant Camp, which will appear at least two months before the meeting.

Signed, under authority of the Board of Trustees, by JNO. G. JACKSON, President.

Hockessin, Del.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Beware of Imitations.

Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "HORSFORD'S" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.







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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, April 26, 1884.

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## The Bible and the Church.

The North American Review for April contains two articles on Recent Criticisms of the Bible; the first by the Rev. A. G. Mortimer, the second by Rev. B. H. Newton. The latter, despite the fierce attacks from many quarters and the threats of ecclesiastical discipline, does not seem to "scare" worth a cent, and writes as boldly as if there were never a bishop in the world. We quote some of his ringing utterances:

"The nature of the Bible is plainly the next great issue in the historic progress of Christianity. It ought not to be content to see the reason of this fact. While men are content under an absolute rule, that rule must, on the whole, be suited to their condition. When they grow restive, they seek to shake their shackles. The Church, as in the State, external authority is undoubtedly a necessity for men in the earlier stages of development. Until the reason is so far educated, and the spiritual sense so far awakened, that man shall of himself own and obey the Eternal Law, there must be a king by right divine, commanding thought. Sooner or later, it is inevitable that the growing mind of man shall question any external authority in religion. If it is free to do so, it may peacefully work over again the old beliefs into new forms of faith; if it is forbidden to do so, it at once suspects the authority that shrinks from the light, and is thus in danger of throwing away the belief imposed. While every new thought must be hailed before a Pope or Pope, whether seated on a Church or on a book, there can be no inquiry and no doubt. Three hundred years ago it was an infallible Church which proclaimed that it was an infallible book. The one alone ultimate authority is Reason."

Boldly accepting all things that are implied in, and must follow, the faithful criticism which he declares to be necessary and the Church so fears, he adds:

"The new view of the Bible is spreading doubt. Is then the old view of the Bible making no doubt? Are our educated classes being lulled into happy dreams of faith by the pleasant stories of Lot's wife, the theory of bears of Jonah's big fish and of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace? Is the mission of Moses proven to our satisfaction? In the light which the legend gives us of his training, we have seen an Egyptian magician? Is the character of God cleared from the clouds that nature's anomalies gender, by having the savageries and bestialities, the superstitions and blasphemies of the early ages, thrust upon us as the very word of God? Is the historical reality of the Holy Christ certified to us on the authority of that reasonable and reputable type of the Messiah—Samson?"

Are the standards of orthodoxy really prepared to recommend such heroic treatment for the malaria of doubt? Judging from the late General Convention of the Episcopal Church, we might conclude that they are. Grave and learned divines, earnest and devoted, whether the word of God would continue to be heard if Balaam's ass were not allowed to speak in the new lectionary? "Sometimes an ass may speak, and act more wisely than a man," said one divine—an infidel drawn from that fellow-feeling that makes us wondrously kind, amply justified by the almost unanimous vote of the dioceses on the question whether the ass should continue in our churches and pray his message."

The Rev. A. J. Mortimer denounces Dr. Newton's criticisms as "wild onslaughts on Holy Scripture, which, when addressed to a congregation of persons entirely untrained in the subtle science of criticism, threaten to deprive them of all that is positive in Christianity." Yet he comes dangerously near to Mr. Newton's position, when he speaks of "the false position in which the Bible has been placed" by a "theory of mechanical inspiration, extended to the very letters of the text.... Protesting against Mariolatry they [the Reformers] substituted Bibliolatry." We copy his own reasons for accepting the Bible as a divine standard:

"Meanwhile we must recollect that it was the Church which first gave the Bible to the world, and the Church which, through all those centuries, preserved the Bible; and while she preserved and loved it, and taught it to be the word of God, she never put it into the false position it has occupied in the Protestant religion. She said, it needs an authority on which to rest, and for its right understanding an interpreter: I am both."

"The Bible commands itself to my reason and my heart; but this is not the ground of my faith in it. I believe in it because I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, and that Church has said it is the word of God. What the Church has said about the Bible I believe; where the Church has not spoken, I may follow the opinions of theologians or critics. Now the Church has abundantly witnessed to the fact that the Bible is inspired, but she has not put forth any positive theory of inspiration; much less has she countenanced the theory of which Dr. Newton's views are an exaggerated reaction. The writers were inspired to teach moral truth, not history nor science; and their language was the language of their day—not technical, and yet I believe always true."

So, in his view, a quite common one among Catholics and High Church Episcopalians,

but held by no others, the validity of the Bible depends upon the Church, and if we ask what the Church depends on, the history of Jesus and the early Church found only in our Bible, is appealed to. Something like arguing in a circle here. The Church sustains a Bible, the Bible upholds the Church. If the Bible owes its validity to the Church, if none other can interpret it aright, who shall know whether the Church has any warrant for the claim, nay, any real right to be, as an authority of any sort. Jesus was a member of the Jewish church till his death, he gave no plan of a church, no directions for formation or government of one; said nothing about a Bible, though he quoted from writings he as a Jew, held sacred, as illustrations rendering his argument more forcible. If one has the books, and time enough to wade through the history of the early church, it will seem to the unlearned one, that the church was formed and grew under no special divine inspiration, but as everything else grows on this earth. Was it divine inspiration made the young church choose an apostle to replace Judas, which apostle, once chosen, is never heard of more? Was the early church that "gave us our Bible" so orderly and pure, so clear and consistent, so free from doubtful doctrines and jarring views, that one can rest securely on the fact of its being divinely guided? If so, ecclesiastical history has grievously misrepresented the facts. Has the church always known which were the canonical books? Has not one council rejected what another council accepted? Which was inspired, if either? There is danger in this Roman Catholic claim of the power to determine what is eternally true in the Bible, for, finding so much in it that must be rejected as to its infallible truth, it is possible that the Church who "gave us" the book and claims divine right to interpret it, will be required to show its title deeds, and prove how it obtained any such authority. Difficult, nay impossible as it is to do this, it will be wise to let the book stand or fall alone.

## Medium or Man.

Few things have been more harmful alike to Spiritualism and Spiritualists, than the efforts so constantly made to render the whole life mediumistic; to develop the medium at the expense of the man. This has done harm in two directions: it has made bad mediums and caused many of the frauds we have had to grieve over, thus lowering Spiritualism in the eyes of the world, and damaged the man as well as ruining his reputation. Mediumship, as an occasional or regularly recurring state, is good both for the mental and the physical constitution, but if a man is to make his living in the world, to do all his duty to society and his country, careful watch should be had that the state be not permitted to occur too often, or be too long continued; for it is certain that the perpetual cultivation of a receptive state is not a good preparative for actual business. Power of dealing with abstract propositions may be, doubtless, increased by it, but the power of judging of, and dealing with, facts is diminished. Striving always to get away from the region of the physical senses, the power of observation is impaired; passively waiting for impressions from without, the power of comparison is measurably lost, and the judgment is weakened. It is too often the case that a medium is—only a medium; one with fitful, capricious will, infirm of purpose, unable to study, not even competent to manage his own small business, unreliable in his engagements, his promises not to be depended on. The man has been repressed: that the medium may become more perfect. Hence, largely, comes the poverty of mediums; because of this, too, there are so many unhappy homes among them. And the process does not produce good mediums, or if in the beginning it seems to, they do not endure. Power stored up till it gathered sufficient strength would do more effective work than if every faint tremor of spirit influence were watched and waited for and at once expended. Heat is a great force in the universe, but it is massed heat whose work we can see and feel. From the ceaseless effort to annihilate selfhood come most of the crude generalities, the puerile extravagances, the pronounced absence of facts, the inconsequential arguments so often lamented by Spiritualists, so laughed at by the outside world.

From Spiritualist platforms it is argued, sometimes, that mediums must not work—"a blacksmith cannot repair a watch," "spirits need fine instruments," etc., etc. Nothing can be more misleading than such platform utterances. The medium who has weakened his physical frame, destroyed his power of thought, lowered his conceptions of moral truth, is not "a fine instrument." Not a "blacksmith" perhaps, but a veritable baby, not to be trusted with any work by spirits in or out of the form. Thalberg, the pianist, when about to give a concert, used to go to his practice-room, containing only a piano and a lounge, and play scales till his strength was exhausted and his fingers refused to obey his will. Then he would rest on the lounge, and then again go through the same exercises. This he would do every day for a week, but on the day before his concert would not play a note. During all this practice fine shades of expression were unsought; they must come with the inspiration of the hour at the time of his public performance. He was seeking for accuracy, certainty, strength. And because he was strong he was tender and graceful in his public playing. So it would be with mediumship, properly governed. The "blacksmith cannot repair a watch" truly, but the man of culture, of strong, vigorous will, of clear common-sense, will be a better medium at such times as he yields to the spir-

it-influence, than one who cultivates irritability and calls it sensitiveness; who will not move but waits to be driven; who does not try to think, does not will to find and speak the truth, or to give, from himself, any evidence about anything; waiting for spirits to control every act, every utterance, every perception; content to do without comprehension.

And the host of mocking enemies taunt Spiritualism; they point to those affected by this "dry rot"; point, too, derisively, to the frauds which naturally come from attempts to produce phenomena when the power has departed, or become weak from over use; point to the poverty of mediums, their unprotected position, and proclaim: "Spiritualism is part conscious fraud, part delusion, part mania and part dementia." To this some Spiritualists who do not see the source of most of the evils which really exist, can only mutter in reply, "conditions." Let mediums make conditions, favorable for this life as well as spirit life, and they will be better in health, in pocket, in mind and in spirit-power. Fortunately there are mediums who do this, and their life-work, both in their medial capacity and in the everyday affairs of earth proves the truthfulness of the JOURNAL's position.

## Resurrection.

The beautiful Easter Day has come and gone, and devoted religionists who had endured a very moderate mortification of the flesh during the forty days of Lent, have donned their new dresses, and flocked to the flower-decked churches to hear the jubilant addresses always to be heard on that day. All over the Christian world, Easter Day is made a day of joy. There is a popular tradition that even the Sun feels joy on that day, and dances; but few believe this, and go one has ever seen it. In Russia the greasy-bearded peasants salute each other with kisses, saying, "Brother, the Lord is risen," as an excuse for the unsavory osculation. In the churches everywhere all the possibilities of display are utilized, the rarest and most costly flowers, the most elaborate and unintelligible music, the most carefully prepared and ornate sermons. The sermon on this day must tell of the spring-time, of the return of life, of joy in the new life.

Of course, nearly all Easter sermons have Resurrection for their theme. Reporters and telegraphers have brought to the editorial sanctum reports from all the great sermon-producing centres this year, and nearly all the sermons deemed worth reporting, were on the same subject. But it is a little singular that so many sermons were devoted to proof of the fact of Christ's resurrection. Were the preachers trying to build up their own faith, or did they think their people, after the long years of orthodox teaching, were yet unsettled in their belief? Another significant thing was, no report so far seen, mentions that a single preacher took up the question Paul propounds, the question men are ever asking: "How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" Nor did anyone venture to say whether the resurrection of his people should take place in one year or a million of years. They were equally silent as to why there should be a resurrection at all, at least such a resurrection as they mostly preach. Mostly, for though it is orthodox to believe in the resurrection of the body, the belief is not so universal as it was. Those "pestilent fellows," the Spiritualists, have so battered the theological outlooks on all these points, that most preachers find it safer or more comfortable to be non-committal on the matter, and shout for Resurrection without venturing to define it, either as to process or outcome.

Paul distinctly says: "That which is sown is not that which shall be." "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body," and Paul is an authority to them. But if these bodies are to be, most of them, only resurrected that they may "dwell in everlasting burnings," the question how a spiritual body is to be affected by material fire is not easily answered, and as they cannot give up what some one has called "the good old Presbyterian hell," they still hold on, silently but desperately, to the resurrection of the material body, however absurd the belief may seem sometimes. That resurrection takes place at the instant of apparent death, that it is a resurrection of the spiritual body Paul wrote of, that every love, every power held by the man or woman here, every peculiarity of speech or gesture—all that distinguished them in this lower life, marks them when they come back, and prove that they have arisen—these things Spiritualists know beyond all doubt; to them resurrection is not a far-off, surprising thing (so far off none can even imagine when it will occur), but a natural process, taking place daily, hourly; and they rejoice in it because it is a present fact and not a remote contingency.

## The Chicago Musical Festival.

The Chicago Musical Festival Association announce their annual series of concerts and present unusually attractive programmes for the five evening concerts and two matinees they propose giving. The soloists are the best attainable—Mme. Materna, Mme. Christine Nilsson, Miss Emma Juch, Miss Emily Winant, are singers of the highest class; while Herr Winkelman, Herr Emil Scaria, Mr. Max Heinrich, Mr. Toedt and Mr. Frank Remberts are also of established reputation. Mr. Theodore Thomas is to be the musical director and conductor, and under his careful direction the select orchestra he has trained will interpret the instrumental selections and accompaniments with all the spirit, grace and delicacy for which they are celebrated. Among the larger works to be produced are Haydn's Oratorio of the "Creation," Wag-

ner's "Tannhauser," Berlioz' "Messe des Morts," a selection from Wagner's "Walkure," Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum," Gounod's "Redemption," a selection from "Lo-hengrin." These, with many other pieces, old and new, sung by such singers and accompanied by so good an orchestra, led by so skilled a conductor, ought to create a musical furor among the people of Chicago, and produce crowded audiences. The first concert is to take place May 27th, and the sale of tickets will begin on May 5th. Season tickets, fifteen dollars.

## Queer Bibles.

There are in the numerous editions of the Bible, several that are distinguished for odd or absurd mistranslations, and which are eagerly sought for by Bibliomaniacs. Among these are:

The Bug Bible.—The verse, Ps. xci: 5, "Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night," reads: "Thou shalt not be afraid of the Bugs by night."

The Breches Bible.—Gen. 11: 7, "They made themselves aprons of fig-leaves," reads: "They made themselves Breches of fig-leaves."

The Place-makers' Bible.—"Blessed are the peace-makers," is made to read: "Blessed are the Place-makers."

The Treacle Bible.—Jer. viii: 22: "Is there no balm in Gilead?" reads: "Is there no Treacle?"

The Rosin Bible.—The same passage reads: "Is there no Rosin?"

The Wicked Bible.—In this the word "not" is omitted from the 7th commandment; it reads: "Thou shalt commit adultery."

The Vinegar Bible.—The Parable of the Vineyard is called: "The Parable of the Vinegar."

The Printer's Bible.—This makes David say that Printers (instead of Princes) have persecuted him without cause.

The Murderer's Bible.—This puts murderers in place of murderers, in Jude 16.

## D. D. Home in Russia.

A letter from D. D. Home, dated March 27th, 1884, says: "I have been more than two months in Petersburg, and my heart was made glad in meeting old friends, known so far back as 1858. I am warmly welcomed by them, and I have made, through them, many new friends, all anxiously making inquiries as to the truth concerning the Spiritualism pure and undefiled, that shuns not the strictest investigation, and demands 'Light, more light.' I have most truthful details given me by honest investigators of the disgraceful and even obscene proceedings at so-called 'pitch-dark-sessions' in Petersburg and Tsarko-fels, and the cowardly perpetrators palm off these infamous frauds as the work of disembodied spirits! I am at this moment in continual influence of my gift of second sight, and in society have greatly astonished strangers to me, to whom I have been presented, by, in confidence, of course, relating incidents in their past known only to themselves. If I can do so honorably, will in a future letter describe some of these cases in detail."

## Trouble in the Bramo-Somaj.

The death of Chunder Sen seems to have produced an unexpected trouble in the Bramo-Somaj, in India. Mr. Sen's family object to any successor being appointed, claiming that Chunder Sen is still their minister. Mr. Mozoomdar, who had been acting as minister for two Sabbaths, was publicly forbidden to proceed with the services on the third Sunday; Karund Chunder Sen, eldest son of the late Kesub Chunder Sen, claiming authority to do so, as heir of his father. The congregation, about 400 in number, seem to be in favor of Mr. Mozoomdar continuing to preach.

## Names of those Interested.

The JOURNAL's patrons will confer a favor upon it by sending the addresses of all whom they know to be interested in Spiritualism, or liberally inclined. Don't forget this.

## The Premium List.

Owing to the crowded condition of our advertising columns, it is impossible to print the premium list regularly, but it will be sent on a separate sheet to all who apply.

The Presbyterian Review says: "A high orthodox authority affirms that it is a sufficient answer to the claims of the advocates of the prayer-cure, that multitudes of cases of sudden cure similar to those cited by that class of believers, can be brought forward in which there was no prayer at all. He also insists that such believers must, in honesty, divide supernatural interpositions with the Catholics, and cites a recent case. The patient was a lady of high social position in the State of Maryland. Her entire cure from a deep-seated cancerous affection was completed at the end of a novena, or nine days' devotion to the Virgin Mary, ordered by the parish priest. The fact is, or at least seems to be to many devout and profound scholars, that the alleged New Testament basis for the prayer-cure is very frail, and they suggest that the phenomena attending the prayer-cure be taken out of the field of theology and be referred to the domain of medical science."

Herman Snow, a Spiritualist of long standing, and a valued correspondent of the JOURNAL, who has resided for many years in San Francisco, Cal., has removed to No. 56 South Russell street, Boston, Mass., where his address will be until further notice.

## GENERAL NOTES.

The Postoffice Department uses \$80,000 worth of wrapping twine a year.

Thos. Gales Forster, who stands in the front ranks as a lecturer on reform subjects, is now stopping with his son at Towanda, Pa.

We return thanks for a fine cabinet photograph of Dr. J. E. Briggs of New York City, and place with our collection.

Gerald Massey lectured at Grand Rapids, Mich., April 20th, 23rd and 25th. He will lecture there again the 28th.

It is said that Gerald Massey has just concluded negotiations to deliver ten lectures in Australia.

We would refer our readers to the "Call for the Annual Meeting of the American Spiritualist Association," on the second page of this issue.

On the seventh page will be found the platform and premium list of the JOURNAL. Continuous readers will do well to show the same to their friends who may not be well informed as to the JOURNAL's position.

London Truth says the Queen (Victoria) takes a morbid pleasure in all ceremonies of a mournful nature, and literally revels in all the undertaker's details as to coffins, services, graves and monuments, and she certainly does not spare her relatives.

It is commented upon as an important epoch in the theological history of Boston, which sees installed in the Old South pulpit a clergyman who "discards the doctrine of vicarious atonement, and does not assert that of endless punishment."

An exchange considers it "the height of 'cheek' to say grace over meat for which the butcher has not been and never will be paid." Well, there may be something in that, and yet from another point of view it looks as if thanks were especially in order in a case like that.

"Immortality from the Stand-point of the Modern World," was the subject of Rev. Minot J. Savage's Easter sermon. That Mr. Savage preached it is enough to prove it an able discourse, worthy the attention of the JOURNAL's readers. We shall publish it in full next week.

Mr. Gerald Massey, who has been giving courses of lectures in Cleveland, Ohio, and Grand Rapids, Michigan, expects to be in Chicago early in May, where communications may be addressed to him at the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Mr. Massey contemplates leaving the Pacific Coast for Australia toward the end of June.

The effort to substitute arbitration for war in the settlement of international disputes, shows continued vitality. The last meeting of the League was of great interest and well attended. The next meeting will be on May 13th, in Washington, and as officers for the ensuing year are then to be chosen, it is to be hoped there will be a full attendance.

At some religious ceremony at which Archbishop Whately was to officiate in the country a young curate who attended him grew very nervous as to their being late. "My good young friend," said the Archbishop, "I can only say to you what the criminal going to be hanged said to those around, who were hurrying him, 'Let us take our time; they can't begin without us.'"

G. H. Brooks, trance speaker and psychometrist, has been lecturing in the counties of Miami, Johnson, Franklin and Douglas, Kan., during the last month. E. A. Carpenter writes as follows in reference to him: "We consider him a fluent speaker, a logical reasoner and a perfect gentleman. As a psychometrist, his readings have given satisfaction. I would cordially recommend him to all liberal and spiritual societies wherever his lot may be cast."

Mrs. Belle Fletcher Hamilton is meeting with excellent success as a medium, we understand. A number of critical investigators have become interested in the phenomena occurring through her mediumship. She is located at 197 West Madison street. The JOURNAL takes this occasion to thank Mrs. H. for new subscribers procured by her agency. Every honest medium should be interested in spreading the circulation of a paper which is the only leading Spiritualist paper in America that discriminates in their favor as against cheats and charlatans.

W. E. Leonard of Port Huron, Mich., writes: "It may be of some interest to your readers to know that the cause of Spiritualism is not dead in this locality. We have held public meetings in Hamilton Hall, since last October, with steadily increasing numbers. The meetings closed March 31st, with Anniversary exercises. Mrs. H. N. Hamilton, a medium, presided at our meetings. Her descriptions of spirit friends were so perfect, that they were generally recognized by those present. Her psychometric delineations have been truthful. We all say, 'God bless our faithful medium.'"

The Chicago Tribune says: "Whatever is to be the ultimate success of so-called Spiritualism, it would seem as if failure should not in any sense be the result of the non-use of the powers of the press. There are five spiritualistic organs in France, four in Belgium, two in Holland, eight in Spain, two in Italy, and three in Germany. In England and in the United States the press is extensively used and in various ways. For good or for evil it is the product, to a large extent, of the English-speaking people. Among them certainly, it has been most successful. It is said that Spiritualism has one organ each in Austria, Russia, Mexico, the Antilles, Chili, Brazil, Uruguay, the Argentine Republic, Australia, India, and Cape Colony."



10



For the *Religio Philosophical Journal*,  
 Helsinki.

drift  
 "As further from life's brightest dreams and hopes;  
 And aspirations that once filled our souls,  
 And made a heaven of our inner lives  
 Lie quietly beneath our plodding feet.  
 They are but dormant, they can never die,  
 But as the buds spring forth from winter's tomb,  
 So, in that land to which our footsteps tend,  
 May our hopes bloom in love's immortal light."  
 (Calro. III.) AMARALIA MARTIN.

La Crosse, Wis. LORAIN L. SMITH.

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Education is at home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament.

**J. C. Hoffman, M. D.,** writes: I cannot close without expressing to you my thanks and admiration for the brave, honest and consistent manner in which you combat the false and perverted truth. Were not the Jews and the JOURNAL, Spiritualism to-day would either not exist, or be in such a crude condition as to make it utterly obnoxious to all save the low! I admire your moral courage, and regret that the same cannot be made contagious.

A number of the United States Senate's employees are put down on the records as "skilled laborers," and draw pay at \$1,000 a year, while those who are actually unskilled laborers get \$540 a year. The distinction between the two is in the kind of brooms they manipulate. The "skilled" laborer uses a common broom to sweep stone flagging, while the "unskilled" laborer wields a coarse broom in sweeping carriage ways.

Dr. Starkary, claims to have discovered some very ancient Hebrew manuscripts which contain portions of the Old Testament, chiefly from the prophets. The manuscripts were bought by their present owners at Athens from a Greek sailor hailing from Rhodes. They consist of thirty rolls of vellum. Following the Lamentations of Jeremiah is a poem on the fall of Jerusalem, signed Jacob, the son of Isaac. Dr. Starkary thinks the manuscripts originated in a colony of isolated Jews. He has not discovered any important variations from the received text.

making of the laws which are to affect their lives, homes and property?"



## Recompense.

BY VITA.

O tender lips that sweetly smile  
To hide the weary, weary pain  
O beautiful eyes that speak but love,  
While heart-strings break beneath the strain:  
A martyr's life on earth is thine;  
Will martyr's crown thy brow entwine.

Has earth a pain so still and deep  
That heaven cannot ease the sting?  
And do the sorrows allowed below  
From human gaze, forever cling  
Unto the soul, or does God hold  
In Paradise some joy untold?

Will those sweet lips e'er thrill with song  
Awakened by the very bliss?  
Will those dear eyes in some star world  
Shine with the joy known not in this?  
Can broken links be clasped again?  
Or heaven banish earthly pain?

**Kindled from the Torch of the Sun.**  
One-half of the avoirdupois of the rocks which compose the solid crust of the globe consists of oxygen. The adamant is always glowing into smoke; nature turns her capital day by day. All things are flowing, even those that seem immovable. The earth burns, the mountains burn, slower but as incessantly as wood in the fire. The marble columns, the brazen statues, burn under the daylight, would they were so. If their molecular structure, disturbed by the raging sunlight, were not restored by the darkness of night, plants and animals burn, or perpetually exhale their own bodies into the air and earth again. While all thus burns, the universe in a blaze, kindled from the torch of the sun, it needs a perpetual tempering, a plugging, a sleep, a stupor of azote, deluges of water, to check the force of the conflagration; a boarding to check the spending, a centripetence to the centrifuge. And this is uniformly supplied. Nature is as subtle as she is strong, and like a cautious testator ties up her estate so as not to bestow it on one generation, but has a fore-seeing tenderness and equal regard to the next and the next and the fourth—and the fortieth. The winds and the rains come back a thousand and a thousand times. The coal on your grate gives out in decomposition today exactly the same amount of light and heat which was taken from the sunshine in its formation in the leaves and boughs of the antediluvian tree.—Emerson.

**Salt.** Sir Lionel Playfair contributes to *Good Words* some of the reasons why the word "salt," as used in the Bible, often meant what is called petroleum nowadays. He says: "Many things become comprehensible if we take the generic term salt and apply it to petroleum and its residue—aspalt. Lot's wife, if converted into a pillar of common salt, would have been washed away by the first shower of rain; but a pillar of asphalt, even as a memorial of her, would have been an enduring monument and might have been seen by Josephus and his contemporaries. Clement of Rome, both of whom declare they saw it. So, also, when we are told by Mark that 'every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt,' I see a meaning only when I recollect that in regions containing petroleum, asphalt, and asphaltum were used with this fuel to add the burning. In like manner when Matthew likens the blessed first to salt and immediately afterward to a lighted torch (for candles, as translated, were then unknown), I see the connection in his mind. He had just said that salt which had lost its savor was never fit to be trodden under foot of men. Now salt only does lose its savor, and is never fit to be trodden under foot. But petroleum does lose its essence by exposure, and out of the residue the ancients used to make asphalt pavements, as they do at the present day."

**The Aged Mother.** Honor the dear, aged mother. Time has scattered the snowflakes on her brow, pillowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but in her sweet and beautiful eyes the life is still and sunken; but those are the lips that have kissed many a hot tear from childish cheeks, and these are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it ever glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is she will go further and reach down lower for you than all others upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach; that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world deepens and forsakes, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear good mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you all your virtues until you almost forget your soul is disfigured by vice. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

**The Outcasts.** "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London" has stirred up all the denominations and also the Church of the Establishment. A commission has been appointed, including the Prince of Wales, several gentlemen and noblemen, some of the more prominent divines of all the churches, among whom are Dr. Manning, Dr. Temple, and Dr. Sturt. The commission is to make a report into the condition of the poor in the large cities. Sir Samuel Morley has given a large sum of money for the opening of halls in connection with the Congregational Union. His example has been followed by other gentlemen, and large numbers of these places have already been opened for mission services. The Methodists, who are rarely behind in good work of this kind, have responded to the "Bitter Cry" by raising a fund of £25,000 (\$400,000) for special work in London.

**A Curious Needle.** Over twenty years ago Mrs. Augusta Peabody, of this city, accidentally swallowed a small cambric needle. One day last week Mr. Henry Peabody, the fifteen-year-old son of this lady, complained of intense pain in his right side—the sensation being described as similar to that of a sharp knife thrust in between his ribs. A physician was summoned to examine the inflamed spot, which appeared midway between the boy's shoulder and waist. After cutting into the flesh, the physician removed from the boy the identical needle which the boy's mother had swallowed twenty years before. The case has excited much discussion in local medical and surgical circles, and will be the subject of several papers at the next meeting of the State Physicians' Institute in this city next month.—Chicago Herald.

**Judge.** The longer I live, the less do I desire to judge any man. There is no one but God can decide as to any man's character. This is a product of so many causes—temperament, the society into which he has been born, intellectual capacity, the teaching he has received, whether from the books he has read, the clergy (perhaps bigoted, ignorant men, superstitious dogmatists, mere talkers) he has heard, and a thousand circumstances—that we dare not condemn the man, though from the light God has given us we may say, "To me this is right" or "wrong." Many a so-called infidel is nearer the Kingdom of God than many an orthodox minister.—Norman McLeod.

**American Art.** Photographs, Engravings, etc., can be exquisitely colored with Liquid Art Colors made from Diamond Dyes. Full directions for this beautiful art work, with a handsome colored cabinet photo sent to any address for 10 cents. WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Burlington, Vt.

During a recent storm at Spartanburg, S. C., the residents were treated to the sight of a brilliant display of electricity, which continued from 8 o'clock in the evening to early in the morning. The very heavens were in one continuous blaze, and the thunders rolled and reverberated in all directions, until nervous people could not sleep, and those who admired the grand and sublime display did not want to sleep.

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Continued from First Page.

ing in from the slides, and from the pond where they were forbidden to go; and, in the distance, the trees of the great house standing up dark, turning the twilight into night. She had a curious enjoyment in it, simple like that of a child, and a wish to talk to some one out of the fulness of her heart. She overtook, her step being far lighter and quicker than his, one of the men going home from his work, and spoke to him, telling him with a smile not to be afraid; but he never so much as raised his head, and went plodding on with his heavy step, not knowing that she had spoken to him. She was startled by this; but said to herself that the men were dull, that their perceptions were confused, and that it was getting dark—and went on, passing him quickly. His breath made a cloud in the air as he walked, and his heavy plodding steps sounded into the frosty night. She perceived that her own were invisible and inaudible, with a curious momentary sensation half of pleasure, half of pain. She felt no cold, and she saw through the twilight as clearly as if it had been day. There was no fatigue or sense of weakness in her; but she had the strange, wistful feeling of an exile returning after long years, not knowing how he may find those he had left. At one of the first houses in the village there was a woman standing at her door, looking out for her children—one who knew Lady Mary well. She stopped quite cheerfully to bid her good evening, as she had done in her vigorous days, before she grew old. It was a little experiment, too. She thought it possible that Catherine would scream out, and perhaps fly from her; but surely would be easily reassured when she heard the voice she knew, and saw by her one who was no ghost, but her own kind mistress. But Catherine took no notice when she spoke; she did not so much as turn her head. Lady Mary stood by her patiently, with more and more of that wistful desire to be recognized. She put her hand timidly upon the woman's arm, who was thinking of nothing but her boys, and calling to them, straining her eyes in the fading light. "Don't be afraid—they are coming, they are safe," she said, pressing Catherine's arm. But the woman never moved. She took no notice. She called to a neighbor who was passing to ask if she had seen the children, and the two stood and talked in the dim air, not conscious of the third who stood between them, looking from one to another, astonished, paralyzed. Lady Mary had not been prepared for this; she could not believe it even now. She repeated their names more and more anxiously, and even plucked at their sleeves to call their attention. She stood as a poor dependent sometimes stands, wistful, civil, trying to say something that will please while they talked and took no notice; and then the neighbor passed on, and Catherine went into her house. It is hard to be left out in the cold when others go into their cheerful houses; but to be thus left outside of life, to speak and not be heard, to stand, unseen, astounded, unable to secure any attention! She had thought they would be frightened, but it was not they who were frightened. A great panic seized the woman who was no more of this world. She had almost rejoiced to find herself back, walking so lightly, so strongly, finding everything easy that had been so hard; and yet but a few minutes had passed, and she knew, never more to be deceived, that she was no longer of this world. What if she should be condemned to wander forever among familiar places that knew her no more, appealing for a look, a word, to those who could no longer see her, or hear her cry, or know of her presence? Terror seized upon her, a chill and pang of fear beyond description. She felt an impulse to fly wildly into the dark, into the night, like a lost creature; to find again somehow, she could not tell how, the door out of which she had come, and beat upon it wildly with her hands, and implore to be taken home. For a moment she stood looking round her, lost and alone in the wide universe; no one to speak to her, no one to comfort her—outside of life altogether. Other rustic figures, slow-stepping, leisurely, at their ease, went and came, one at a time; but in this place, where every stranger was an object of curiosity, no one cast a glance at her. She was, as if she had never been.

Presently she found herself entering her own house. It was all shut up and silent—not a window lighted along the whole front of the house which used to twinkle and glitter with lights. It soothed her somewhat to see this, as if in evidence that the place had changed with her. She went in silently, and the darkness was as day to her. Her own rooms were all shut up, yet were open to her steps; which no external obstacle could limit. There was still the sound of life below stairs, and in the house-keeper's room a cheerful party gathered round the fire. It was there that she turned first with some wistful human attraction toward the warmth and light rather than to the still places in which her own life had been passed. Mrs. Prentiss, the house-keeper, had her daughter with her on a visit and the daughter's baby lay asleep in a cradle placed upon two chairs outside the little circle of women round the table—one of whom was Lady Mary. Mrs. Prentiss sat and worked and cried, and mixed her words with little sobs. "I never thought as I should have to take another place," she said. "Brown and me, we made sure of a little something to start upon. He's been here for twenty years, and so have you, Mrs. Prentiss; and me, as nobody can say I wasn't faithful night and day."

"I never had that confidence in my lady to expect anything," Prentiss said.

"Oh, mother, don't say that; many, and many a day you've said when my lady dies—"

"And we've all said it," said Lady Mary. "I can't think how she did it, nor why she did it; for she was a kind lady, though appearances is against her."

"She was one of them, and I've known a man," said the house-keeper. "She kept us all comfortable for the sake of being comfortable herself, but no more."

"Oh, you are hard upon my lady!" cried Lady Mary. "and I can't bear to hear a word against her, though it's been an awful disappointment to me."

"What's you or me, or any one," cried Mrs. Prentiss. "In comparison of that poor little thing that can't work for her living like we can; that is left on the charity of folks who don't belong to? I'd have forgiven my lady anything if she'd done what was right by Miss Mary. You'll get a place, and a good place; and me, they'll leave me here when the new folks come as have taken the house. But what will become of her, the darling? and not a penny, nor a friend, nor one to look to her? Oh, you selfish old woman! oh, you heart of stone! I just hope you are feeling it where you're gone," the house-keeper cried.

But as she said this, the woman did not know who was looking at her with wide, wistful eyes, holding out her hands in appeal, receiving every word as if it had been a blow. Though she knew it was useless, Lady

Mary could not help it. She cried out to them, "Have pity upon me! have pity upon me! I am not cruel as you think," with a keen anguish in her voice, which seemed to be sharp enough to pierce the very air and go up to the skies. And so, perhaps, it did; but never touched the human atmosphere in which she stood a stranger. Jervis was threading her needle when her mistress uttered that cry, but her hand did not tremble, nor did the thread deflect a hair's breadth from the straight line. The young mother alone seemed to be moved by some faint disturbance. "Hush," she said; "is he waking?" looking toward the cradle. But as the baby made no further sound, she, too, returned to her sewing; and they sat bending their heads over their work round the table, and continued their talk. The room was very comfortable, bright, and warm as Lady Mary had liked all her rooms to be. The warm firelight danced upon the walls; the women talked in cheerful tones. She stood outside their circle, and looked at them with a wistful face. Their notice would have been more sweet to her as she stood in that great humiliation, than in other times the look of a queen.

"But what is the matter with baby?" the mother said, rising hastily.

It was with no servile intention of securing a look from that little prince of life that she who was not of this world had stepped aside forlorn, and looked at him in his cradle. Though she was not of this world, she was still a woman, and had nursed her children in her arms. She bent over the infant by the soft impulse of nature, tenderly, with no interested thought. But the child saw her; was it possible? He turned his head toward her, and flickered his baby hands, and cooed with that indescribable voice that goes to every woman's heart. Lady Mary felt such a thrill of pleasure go through her, as no incident had given her for long years. She put out her arms to him as the mother snatched him from his little bed; and he, which was more wonderful, stretched toward her in his innocence, turning away from them all.

"He wants to go to some one," cried the mother. "Oh, look, look, for God's sake! who is there that the child sees?"

"There's no one there—not a soul. Now dearie, dearie, be reasonable. You can see for yourself there's not a creature," said the grandmother.

"Oh, my baby, my baby! He sees something we can't see," the young woman cried. "Something has happened to his father, or he's going to be taken from me!" she said, holding the child to her in a sudden passion. The other women rushed to her to console her—the mother with reason and Jervis with poetry. "It's the angels whispering, like the song says," Oh, the pang that was in the heart of the other whom they could not hear! She stood wondering how it could be—wondering with an amazement beyond words, how all that was in her heart, the love and the pain, and the sweetness and bitterness, could all be hidden—all hidden by that air in which the women stood so clear! She held out her hands, she spoke to them, telling them who she was, but no one paid any attention; only the little dog Fido, who had been basking by the fire, sprang up, looked at her, and, retreating slowly backward till he reached the wall, sat down there and looked at her again, with now and then a little bark of inquiry. The dog saw her. This gave her a curious pang of humiliation, yet pleasure. She went away out of that little centre of human life in a great excitement and thrill of her whole being. The child had seen her and the dog; but, oh, heavens! how was she to work out her purpose by such auxiliaries as these?

She went up to her old bed-chamber with unshed tears heavy about her eyes, and a pathetic smile quivering on her mouth. It touched her beyond measure that the child should have that confidence in her. "Then God is still with me," she said to herself. Her room, which had been so warm and bright, lay desolate in the stillness of the night; but she wanted no light, for the darkness was no darkness to her. She looked around her for a little, wondering to think how far away from her now was this scene of her old life, but feeling no pain in the sight of it—only a kind indulgence for the foolish simplicity which had taken so much pride in all these infantile elements of living.

She went to the little Italian cabinet which stood against the wall, feeling now at least that she could do as she would—that here there was no blank of human unconsciousness to stand in her way. But she was met by something that baffled and vexed her once more. She felt the polished surface of the wood under her hand, and saw all the pretty ornamentation, the inlaid work, the delicate carvings, which she knew so well. They swam in her eyes a little, as if they were part of some phantasmagoria about her, existing only in her vision. Yet the smooth surface resisted her touch; and when she withdrew a step from it, it stood before her solidly and square, as it had stood always, a glory to the place. She put forth her hands upon it, and could have traced the waving lines of the exquisite work, in which some artist soul had worked itself out in the old times; but though she thus saw it and felt, she could not touch it, her endeavors find the handle of the drawer, the richly wrought knob of ivory, the little door that opened into the secret place. How long she stood by it, attempting again and again to find what was as familiar to her as her own hand, what she felt with fingers which began to tremble, she could not tell. Time did not count with her as with common men. She did not grow weary, or require refreshment or rest, like those who were still of this world. But at length her head grew giddy and her heart failed. A cold despair took possession of her soul. She could do nothing then—nothing; neither by help of man, neither by use of her own faculties, which were greater and clearer than ever before. She sank down upon the floor at the foot of that old toy, which had pleased her in the softness of her old age, to which she had trusted the fortunes of another; by which, in wantonness and folly, she had sinned, she had sinned! And she thought she saw standing round her companions in the land she left, saying, "It is impossible, impossible!" with infinite pity in their eyes; and the face of him who had given her permission to come, yet who had said no word to encourage her to what was against nature. And there came into her heart a longing to fly, to get home, to be back in the land where her fellows were and her appointed place. A child lost, how pitiful that! without power to reason and divine how help will come; but a soul lost, outside of one method of existence, withdrawn from the other, knowing no way to retrace its steps, nor how help can come. There had been no bitterness in the passing from earth to the land where she had gone; but now there came upon her soul, in all the power of her new faculties, the bitterness of death. The place which was hers she had forsaken and left, and the place that had been hers knew her no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# Of Natural Law as Distinguished from the Supernatural.

BY HON. JOEL TIFFANY.

The dogma of supernaturalism has been considered in some of its aspects. It remains to be considered in the light of natural law. So far as existence has become known through manifestation, it indicates that there is a living, potential and conscious Presence filling the universe, which gives law to all things; and these laws become manifest according to states, conditions and relations present in that which becomes the subject of legal action; and they cannot cease their operations while the state, condition and relation are present, which determines the mode of the action, and the effect to be produced thereby.

The term law has reference to the manner in which this legal Presence becomes manifest in all operations; which manner of operations is as constant as are the conditions and relations in the presence of which it appears. By natural law is meant the mode of operation, which is as universal as are the conditions and relations in the presence of which that particular manner of operation has been manifest; that is, where conditions and relations are the same, the law will be the same. Where these are varied or modified, the mode of operation will be varied or modified accordingly. The potential Presence which appears in these legal operations, would seem to be universal and constant; always manifesting itself according to status in that which is the subject of such manifestation. There are conditions under which it becomes manifest only as a potential Presence, exhibiting in the subject the attribute of inertia. There are other conditions under which this Presence appears as an organizing force; and becomes manifest in creating organs and endowing them with functions, which become individual and specific. There are other conditions under which this Presence appears within living organisms, awakening sensations, with incipient perceptions and volitions; thereby manifesting life, sensation and incipient mentality in individual form. There are other and more interior conditions in which this Presence appears, creating in the individual higher and more interior perceptions of existence; awakening thoughts, feelings, desires and aspirations; begetting affections, etc.; seeking status, until the living individuality becomes united with an absolute personality, which demands completeness in every faculty and attribute of its existence; and which gives to the individual an aspiration which cannot be satisfied with any thing less than such completeness.

This universal Presence appears in manifestation, at first, as a mere power in the mineral kingdom; which operates strictly according to law; and the law being known, its action and the measure of its force can be calculated. In elemental combinations, the laws of their combination are brought into view, and they disclose the conditions under which such combinations must take place. The laws manifest in these combinations are fundamental in the work of creation and formation; and they are as immutable as is the Presence of which they are a manifestation. The laws of chemical affinity being known, and the conditions of their operation being complied with, the result can be anticipated. Thus, when oxygen and hydrogen are brought together in certain proportions, and the conditions of their union are complied with, they will unite and form water; and they will do this at all times and in all places. This same Presence becomes manifest in and through the relation which one material body sustains to another, and is known to science as gravitation. This force can appear only where there exist separate material bodies. And separate material bodies cannot exist without being acted upon by this Presence. And as a presence, gravitation is as omnipresent as the material universe. Where this Presence appears as an organizing potency, creating forms, establishing organs, and endowing them with functions, looking to a future manifestation; and the life and health of the individual existence become conditioned upon obedience of these laws. The life of the physical body is conditioned upon the functional action of the vital organs; and the health of the body is conditioned upon the harmony of such action. The Presence, manifest in, and through the action of the vital force, building up organs and endowing them with specific functions, to the end that by their normal action, life and health may be maintained, becomes manifest in giving and maintaining life and health only in accordance with natural law.

To maintain a living and healthy individuality, there are certain conditions which must be observed, before these laws can operate. There are certain vital organs, which must be sustained in their functional action, or the individual must die. Nothing can be substituted for them, and be caused to perform their functions. The life-force has never yet manifested its power to act upon the individual in the absence of these organs. When the brains are out, the physical man must die. In the absence of the brain, the means by which action in the vital organs is maintained are wanting, and, therefore, the vital organs must suspend their action, which constitutes physical death. Therefore, without the brain, man, as a living physical being, becomes an impossibility. And it is the same in respect to any of the vital organs. Life-force can operate upon the physical individual only through these organs; therefore, whatever interferes to interrupt the functional action of any of these organs, must be fatal, unless speedily removed. And until something does occur to interrupt such action, the physical individual will live. Such are the conditions, and such the laws of physical life and death, which no known power in the universe can change or dispense with.

Advancing to other and more interior states and conditions, under which this universal Presence becomes manifest, in awakening sensations with their incipient perceptions and volitions, giving birth to mentality, we find the laws incident to state and relation still present, in determining the degree and character of mentality given. And, thus, the operations of law can be traced from the dawn of individuality, to its completeness, where the individual becomes immortal through its union with the self-existent personality of the universe. At every stage of advance we find the presence of law, imperative, constant and immutable.

It thus becomes manifest that existence, in its creation, sustentation and operation, is the subject of law, universal, immutable and eternal; and that there is no power anywhere to suspend or change its operations; that in respect to existence these laws have their conditions of action; and that they never operate to any specific end or use except in the presence of such conditions. Therefore the universal Presence which gives law to the mutable and perishable forms of existence, is as immutable in the law of its action in respect to such forms, as in giving immortality

and eternal life to the perfected human spirit; and this Universal Presence can no more change in the laws of creation and providence, than it can become a mutable and self-contradictory being.

Man could not be assured of a divine and perfect destiny, while living in the presence, and under the operation, of mutable and uncertain laws. His security, as an immortal being, is to be found in the fact, that he is living under the administration of a government not subject to the changeable will and caprice of any being; that the laws by which a perfect destiny is to be accomplished, are immutably established; and that he is capable of becoming acquainted with, and of obeying them. It must be self-evident, that the self-existent Presence, which has created and sustained the universe, and which ever has been, and forever will be, the same in being, in existence and in operation, cannot be other than it is, and cannot do otherwise than it does, and maintain its infinite perfections. It must be self-evident, that the self-existent and the self-sufficient Presence, the Omnipotent, the Omnipresent and the Omnipresent, has been the author or source of no law less perfect than itself; and that, therefore, there can be no wisdom, will or power, which can suspend or change any law in its just and legal operations.

But while man cannot change the operation of any law, while he remains under those conditions and in those relations which make the law operative, he can seek conditions and assume relations, which will place him outside of such legal action, and thus avoid their operation in any desirable particular. Thus his physical constitution requires that he should breathe the atmosphere to maintain physical life; he can place himself where he cannot obtain the atmosphere to breathe. In such case he must die. Therefore, if he would live, he is required to maintain true relations to the atmosphere; and thus it is in respect to the operations of all laws essential to the physical, social, intellectual, moral and spiritual well being of the individual. It is man's business to adapt his condition and relation to the legal operations of the divine government, which is over him; for he can be assured that it will not adapt itself to his erratic operations. Ordinarily it is within the power of the individual to adapt his state and relation to the just operations of natural law. But whether he does or does not, the law will take its course, and he will take the consequences.

To the extent that man has the means of ascertaining the necessary conditions to be sought, and the proper relations to be assumed and maintained, he has the power to determine, by endeavor at least, his adjustment to the normal operations of these laws; and thus he becomes responsible for his best endeavor to do just his purposes and actions, as to secure the highest and best possible results under the divine administration.

Existence, as the subject of creation and development, is under the dominion of law. These laws must have their source in the infinite, the Eternal and the Immutable; that is, in Being itself. This Infinite, Eternal and Absolute becomes the Omnipotent, the Omnipresent and the Omnipresent of the universe, which, from its own self-existent and self-sufficient life and power, establishes and executes all laws, and through their operation, he creates, upholds, preserves and perfects.

In our examinations of these legal operations, which become manifest in the work of creation and providence, we have observed the orderly manner in which they are carried forward; and also the conditions essential to such operations. In view of these facts, it must be concluded, that there is no way by which the operations of divine law can be suspended or changed; that the condition and relation being assumed, the legal action becomes inevitable; that there are ways and means by which the upright and intelligent can so adapt themselves to the operation of these laws as to secure for themselves, a perfect destiny; and, that man's responsibilities must be commensurate with his ability to know and to do, that which his highest good requires. This implies his freedom and his ability, at all times, to seek to become true or false; pure or impure; just or unjust; good or bad; and that his future well being depends upon the choice he makes. It is, therefore, apparent, that under the divine government, man's power to accomplish his true destiny is limited to seeking such states, and assuming such relations as will secure the normal and just operations of those laws, which can and will work in him the completeness of the several natures constituting him a human being. It is apparent that, aside from the attainment of proper states and the assumption of proper relations, there are no other means at command by which man's perfect destiny can be secured; therefore, it will be of no avail to seek in any other manner to avoid the evil or to secure the good.

Man as a physical being can maintain life only under conditions which admit of the functional action of the vital organs. One would be thought mad or insane, who should subject himself to conditions in which vital action could not take place, expecting to be saved by the intervention of miraculous power. What would be the thought of one, who, to prove his faith, should neglect to make an effort to save himself from threatened destruction, trusting to the effect of prayer alone? Who would not denounce the conduct of one, who, seeing a fellow being in a perishing condition, should omit the means of deliverance at hand, and fail to praying instead?

Religious faith does not involve a faith in miraculous intervention to supplement natural law. One who believes that Omnipotence, Omnipresence, and Omnipresence can interpose special aid in times of necessity, without reference to what is required to be done, would, according to such faith, be justified in trusting to such interposition in all cases where perfect love, wisdom and power would interpose in behalf of the needy and perishing. He might readily suppose that the Heavenly Parent would do as much as the earthly parent, under the like circumstances; but we know, that, for some cause, it has not been done in the past, and we have no reason to expect it in the future. What has been hitherto, universal human experience? Has it not been, under the operations of the divine government, that the natural laws applicable, have prevailed, whether for life or death? whether for good or for evil? Has not this been so universally true, that all are required to assume, that natural law will prevail, as against the probability of miraculous intervention?

Is it possible, that a miracle, according to the ordinary acceptance of the term, can take place, in the presence of natural law. It is true, that in the history of creation and providence, certain phenomena occur which seem to result from special intervention; but investigation dispels the illusion. There are manifest in the work of creation and development, diverse forms of potential manifestation, characterized by the degree of interiority of the cause producing the same; and we

know that the more interior potency modifies and to some extent, controls the more exterior; so that phenomena do occur, which, to a mind ignorant of their cause, would seem to be the result of a suspension of natural law; but investigation discloses the fact that it is not so. What seems to be a suspension is only a manifestation of another and more interior law resulting from other and more interior states, conditions and relations, which gave character to the supposed miraculous manifestation.

The vital organs of the body are controlled by the nerve forces to a great extent; because these forces, in order of development, and in fact, are more interior than the vital; therefore, whatever affects the nervous system, acts, through it, upon the vital; and as, for the same reason, the nervous system is to a great extent, under the control of the mental or spiritual, the power of the will, or of faith, as a spiritual exercise, is almost absolute over the vital functions, and may be exerted either to kill or to cure. Volumes might be filled citing cases of this character. Every day's experience furnishes evidence that these things are so. But there is nothing of lawless miracle in these things; but there are limitations beyond which spiritual power can not go in maintaining physical life and health. They can not be maintained in the physical system in the absence of the action of the vital organs. Nothing can become a substitute for them, and be made to perform their functions. If the brains are out the man must die. If the lungs are consumed, or the heart is destroyed, there is no known power in the universe to maintain life in the physical system. When one is suffering from a diseased condition of these organs, that alone can give health which can give soundness to the organs. If they are generally sound and only require stimulating to greater action, the nerve forces properly directed will do that. If they are too highly excited, their action may be modified in the same manner. There are multitudes of causes operating to produce debility which are within the reach of the mental or spiritual forces; but whatever the force, and by whatever agency it may be put in operation, it must act in accordance with law, which law is, that the functions of the proper organ shall be realized by the proper action of the organs themselves. If such action can not be restored to the organs there is no known power anywhere which can save from physical death. In such case, the prayers of all the saints on earth and in heaven, would be of no avail. They would be asking for a divine impossibility, one which could not be granted without a reorganization of the universe, and an overthrow of the self-existent and self-sufficient Presence therein.

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